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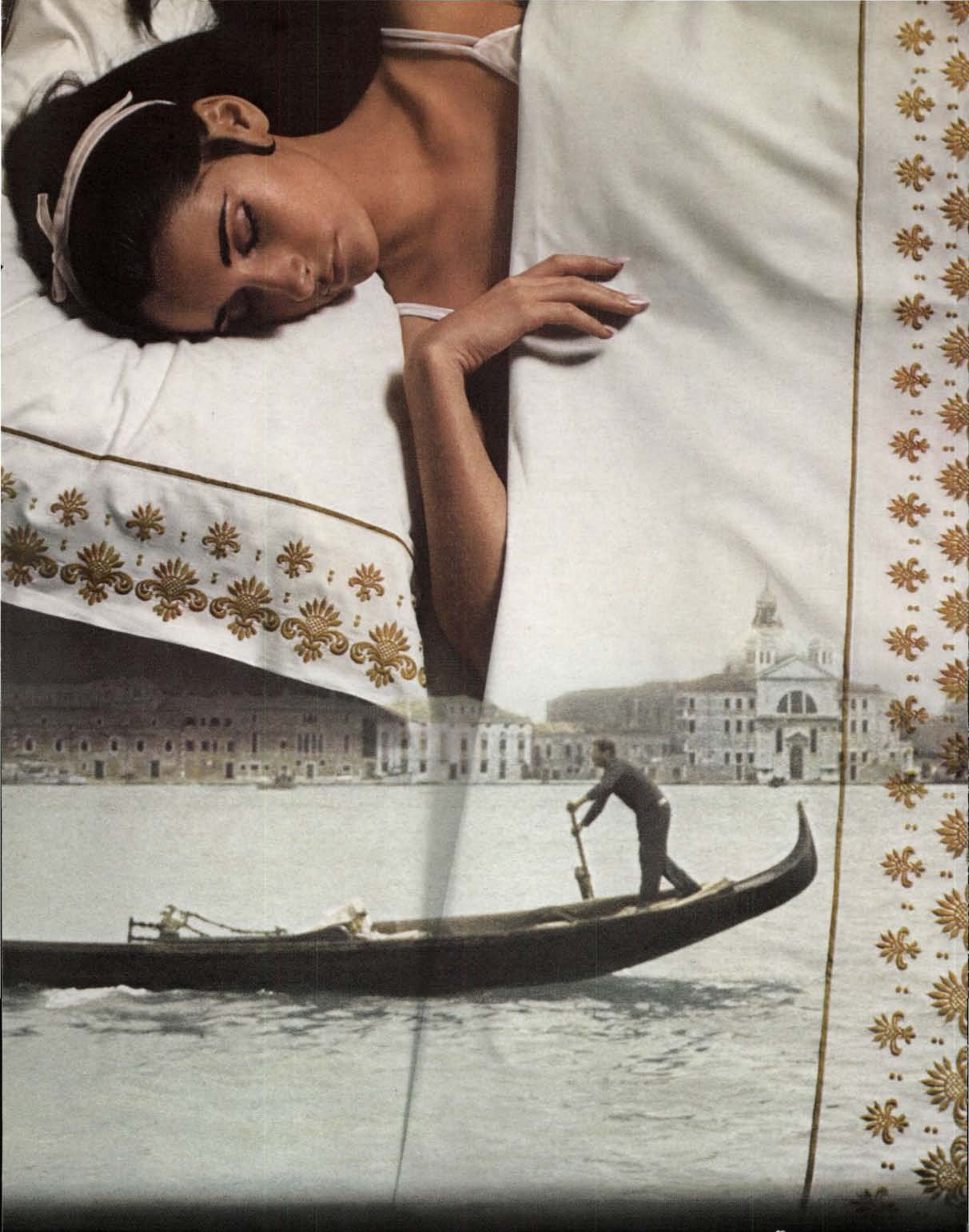

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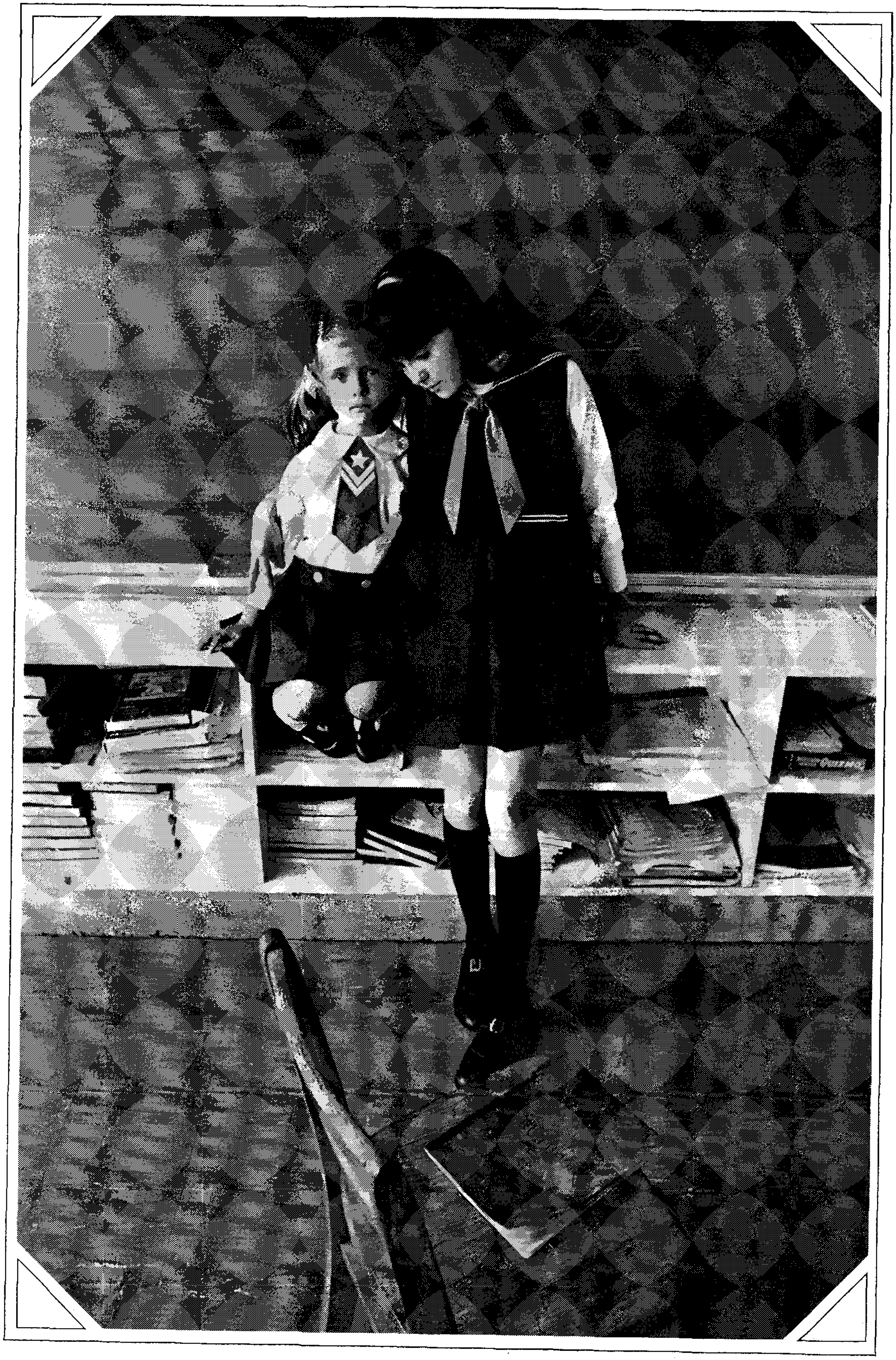

Are Florence Eiseman children nicer than other children, or do they just look that way?

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Black Comedy—A comical invention of Peter Shaffer, in which dark is turned into light by means too involved to go into. Mr. Shaffer claims he has been inspired by the classical Chinese theatre, but what he gives us here is old-fashioned, free-swinging vaudeville. The cast, under the direction of John Dexter, is admirable, which is more than can be said for a curtain-raiser called "White Lies." (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Don't Drink the Water—Woody Allen exhibits much verbal dexterity in his farce about a Jewish family from Newark that is forced to take refuge in an American embassy behind the Iron Curtain. Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Peggy Cass, and Dick Libertini are happily engaged in this one. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter's Happening about a North London family who find themselves unexpectedly host to a scion of the house and his wife, both lately come from America. Mr. Pinter is not without wit, but he doesn't seem to put his characters to any significant dramatic purpose. However, the cast is laudable, and Peter Hall, the director, deserves salutations. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Star-Spangled Girl—Neil Simon is something less than stimulating in this account of life among the bohemians of San Francisco. Anthony Perkins, Paul Sand, and Sheilah Wells comprise the cast, and they, on the other hand, are commendably lively. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Alan Schneider's direction and the performances of Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon make a good thing of this quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, in which our old friend sex prevails. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**cactus flower:** Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson, among others, in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Cabaret—A formidable production that serves to show how things were just before the Nazi takeover in Germany. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can with the music, lyrics, and book. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hallelujah, Baby!—An account of the adventures of a Negro lass and her lad as they try to make something of themselves in a hostile environment. The book, by Arthur Laurents, isn't very substantial, but the music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are lively. Leslie Uggams is fine in the leading role, and is aptly aided by Allen Case, Billy Dee Williams, and Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter" in a rather saccharine adaptation by Tom Jones, which is buoyed up tremendously by Mary Martin and Robert Preston as a couple reënacting fifty years of happy married life. The play has music and lyrics by Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones, and some imaginative sets by Oliver Smith. The direction, by Gower Champion, is eminently satisfactory. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri as a jolly trollop in Piraeus is a fine figure of a woman in this variation on the film called "Never on Sunday," but the musical is a rather weak vehicle despite some sprightly tunes and a spate of virile dancing. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**the apple tree:** A triptych based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. With Phyllis Newman (filling in for Barbara Harris), Alan Alda, and Larry Blyden. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **fiddler on the roof:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Betty Grable now has the role of Bridget Bishop. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **mame:** This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and her orphaned nephew has a cast headed by Angela Lansbury. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **south pacific**, with Florence Henderson and Giorgio Tozzi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Absolutely Freeee—A rock-'n'-roll concert by the Mothers of Invention, an all-male group. The music is exciting, but the question of decibel tolerance does arise, for some of the electronic monkeyshines are deafening. (Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. 777-4530. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30 and 10:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 12:30.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Arms and the Man—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A new nation, conceived in liberty. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—A musical revue with a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. Lightweight satire is the main ingredient. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—David Atkinson is now playing the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—John Hancock, the director, seems to feel that what Shakespeare wrote is not a play but a stencil to be filled in with tricks. A few of the tricks are effective, but most are not. With a couple of exceptions, the performances are either tiresome or misguided. On the other hand, the lighting, by Al Jutzi, is beautiful, and the sets, designed by Robert LaVigne from drawings by Jim Dine, are excellent. Alvin Epstein, a good actor who gets better and better, doubles as Theseus and Oberon. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Unknown Soldier and His Wife—Peter Ustinov's attempt at a satire on war through the ages fritters away whatever force it might have had into facetiousness. There are, however, quite a few entertaining spots, and the

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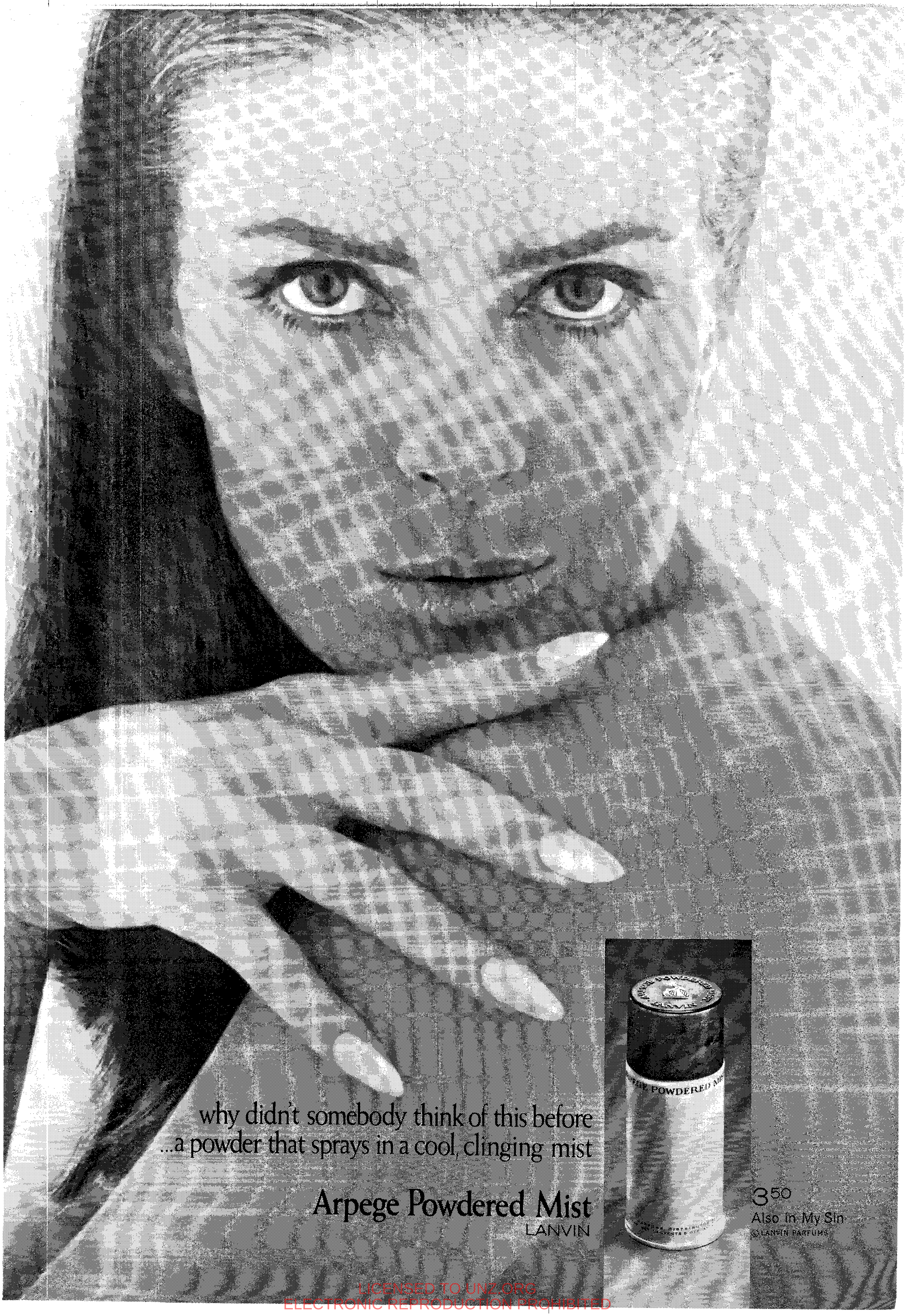
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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performances are generally good. Those of Brian Bedford, as a recurring general, and of Bob Dishy, as a redundant German, are especially good. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Pearl Primus—With her company. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. (Wednesday through Friday, July 26-28, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **king john**, with Robert Burr, Staats Cotsworth, Cavada Humphrey, and Marian Winters. The second in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central *Park near W. 81st St. Nightly*, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, July 29. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of Guy Lombardo's **arabian nights**, a musical with a book by George Marion, Jr., and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes Linda Bennett, James Hurst, Norman Atkins, and a huge mechanical whale. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Front and center in the Royal Box at dinner and supper is Carmen McRae, looking like a great big morning-glory and sounding like a great big midnight-glory as she intones her wondrous variations on themes. A big band and Norman Simmons' piano make her dreams come true. Also present: Hines, Hines & Dad, who are triphammer vaudeville. The house orchestra is in the knowing hands of Lee Evans. Saturday, July 22, is the last night for this rig, but the establishment will reopen on Tuesday, July 25, to admit Dick Capri, a young man who goes counter to the precepts of standup comedy by being clever about it, plus Al Martino, a singer who may have strayed too far from his native habitat—Atlantic City's Steel Pier.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Standing on its dignity is the most vigorous exercise engaged in by the local restaurant, wherein a wee Cliff Hall staff puts forth dance tunes from eight until one or maybe two, desisting only on Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Nothing funereal about the lilies here; they all have a gilt complex. So that they may dance, Lester Lanin and a set of followers, plus George Anaya's Latin band, keep up a steady fire hour after hour. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—For Mod, for country, and for Yale is the jaunty credo and sound of the musicians assembled by Ben Cutler, that Old Blue, for the kempt and well-brought-up Café Pierre. They do it every night until well after the theatre. Industrious song and guitar fill in the intervals between sets.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner during the week, and at supper, too, on Fridays and Saturdays, the Persian Room is given over to Ann Hilton, a brand-new oriole who, in the fashion of the day, seems to have been instructed to be like as many other orioles as possible (or impossible) instead of being her own true self. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte are on hand more frequently, ready to proceed at a brisk, bountiful, and blithe pace. On Wednesday, July 26, Miss Hilton will be succeeded by another bird of song, Michele Lee. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Viennese music from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room, though never on Friday, Saturday, or Sunday. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits. He stays home every Sunday.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Jonah Jones, astride the top of the world, refuses to sit down when he works on his celebrated trumpet, even though he is definitely rocking the boat. The sound commences at seven (a threesome that alternates with his foursome is used for openers) and ceases at around two. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—A band whose heritage is the Jimmy Dorsey book (and a fine Dorsal fin that is) carries on under the baton of player-manager Lee Castle. The lyrics come from those old reliables Helen Forrest and Bob Eberly. The music lets go from eight to two. No sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Summertime, when the living is easy, looks its best in the famous old palace and architectural museum. The palace guard is George Cort's pepperpot orchestra and Marco Rizo's little band. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—A not especially far country, wide open (on civilized nights, anyway) to the country air (or what passes for air), with eating, drinking, and being merry to the tunes called by Phil Wayne's city-bred quintet and a troupe of Latinos. The music carries on from around seven until around one. The games are all indoor ones on wet evenings.

Note—**roseland dance city**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The playing fields of Eton, or something as large, and conducted with Etonian decorum (no Frug, no Fragmentation) by two endless big bands. No frills or folderol, either, and only smidgens of menu. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Sundays begin at three-thirty in the afternoon. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

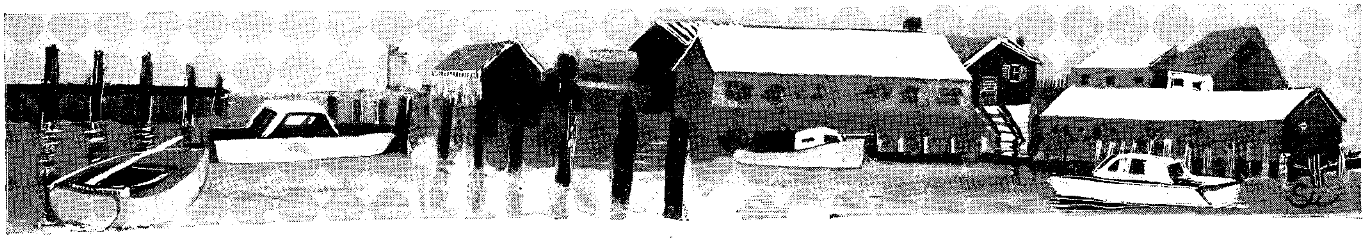
goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): There are times when the cast of customers makes it look like a Broadway theatre. Louis Golson Hawkins, the *padrone* and lead piano, is around a good part of the time; Wayne Sanders, with whom he serves up midnight tandem piano, and Sam Hamilton are the other keyboard men. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **chucks' composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Innocence abroad, so young is the cast of customers, who all have something junior to do with the graphic arts. The audible arts are handled by the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne. No music Sundays. . . . **waverly lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after twelve years at one piano, has unassailable squatter's rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays. . . . **jamaica arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indies vacationers who like to return to the scene of their prime can be observed in this island port, listening to the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . **tamburlaine**, *148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-*0033): A forest primeval, apparently situated in early Tibet. Admirers of the past may observe certain fragments of the old Stork staff, admirers of the fine arts may listen, and dance, every Monday night, from nine o'clock on, to the adrenalin piano of Billy Rubenstein and his threesome, as well as (from six to eight Mondays through Fridays) Allan Haig's lyric piano. Most of the other music keeps its foot on the loud pedal. Closed Sundays. . . . **kippys**, 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): If it must be a Broadway steak house after the theatre, this one (done in the new manner of the musical-comedy ancestral drawing room) has an upstairs inglenook wherein George Taylor, who has been around, addresses a baby grand from nine until two every night but Sunday.

Note—Those who would like to have their ears pierced (for dancing, that is) are best off in this set of discothèques: **arthur**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The Arthurian legend is still all true—entrance into this dynasty of din is just about by written permission only, and the irrational orbits of the patrons on their solo flights seem never to intersect at any point. Music is created by a variety of means, some of them presumably human (the Brotherhood of Souls). Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **yellowfinger's**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Behind the closely guarded wicket of this blithe Underground is a world of make-believe wherein seemly young people in make-believe costumery indulge in make-believe folk dancing. Amusing and bemusing—that's the ticket. Nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night. . . . **l'interdit**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Dim recesses, a quite visible late-dinner menu, machine-knit music not quite as audible as is usual, and local ground rules against costumery that is extrovert. Nothing doing before nine, or on Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

château henri iv, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, who was fiddling back when Nero burned, is still doing I-am-yours-alone violin within the portcullis of this tongue-in-cheek feudal system. No sound on Sundays. . . . **king henri iv**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle



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keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The language spoken by the guitar of Rogelio Reguera is the purest Castilian, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): One segment of early New York that has learned how to grow old gracefully. In the bar of this genuine antique, there is unassertive piano from six to one, except on Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and, from nine-thirty to one, music room, too. The best of the music is the effervescent guitar of Enzio Lembo, whose off nights are Mondays and Wednesdays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal-enclosure is the mood of the place; hop, skip, and jump is the attitude of George Feyer's piano, which is on duty from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen forgather for talkative dining while self-propelled musicians (the worldly Herman Honigsberg and his troupe of violinists) play on, play on. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): James Bond should have a cameo role in this particular instance of dizzy life-after-dusk, but he doesn't. Instead, there is Frank D'Rone, an excelling sample of The People's minstrel, and there is Jerry Collins, a humorist who has now taken a distinct turn for the better. Oh, and some Copa ballerinas, all wondering what's keeping Mr. Bond. Twice a night, world without end. On Thursday, July 27, a new show, centering on Marilyn Maye, a soprano late of the Newport Jazz Festival. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Many a Miss America, and a Miss France or two, all displaying their assembled talents (song, dance, and an occasional spoken word) and their neat new bathing suits. In among them weaves Dick Shawn, who has a lot of homilies, humorous in intent, to deliver to his constituency. Twice a night, and every night, is the house rule. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The sack of Troy, the delending of Carthage, done as an impromptu mélange by a cast of thousands, all of them volunteer and most of them miniskirted. No quarter is asked or given by the bands alongside the dance floor. They begin at eight (even at three on Sundays, when they are supplemented by rhythm-and-blues chanters). No kitchen privileges.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The words (all his own) spoken and sung by Michael Brown mostly turn out to be word games (i.e., food for fast thought), which is par for this witty course laid out by Julius Monk. There is further song by a nubile and nimble nymph errant (new to night life) named Terry O'Mara, and further, further song (often mock madrigal) by a merry trio known as the One Plus Two. Starting time is at nine-thirty, when the brisk double pianos of Otis Clements and Robert Colston set to. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, the Iberian Peninsula's most notable standing, singing army, is leading from strength, and doing it with grace and glee. Dinner and supper is their schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Emilio Prados's guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly and sadly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Another of this enterprise's minute revues, "The Play-offs of Mixed Doubles," offers—along with a batch of mixed-doubles entendres—some very good words and music. The cast of five is doughty, diligent, and (in the instance of Judy Graubart) delightful. Nine-thirty and midnight is the usual program. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them takes an after-the-theatre turn around an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is both piano and other happenings, also impromptu.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Ornette Coleman reincarnate, which is to say that this accomplished thinker has come back to earth (in more ways than one) to lead a quartet through music that no longer passes all understanding. Every night but Monday, and Sunday matinées, too, at five. On Tuesday, July 25, João Gilberto, composer, player, and singer of those soft and subtle modern Brazilian airs, will move in, along with Joe Beck's quartet. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Wealth (and by no means untolled) is the reward for entering these premises. The Top of the Gate offers, after the dinner hour, Willie the Lion Smith, that truly national monument, taking all his piano in Stride, and often doubling with Don Ewell, once the pianist of the best of the Teagarden bands. The lower floor offers the quintet of Dizzy Gillespie, the fun-loving Rover Boy, and the Modern Jazz Quartet, whose sole problem is that it hasn't any more worlds to conquer. Mondays, the only activity of interest anywhere is on this floor—Symphony Sid and his swinging, scintillating Latin bandsmen. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The last cruise ship ever to go up the Nile. When the discothèque machinery is not chattering in crisp, even tones, the sound is constructed by the trio of Rubin Mitchell, wafted in from the West Indies on a thunderstorm of his own making. Dinner, supper, and all that. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The music comes live only on Sundays, from five to nine, when the bright young men who cloak themselves under the cognomen of Jazz Interactions have a go. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The pedal is soft during dinner, and not much harder afterward. The practitioners are Roy Meriwether (new man in town) and his two sidemen. They are available every night but Monday, and so is solo piano. Nine-fifteen is starting time. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): A landing place where the Robert E. Lee makes regular calls. A squadron usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is in the waiting room. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Anyone who wants to know what the children do when they're off the streets should listen in. Beer mugs and sawdust, banjos and blampety-blamp—these are their throwbacks to their not yet existent past. Nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): The battle for the minds of the young is fierce, being compounded of washboard, tuba, banjo, and such. It runs from nine until two or three during the week, and from four-thirty on Sundays. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the midst of a new urban-youth redevelopment area sits this shack, full of music of the moment. It is currently being done by a man who knows more than most (Art Farmer), leading a quintet composed in part of Jimmy Heath. On Tuesday, July 25, the Farmers will give way to Hank Mobley's fivesome, in which Charles Tolliver's trumpet will make itself heard. Mondays, Sun Ra's pathfinding ten-man firing squad is there instead. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): The entire student body of the City of New York engaged in hanging Peace and Quiet in effigy. A shotgun band erupts from time to time, and there are movies that date back to Chaplin and Sarah Siddons. Beer is the elixir; nine until the end of time is the schedule. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB,** 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The centerpiece of the local quintet is Elvin Jones, who can cook up a fire storm with no more than a couple of drumsticks. The Jones boys stay home Mondays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Friday through Sunday, July 21-23, the Donald Byrd-Duke Pearson band will fulminate, with the assistance of such as Pepper Adams; Mondays, a cohort in which Freddie Hubbard, Ron Carter, and Kenny Barron are enlisted shows up; Friday through Sunday, July 28-30, Clark Terry will again be in residence, along with Zoot Sims, Phil Woods, and a dozen others.

270
O. NEUWIRTH

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JO DAVIDSON, (1883-1952)—Portraits in bronze, terra cotta, and plaster by this sculptor of famous men; through Aug. 25. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

MARTA MINUJIN—A magical telephone booth that responds to the speaker's voice by changing his "environment" through color modifications, lights, images, smoke, and other effects; through Friday, July 28. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

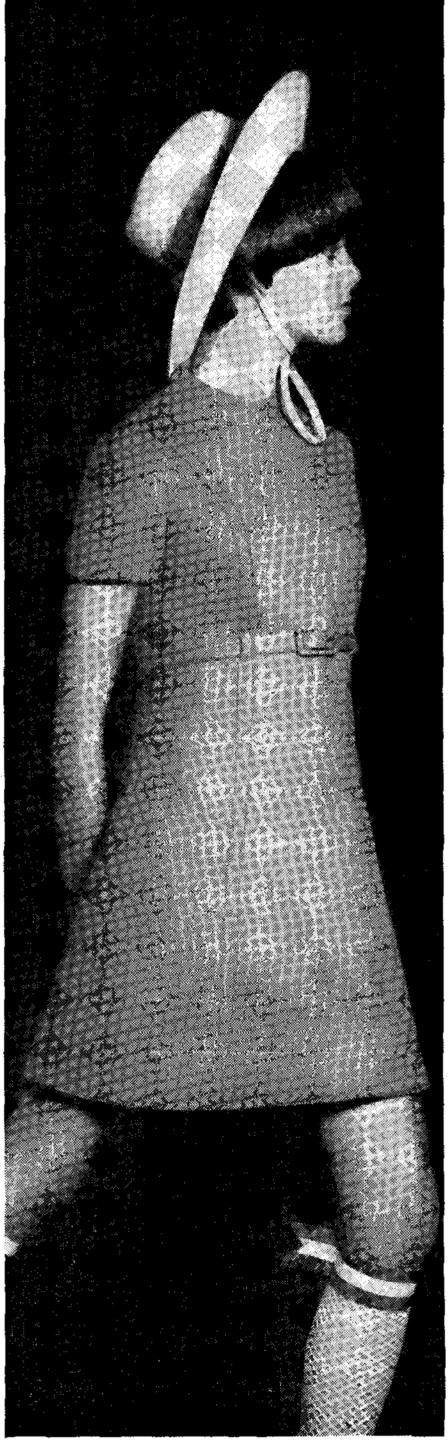
THE ITALIAN HERITAGE (1300-1650)—A benefit show of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Titian, Rubens, Holbein, and Donatello, lent by American museums and private collectors; through Aug. 25. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTURES—Pieces by Arp, Nakian, Chamberlain, Westermann, Morris, and others; through Sept. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BLACK,** 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by nineteenth-century artists, among them Kensett, Weir, and Currier; through Friday, July 21. . . . **GRAHAM,** third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "The

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Thin strappy belting placed high. Much more interesting than at waist level, don't you think? We like our brief-sleeved wool knit unfettered by collars and such. Just purity of line. All the more effective with the richness of its colorings: red, purple, or green. And ready for anything on your agenda, in 6 to 14 sizes, $40. Young Elite® Dresses. Glad to fill mail, phone orders.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Rainbow Room" is hung with paintings and prismatic colors by, for example, Jensen, Samaras, and Arthur B. Davies; through Thursday, July 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Maine by Thon, Betts, Moller, Schoener, and Peirce; through Friday, July 21.... **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Items by such painters as Childe Hassam, Stephen Etnier, and John Twachtman; through Friday, July 28.... **PARK PLACE GALLERY**, 542 West Broadway, at Bleecker St.: Mac Wells, Steve Basey, and Gary Bowers are three of the participants in a show of paintings and sculptures; through Friday, July 28. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Philip Pearlstein, Peter Saul, and Jean Ipousteguy (to mention a few), also Pascin drawings; through Friday, July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)... **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: A portrait each by twenty-four American and four British artists, from the eighteenth century to the twentieth; through Friday, July 21.... **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: A recap of the gallery's exhibitions of the past season, mainly light and kinetic displays, including works by LeParc, Maddox, and Takis; through Friday, July 28.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **ADRIA ART GALLERY**, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and tapestries by present-day artists make up the opening show of the first Yugoslav art gallery here; through Aug. 31.... **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Kurt Sonderborg; through Friday, July 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **LOEB & KRUGIER**, 12 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Giacometti, Balthus, Morandi, and others; through Friday, July 28.

Israelis; Group Show—Works by leading artists, among them Mordecai Ardon and Yaacov Agam, on loan from private collections; through Aug. 31. (Gallery of Israeli Art, 4 E. 54th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Royal treasures assembled from the Museum's collections of objects given to or made for a hundred rulers over five thousand years, from Queen Hatshepsut to Queen Victoria; through Sept. 4.... ¶ A selection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century prints representing views of Moscow, St. Petersburg, and environs, and the social life of the times; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Abstract art of the sixties, including color-field, hard-edge, and optical paintings, primary constructions, and motion and light compositions; through Sept. 24.... ¶ Fifty-two prints depicting artists and their artist friends, from 1890 to today; through Sept. 30.... ¶ An exhibition commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of Picasso's "Guernica," on loan at the Museum, comprising thirty-eight preliminary drawings and sixteen postscripts; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings of this century from the Museum's collection—Cézanne, Kandinsky, Kline, de Kooning, and others; through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"American Art of the Twentieth Century," over three hundred works ranging from the realists of the early nineteen-hundreds to the advanced styles of today; through Sept. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of selections from the bequest of the private collection of Mrs. Albert C. Barnes, consisting of twenty-two oils, pastels, watercolors, and prints by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans and Europeans, including Soutine, Rousseau, Delacroix, and Glackens; through Aug. 27.... ¶ Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings revealing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Photographs, documents, and memorabilia from the life of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, together with eighty of his landscapes and portraits; through Aug. 31.... ¶ A selection of Russian paintings from the fifteenth century to the present; through Sept. 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Over twenty mural-size canvases and two monumental painted-steel sculptures by, among others, Norman Bluhm, Giorgio Cavallon, Al Held, Alex Katz, and Fairfield Porter; through Sept. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Illustrations of the Dance Before Our Time" in prints, librettos, and books, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Aug. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Autograph manuscripts, letters, documents, first editions, and original illustrations commemorating the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harpers; through Friday, July 28.... ¶ Eighteenth-century French watercolors of flowers, many enlivened by the presence of insects, along with an assortment of books and manuscripts, all highlighted with pictures of flowers; through Friday, July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions, comprising about a hundred works from Africa, the Pacific Islands, and the pre-Columbian Americas; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Allegorical prints reflecting European concepts of the Western Hemisphere from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth; through July 30. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Presentations of Nature in Contemporary Prints" by American, European, and Japanese artists such as Sue Fuller, Gerhard Marcks, and Shigeru Kimura; through Sept. 24.... ¶ While you're there, you might glance at the "Dime Novels, Shilling Shockers, and Penny Dreadfuls" that enthralled readers a few generations ago; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

MUSIC

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra—A series of three benefit concerts. Saturday, July 29: William Steinberg conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano, and Richard Tucker, tenor. ... ¶ Sunday, July 30: Zubin Mehta conducting, with Jacqueline du Pré, cello, and Daniel Barenboim, piano.... ¶ Monday, July 31: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8:30.)

Music Outdoors—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—**PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn: Lorin Maazel conducting the New York Philharmonic in the first in a series of three concerts, this one with Michael Rabin, violin. (Thursday, July 20, at 8:30.)... **CROCHERON PARK**, Bayside: Lorin Maazel conducting a repeat performance of the Philharmonic's Prospect Park concert. The first of two concerts. (Saturday, July 22, at 8:30.)... **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW**: Sixten Ehrling conducting the Philharmonic in the second in a series of three concerts, this one with André Watts, piano. (Tuesday, July 25, at 8:30.)... **CLOVE LAKES PARK**, Staten Island: Sixten Ehrling conducting a repeat performance of the Philharmonic's Sheep Meadow concert. The first of two concerts. (Thursday, July 27, at 8:30.)... **BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL**, Bronx: Sixten Ehrling

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A Young Girl Reading by Fragonard (1732-1806), National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

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We could easily have told you about any one of these paintings. But we just couldn't keep our eyes off the Fragonard.

Fragonard? One of the most successful of the French court painters in the eighteenth century. After the Revolution, this artist fell into obscurity. He died in Paris in 1806, a forgotten man.

But recently, interest in his work had revived.

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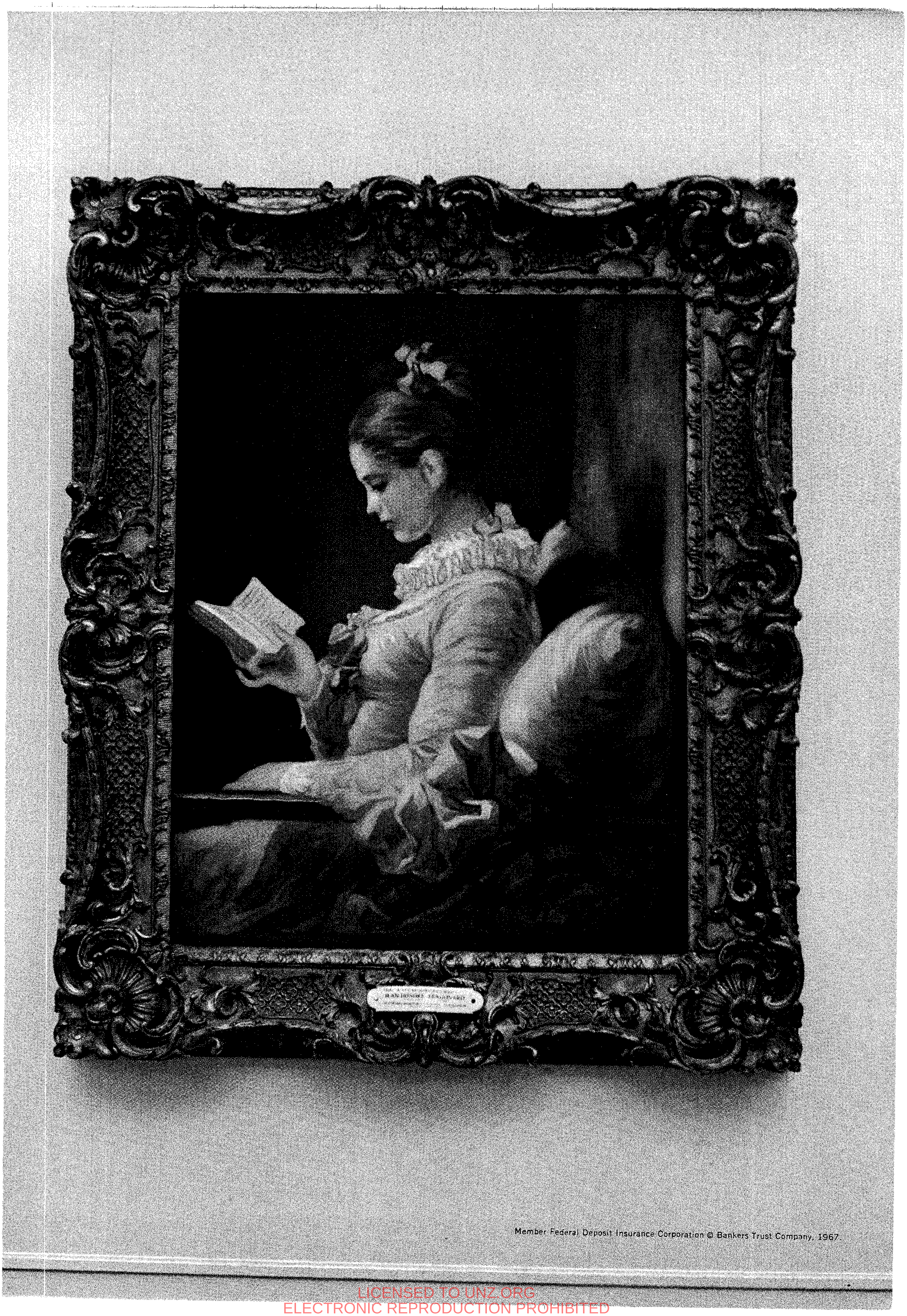
JEAN HONORÉ FRAGONARD

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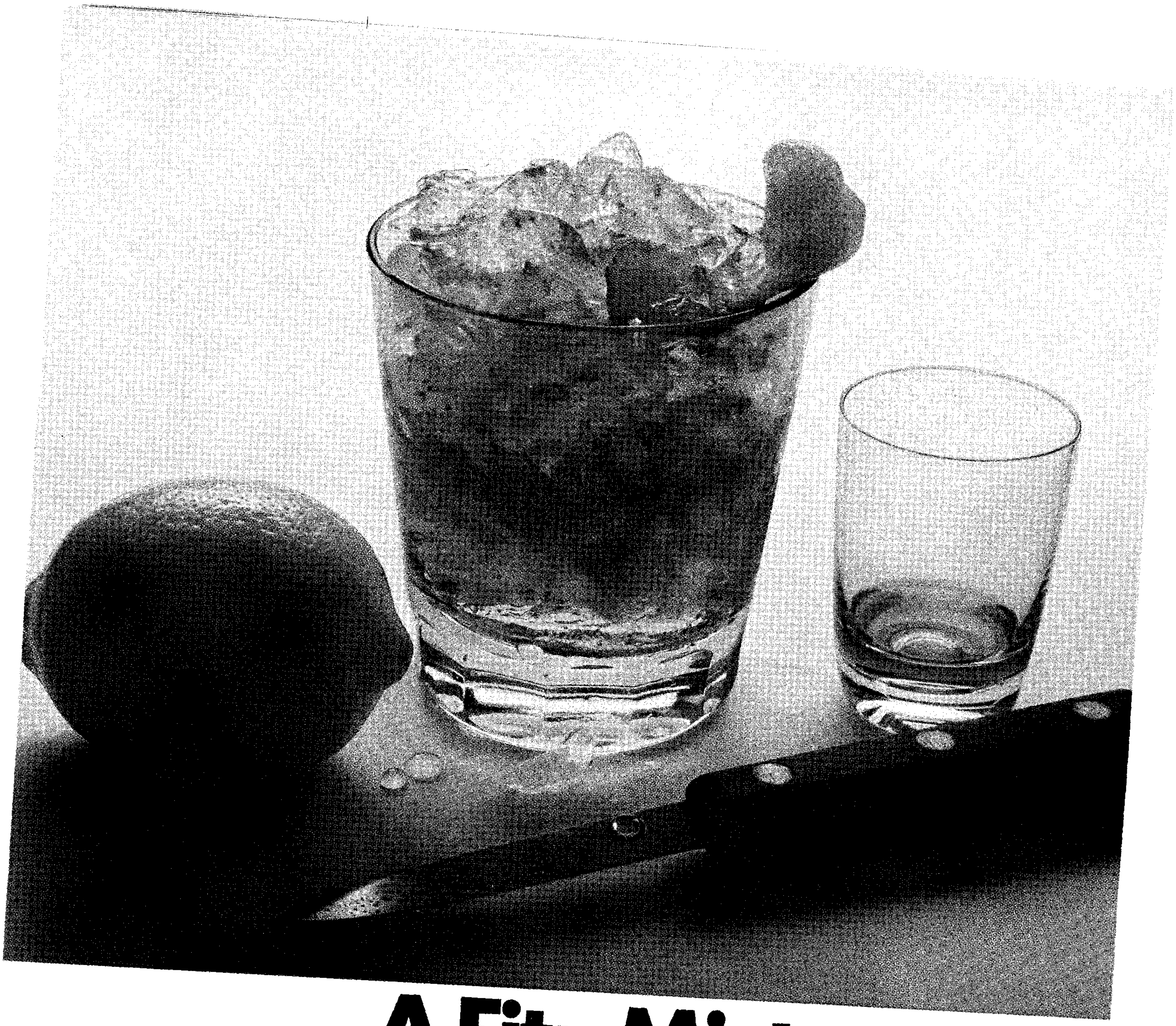

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

conducting another performance of the Philharmonic's Sheep Meadow concert. The first of two concerts. (Saturday, July 29, at 8:30.) . . . **CENTRAL PARK MALL:** Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays and Sundays at 8:30, and on Fridays at 7, for picnickers; through Sunday, Aug. 13. Morton Gould will conduct four of his own works on Thursday, July 27.) . . . **WOLLMAN RINK:** Pop, rock, jazz; folk singers and musicians; musical salutes to various nations; and Lord knows what else, brewed and bottled by the Rheingold people and presented Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. The concerts start at 8, and some are repeated at 10:30. (For information about times and tickets, call 249-8870.) During the next week, keep an eye out for Judy Collins, the New Christy Minstrels, Mel Tormé, and the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis jazz band. . . . **DELACORTE THEATRE,** Central Park: Rosalyn Tureck conducting a chamber orchestra and acting as harpsichord and piano soloist, in a free all-Bach program. Also with Ruth Waterman, violin, and Israel Borouchoff, flute. (Monday, July 24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

JAZZ—Thursday, July 20, at 8:30: Tony Scott's quintet. . . . Thursday, July 27, at 8:30: Jeremy Steig and the Satyrs. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.) . . . ¶ Jackie McLean, Betty Carter, and Freddie Hubbard. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, July 22, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 21, at 7: A program of partsongs by the Berkshire Boy Choir. . . . ¶ Friday, July 21, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Eden and Tamir, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 8: Seiji Ozawa conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 23, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Lilian Kallir, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 25, at 8: A chamber-music program by the Boston Symphony Chamber Players. . . . ¶ Friday, July 28, at 7: Brahms' "Liebeslieder Waltzes," performed by Claude Frank, piano; Miss Kallir; and singers. . . . ¶ Friday, July 28, at 9: Rafael Kubelik conducting the Boston Symphony, with Charles Wilson, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29, at 8: Rafael Kubelik conducting the Boston Symphony, with Shmuel Ashkenasi, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Van Cliburn, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 20.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Tentative schedule of final performances by the New York City Ballet—Thursday, July 20: "Scotch Symphony," "Allegro Brillante," "Ivesiana," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday, July 21: "Apollo" and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 23: "Scotch Symphony," "Allegro Brillante," "Ivesiana," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 25: "Prologue," "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 26: "Serenade," "Bugaku," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 27: "La Sonnambula," "Episodes," "Tarantella," and "Raymonda Variations." . . . ¶ Friday, July 28: "Prologue," "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29: "Serenade," "Bugaku," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30: "La Sonnambula," "Episodes," "Tarantella," and "Raymonda Variations." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 27. For tickets, call PL 7-8268, in New York, Mondays through Fridays.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, July 22, at 3:30: Pete Seeger. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29, at 3:30: Jim Kweskin and his Jug Band (with Tom Paxton). . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 8:30: Buddy Rich and his orchestra. (Lenox, Mass.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 22: Toni Lander and Bruce Marks, and Norman Walker and his company (with Cora Cahan). . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 25-29: Les Grands Ballets Canadiens. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Houston, Thursday, July 20, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday and Saturday, July 21-22, at 8, and Sunday, July 23, at 2. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Minnesota, Tuesday, July 25, at 8; Wednesday, July 26, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); and Thursday, July 27, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, July 28, at 8, and Saturday, July 29, at 2.

GOLF—New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove. Tuesday through Saturday, July 25-29.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Rockville Links, Rockville Centre, L.I. Wednesday through Friday, July 26-28.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase. . . . **BETHPAGE POLO FIELD,** Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 22. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 5. The Choice, Saturday, July 22, and the Sorority, Saturday, July 29. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

SOCCER—National Professional Soccer League: Generals vs. Atlanta Chiefs. (Yankee Stadium. Saturday, July 22, at 2:30.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, July 23, at 2.

TENNIS—Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. Monday through Sunday, July 24-30.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Monday, July 24. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15, from Tuesday, July 25, through Wednesday, Oct. 18. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:32, and Saturdays at 6:45.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 25.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 22.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend meetings of the General Assembly's special session, as well as periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd—Through July 25: Six programs in a series of short French films. . . . ¶ July 26: "The Seashell and the Clergyman" (1928); and "The Fall of the House of Usher" (1928). (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART,** 2 Columbus Circle—Six programs in a series called "A Tribute to Arthur Freed." July 20: "Good News" (1947), with June Allyson and Peter Lawford. . . . ¶ July 21: "Summer Holiday" (1948), with Mickey Rooney and Gloria De Haven. . . . ¶ July 22: "The Pirate" (1948), with Judy Garland and Gene Kelly. . . . ¶ July 23: "Easter Parade" (1948), with Fred Astaire and Judy Garland. . . . ¶ July 25: "Words and Music" (1948), with June Allyson and Judy Garland. . . . ¶ July 26: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" (1949), with Frank Sinatra and Esther Williams. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Accident—How a heartless, predatory girl almost destroys a happy household. Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant. The director was Joseph Losey and the screenplay is by Harold Pinter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Barefoot in the Park—A successful adaptation, by Neil Simon, of his Broadway comedy, well acted by Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Bible—Gigantic snippets of Genesis, directed by John Huston, who plays Noah. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Big City—The latest film in New York by Satyajit Ray, one of the master film-makers. About a grave, shy Calcutta wife who goes out to work to stretch the pinched family income. A beautiful film, delicately funny, including office scenes littered with shop-soiled English catch phrases that float up through the Bengali dialogue like the flotsam of an Empire. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Blow-Up—David Hemmings is a fashion photographer in London and Vanessa Redgrave is a gorgeous girl who is somehow implicated in a murder. Antonioni's picture is always lovely to look upon and often impossible to understand. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Casino Royale—A very funny atticful of old and new sight gags, verbal gags, and wholesale scene-stealings by such masters as Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, David Niven, and Orson Welles. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 25.)

The Family Way—Hayley Mills as a bride, though she still seems no nearer to being grown up than Shirley Temple in short socks. John Mills plays her father-in-law in a dully made film from England by the Boulting Brothers about North-of-England working-class sexual codes. Adapted by Bill Naughton from his own interesting stage play. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Funeral in Berlin—A rousing, complicated melodrama about British and Russian Intelligence agents. With Michael Caine. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 22-23.)

Grand Prix—Yves Montand, James Garner, Toshiro Mifune, Eva Marie Saint, and a lot of other good-looking, high-spirited people in a continuously thrilling picture about racing cars. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711; through July 24. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sunday at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie—Yves Montand as an Existentialist hero, spending his life for others in the expectation of certain defeat. Brilliantly directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; and Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

A Guide for the Married Man—Walter Matthau dominates this mindless, amusing study of the fine art of undetected infidelity. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting July 26.)

Hawaii—Enormous in scale and tiny in content. With Julie Andrews. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; through July 25. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sunday at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—A successful adaptation of the Broadway musical, with Robert Morse and Rudy Vallée. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through July 25. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; July 22-25.)

The Jokers—An admirable comic melodrama about the theft of the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through July 23.)

King of Hearts—A pretty comedy verging on Gallic-fanciful by Philippe de Broca. Alan Bates plays a First World War soldier waylaid and surrounded by the happy inmates of a lunatic asylum and a zoo. In French and English. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Made in Italy—Thirty-odd vivid snapshots of contemporary Italy, featuring, among others, Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, and Sylva Koscina. The director is Nanni Loy. In Italian. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

A Man and a Woman—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—A flawless rendering of Robert Bolt's eloquent play about Sir Thomas More. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

My Sister, My Love—A Swedish study of a tragic love affair between a brother and sister. Directed by Vilgot Sjöman. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

The Night of the Generals—A thriller about a mad Nazi general and his long-delayed comeuppance. Peter O'Toole, Omar Sharif, and Donald Pleasence. Directed by Anatole Litvak. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 26.)

The Taming of the Shrew—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in Franco Zeffirelli's Hellzapoppin version of the old comedy. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664; through July 25. Mondays through Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10; and Sundays at 2:30, 5:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A mild satire on the Giddy Twenties, with Julie Andrews, Carol Channing, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

To Sir, with Love—Sidney Poitier as a self-righteous Negro schoolmaster putting right a classful of East End delinquents. Directed by James Clavell. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Ulysses—A laudable sortie into the Joyce country. Joseph Strick has directed his excellent cast with intelligence and tact. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Woman Times Seven—Shirley MacLaine playing seven ogling parts that look as if they have been market-researched as the ideal woman and makeup-buying prospect. De Sica directed, but Joseph E. Levine presented it, and its soul is Hollywood's. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

You Only Live Twice—The latest James Bond, with Sean Connery careering around a power-maniac's classy quarters in a volcano. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

REVIVALS

America America (1963)—An account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 24.)

Any Wednesday (1966)—Jane Fonda, Jason Robards, and Rosemary Murphy in a movie version of the Broadway comedy. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 26.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 21.)

A Big Hand for the Little Lady (1966)—Fun and a game of poker in the Old West, with a cast that includes Henry Fonda, Paul Ford, Burgess Meredith, and Joanne Woodward as the little lady. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 25-26.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—A Western that makes sport of Westerns. With Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 25-26.)

Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round (1966)—James Coburn executes what is surely the most complicated bank holdup of all time. Written and directed by Bernard Girard. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 25.)

Diabolique (1955)—How a cad, his wife, and his mistress try to reduce their number by a third. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. Directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through July 21.)

Dreams (1960)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and Eva Dahlbeck. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 22.)

Il Federale (1965)—Ugo Tognazzi and Georges Wilson in a satire about the adventures of an Army sergeant and an elderly leader of the underground. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 20.)

The Fiancés (1964)—Directed by Ermanno Olmi. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 26.)

General della Rovere (1960)—Vittorio De Sica and Hannes Messemer in a melodrama laid in Italy during the Second World War. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 25-26.)

Male Companion (1966)—The subject is love-in-idleness. Starring Jean-Pierre Cassel and directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 26.)

Moby Dick (1956)—John Huston's interpretation of the novel. With Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart, and Leo Genn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 23-24.)

The Moment of Truth (1965)—A picture about a Spanish matador by the Italian director Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 25-26.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—Directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina and François Périer. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 22.)

La Notte (1962)—A portrait of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 21.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 23-24.)

The Sleeping Car Murder (1966)—Yves Montand and Simone Signoret in a thriller, laid mainly in Paris. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 21.)

The Sound of Trumpets (1963)—A comedy about a young man getting a job and hoping to get a girl. Directed by Ermanno Olmi. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 26.)

Il Successo (1965)—Vittorio Gassman in a comedy about a businessman on the make. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 20.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson. With Rita Tushingham. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 24.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—The Broadway comedy, here with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; July 22-25.)

Torment (1947)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 25.)

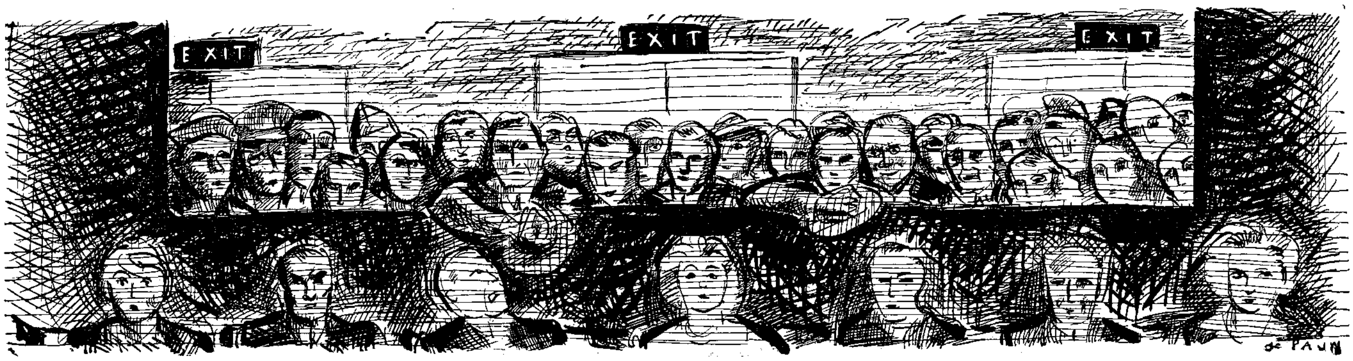
The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 21-22.)

Two Daughters (1963)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 24.)

The Wrong Box (1966)—Tontine, train wreck, tottering butler; Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Sellers, and many others. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through July 25.)

Film Libraries—See listing under "Et Alia," page 13.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through July 25: **HAWAII.**
From July 26: "Luv," Jack Lemmon, Elaine May.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
THE FAMILY WAY.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"For a Few Dollars More," Clint Eastwood.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Divorce American Style," Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through July 24: **GRAND PRIX.**
July 25: Theatre closed.
From July 26: "The St. Valentine's Day Massacre," Jason Robards, George Segal.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
MADE IN ITALY (in Italian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson; and "Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 25: **THE WRONG BOX**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From July 26: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 25: **CASINO ROYALE**; and **DEAD HEAT ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND**, revival.
From July 26: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Surfari," a documentary film on surfing.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through July 23: **THE JOKERS.**
From July 24: "Privilege," Jean Shrimpton.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
Through July 25: **THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.**
From July 26: "Luv," Jack Lemmon, Elaine May.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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23	24	25	26			

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ACCIDENT.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through July 21: **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival; and "The Quiller Memorandum," George Segal, Alec Guinness.
July 22-23: **FUNERAL IN BERLIN**; and "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.
July 24: **AMERICA AMERICA**, revival; and **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival.
July 25-26: **CAT BALLOU**, revival; and **A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE FAMILY WAY.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 25: **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING.**
From July 26: "The St. Valentine's Day Massacre," Jason Robards, George Segal.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WOMAN TIMES SEVEN.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 25: "Naked Among the Wolves" (in German and Polish).
From July 26: "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (in Italian), Totò.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 25: "Triple Cross," Christopher Plummer, Romy Schneider; and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?," Tatsuya Mihashi.
From July 26: "Gunn," Craig Stevens, Laura Devon; and "The Upper Hand," Jean Gabin, George Raft.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Divorce American Style," Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
Through July 25: "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.
From July 26: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through July 24: "Deathwatch," Leonard Nimoy.
From July 25: "Come Back, Africa," "On the Bowery," and "Good Times, Wonderful Times" (all revivals and all semi-documentary films).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 21: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and "Inherit the Wind," revival, Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.
July 22-25: **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**; and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**, revival.
From July 26: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN**; and **MALE COMPANION** (in French), revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
BLOW-UP.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 25: "Spartacus," revival, Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.
From July 26: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN**; and "Rasputin—The Mad Monk," Christopher Lee.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
MY SISTER, MY LOVE (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through July 25: "Triple Cross," Christopher Plummer, Romy Schneider; and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?," Tatsuya Mihashi.
From July 26: "Gunn," Craig Stevens, Laura Devon; and "The Upper Hand," Jean Gabin, George Raft.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Palaces of a Queen," a tour of six palaces belonging to Queen Elizabeth II.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
THE BIG CITY (in Bengali and English).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
KING OF HEARTS (in French and English).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Round Trip," Venantino Venantini.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
WOMAN TIMES SEVEN.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 20: "The Killers," revival, Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson; and "Wagonmaster," revival, Ben Johnson, Joanne Dru.
July 21-22: **THE TRIAL**, revival; and "The Cool World," revival, Hampton Clanton.
July 23-24: **PATHS OF GLORY**, revival; and **MOBY DICK**, revival.
July 25-26: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** and **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (both in Italian and both revivals).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 25: "Triple Cross," Christopher Plummer, Romy Schneider; and "The 25th Hour," Anthony Quinn, Virna Lisi.
From July 26: **THE NIGHT OF THE GENERALS**; and **ANY WEDNESDAY**, revival.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 20: **IL FEDERALE** and **IL SUCCESSO** (both in Italian and both revivals).
July 21: **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French), revival; and **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival.
July 22: **NIGHTS OF CABIRIA** (in Italian), revival; and **DREAMS** (in Swedish), revival.
July 23: "The Little Humpbacked Horse," revival, performed by the Bolshoi Ballet; and Tchaikovsky's "Yolanta" (in Russian), revival.
July 24: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali), revival; and "The Playboy of the Western World," revival, Siobhan McKenna.
July 25: **TORMENT** (in Swedish), revival; and "Miss Julie" (in Swedish), revival, Anita Björk.
July 26: **THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS** (in Italian), revival; and **THE FIANCÉS** (in Italian), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
MY SISTER, MY LOVE (in Swedish).

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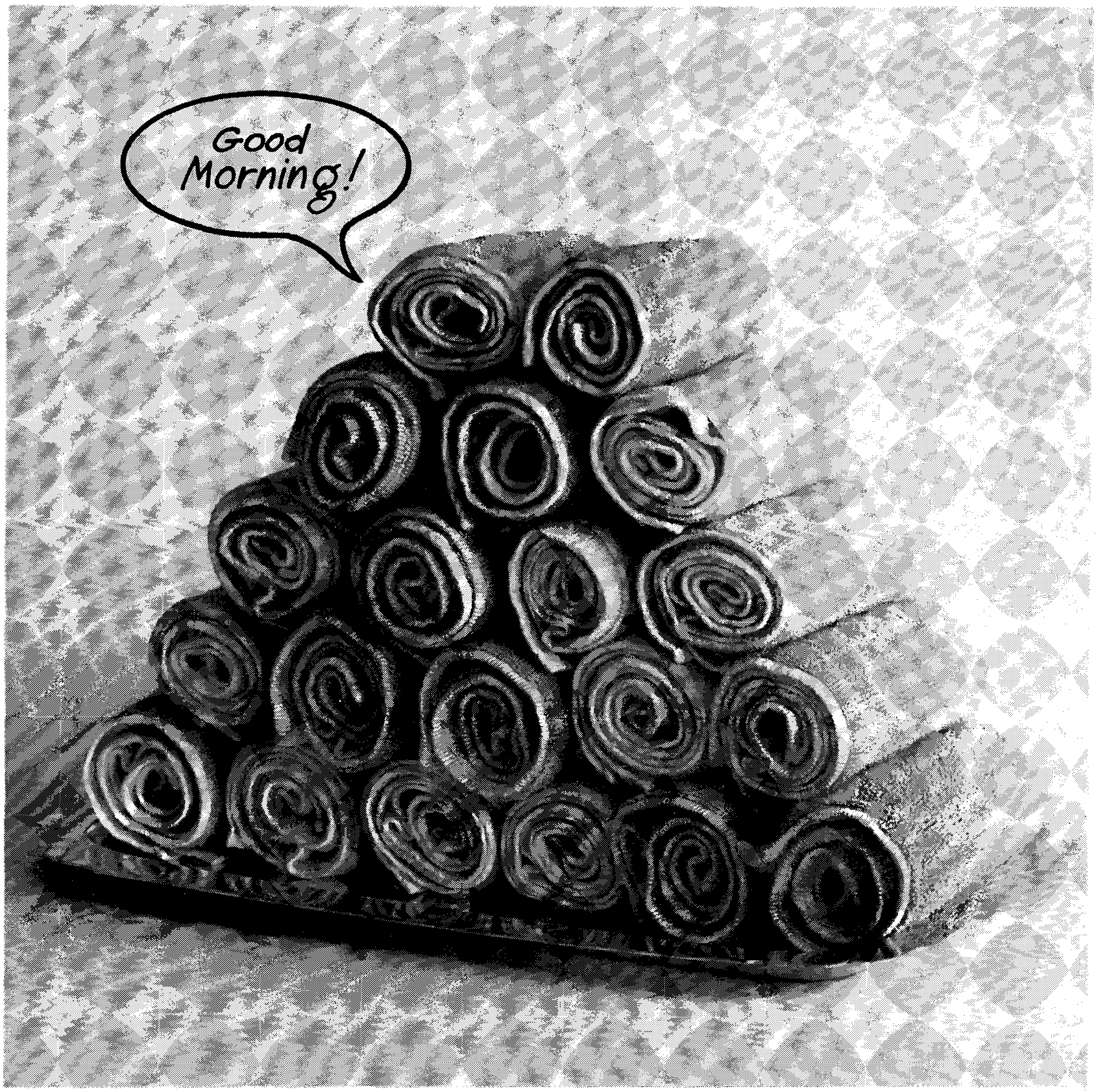

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

CANADIAN CLUB'S GUIDE TO THE GREEK ISLANDS

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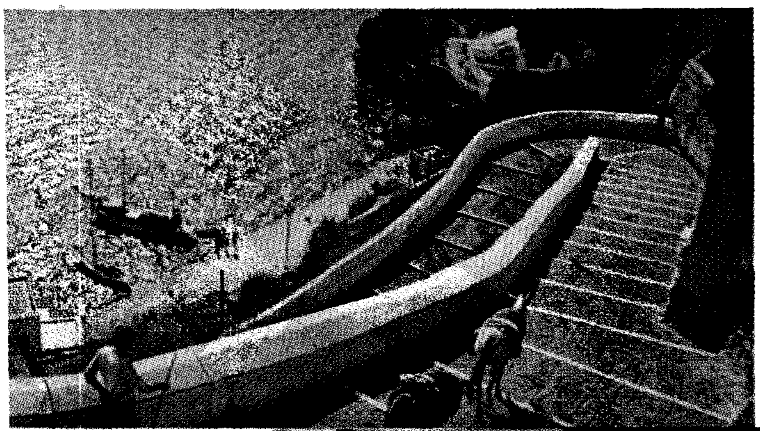
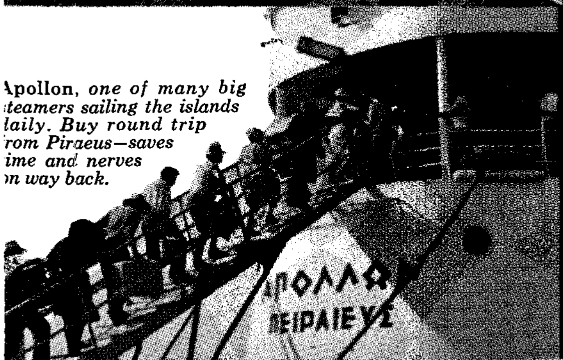
600 steps zigzag to Thera atop volcanic Santorin. By mule, 30 minutes; on foot—don't try it. Fierce wind, stunning view. Say hello at Hotel Atlantis. Owner's son lives in New Jersey.

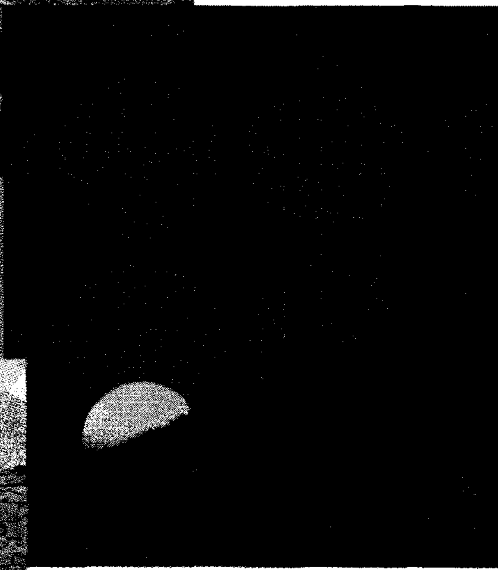


The Greek Islands are made of light. Stark, glaring light that spills over the roofs and down the cobbled streets to the sea. Sometimes the light is dusky pink, creeping into old temples to paint the broken stone. Or hot yellow, burning the dusty hills. The hard Greek light spreads on the houses like thick frost, glitters darkly in the blue Aegean water. Faces and hands are red-brown leather, and the sun glints on the stubbled chins of fishermen; hides in the black shawls of old women gossiping on kitchen chairs; bathes bony cats and donkeys drowsing on the quays. The Greek Islands swim in light, ancient and clear and pure. Come and see, come and see.

A shady refuge: the Temple to Serapis on ancient, ghostly Delos.



pollon, *one of many big teamers sailing the islands aily. Buy round trip rom Piraeus—saves ime and nerves n way back.*



Serendipity: finding an island hardly anybody knows about. This is one—quiet Keos. A lovely overnight stop in your own boat, superb moonlight swimming in the bay.

Perfect end to a shopping day on Mykonos: buggy ride over hills to Stephanos Beach. Driver waits while you swim. Eat superb melon, pose for a sketch.

IMPORTED
Canadian Club

On exquisite Hydra—paradise for art-lovers, bikini-lovers, and just plain island-lovers—lunch at elegant "La Goudera" Yachting Clubhouse. A kind of discothèque for gourmets, it perches on a rocky promontory over crashing waves. Dive in if you dare or just sunbathe and sip an old friend—Canadian Club. Of course you'll find Canadian Club in the finest spots in Greece. It's "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands. Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch *and* the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—wherever in the world you are. Enjoy it tonight, in Greece, or in your own home.

Canadian Club

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands

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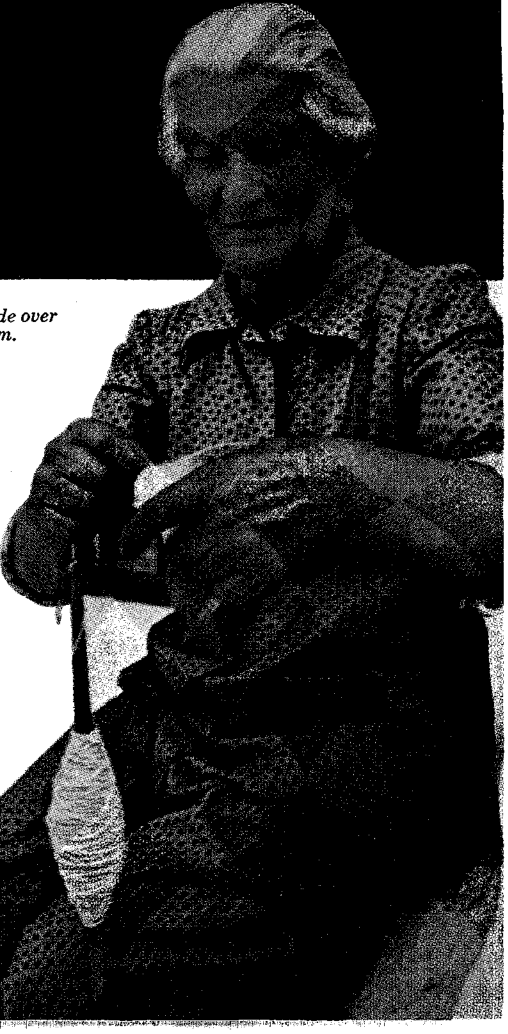
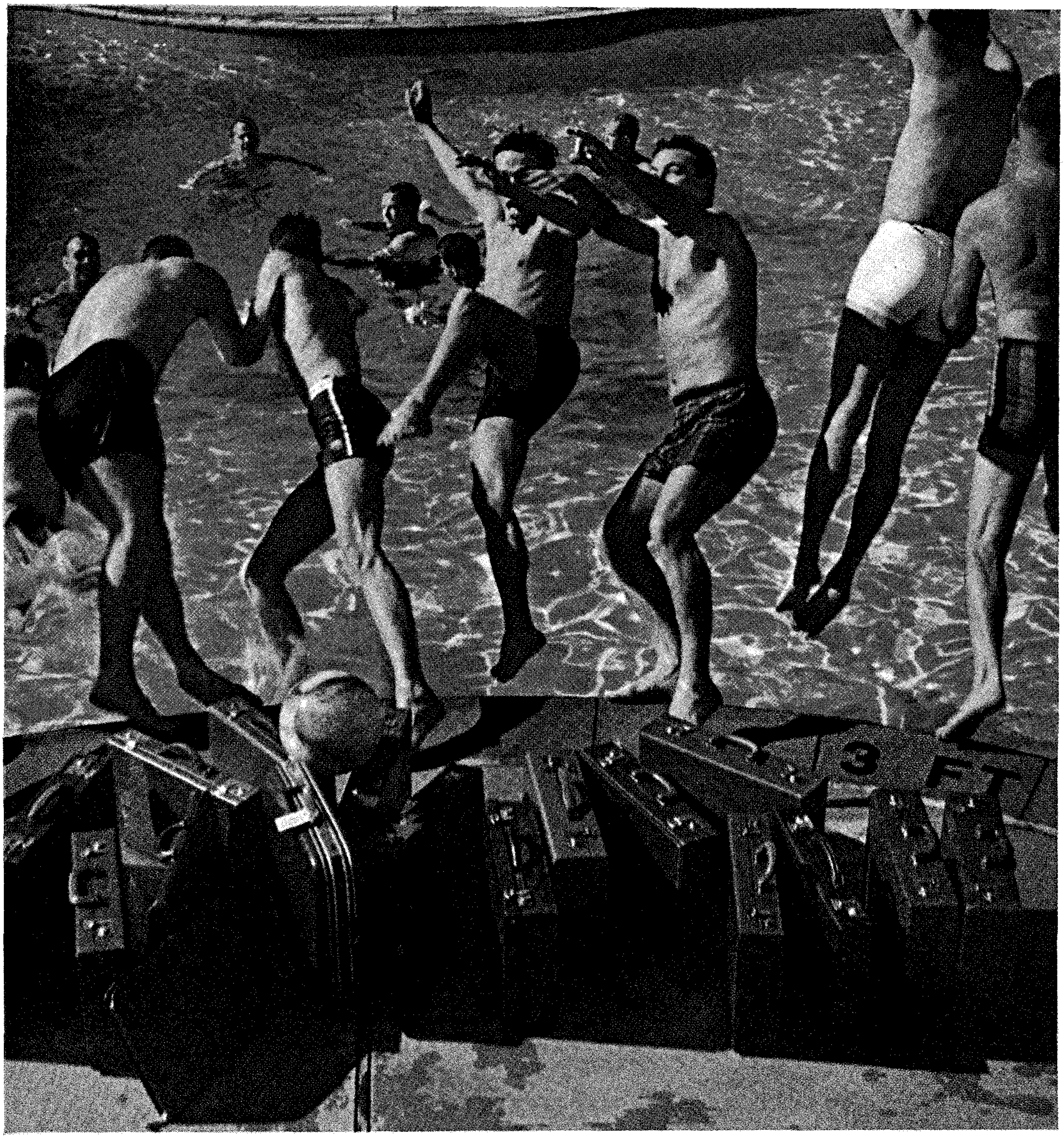


On street of tiny shops right behind wharf, this Mykonos lady spins yarn for fishermen's sweaters, great buy at around $10.



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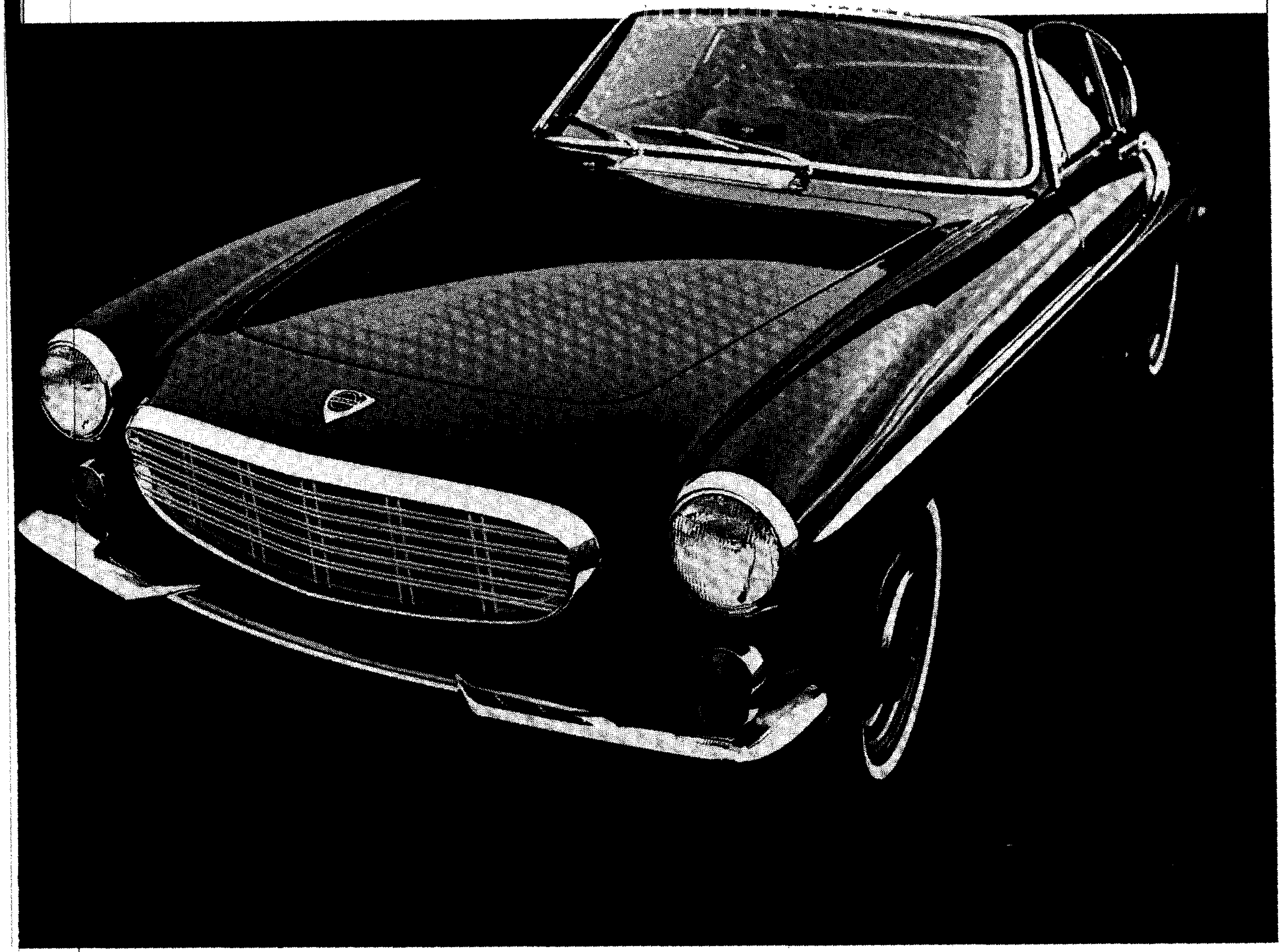

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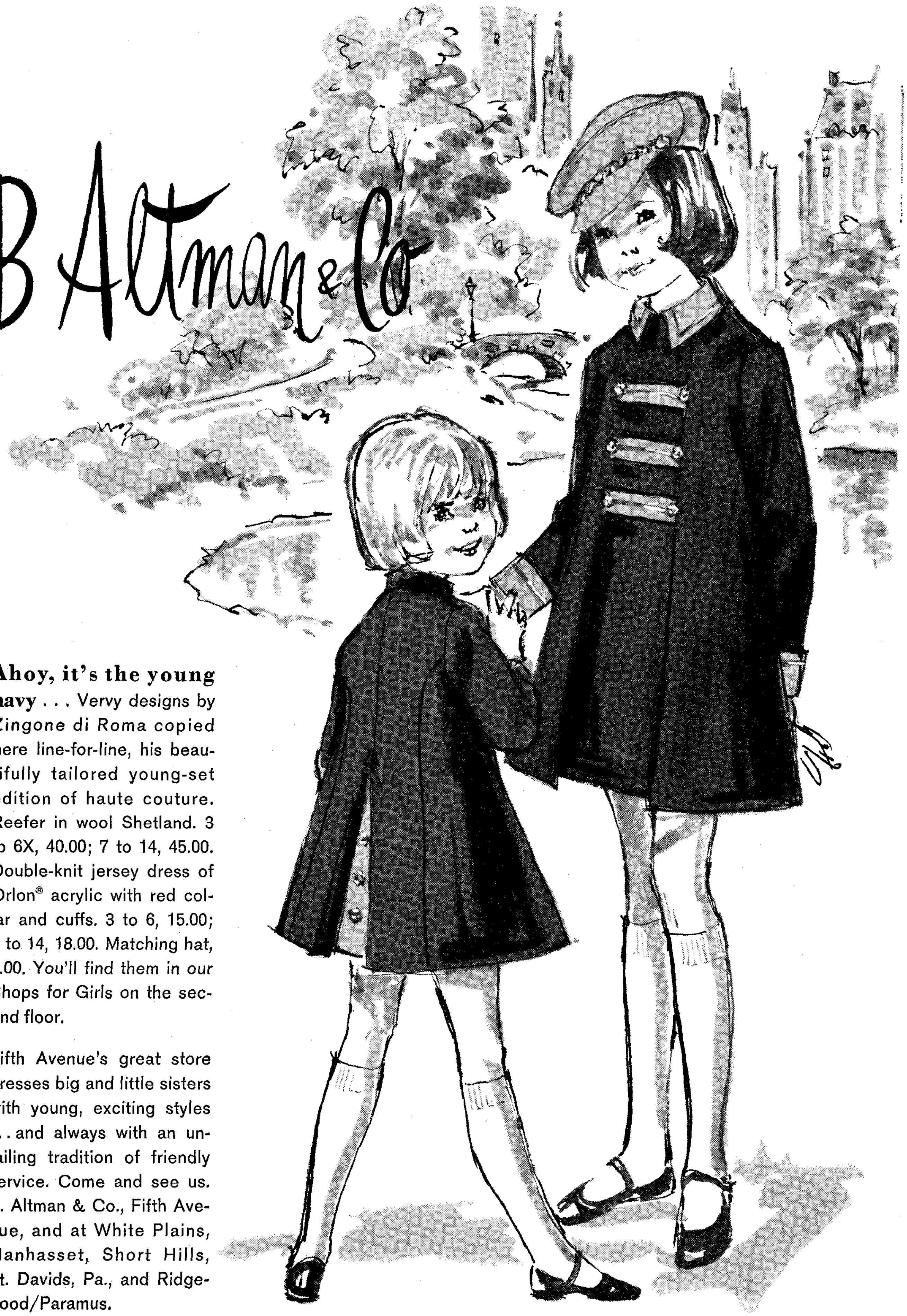

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR those of us who have become accustomed to finding something like it each summer in our newspapers, the tragic and senseless racial rioting that exploded last week in Newark may be classified as a phenomenon ranking somewhere between the 1964 outbreaks in Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant and the 1965 holocaust in Watts. In terms of the society that all of us live in, however, the destruction in Newark implies something more—confirmation of a sad suspicion that in the ghettos a formidable riot is coming to be considered something of a civic accomplishment, a successful spur to progress in such difficult areas as housing and employment. Perhaps the most significant illustration of this was the "holiday atmosphere" noted and deplored by Governor Richard J. Hughes, of New Jersey, and Mayor Hugh J. Addonizio, of Newark, after arson and looting had rendered uninhabitable much of Newark's Negro section, the Central Ward. Certainly the belief in violence as a panacea is understandable. Witness, for example, the amount of money and—what is more important—the thought and attention that were devoted to the Negro ghettos here after the 1964 rioting. And in Buffalo, as recently as last month, it was not until rioting began that officials were able to find a way to cut red tape and insure summer antipoverty employment.

On its own merits, however, and as an example of the rioting phenomenon (if spasms of looting, arson, and pointless killing can be called rioting), the Newark experience was not exceptional. Its causes, in addition to the cause common to all the recent explosions—a feeling of alienation from the white community—will have to be identified and analyzed, ultimately, by sociologists. Three causes that are being cited for it now, however, are the fact that Negro political and social representation has not kept pace with the growth of the city's Negro population (in 1950 Negroes made up only fourteen per cent of it, and today more than half the population, of a little more than four hundred thousand, is Negro); a recent decision to preëmpt a fifty-acre site within the ghetto for a State College of Medicine and Dentistry; and the bypassing last month of a qualified Negro candidate for secretary of the Board of Education. At any rate, pent-up feeling in the Central Ward erupted last Thursday when a false report spread that a prisoner, a cabdriver, had been beaten to death in a precinct house in the area. Residents besieged the station house and bombarded it with bottles; the answering charge of police into the mob sent violence, in a chain reaction, first through the Central Ward and by daybreak into every part of the city. At the Four Corners, Newark's primary intersection, three stores, including a jeweller's, were looted and set afire that night. The greatest damage, however, was inflicted on a fifteen-block section of Springfield Avenue, which cuts diagonally through the ghetto. Dawn on Friday found it a shambles of looted and gutted stores, many of them stripped down to the shelves. The sidewalks outside them were a collage of wrenched-off metal gates, broken show-window mannequins, and uncollected garbage, all lying on a background of shattered glass, which carpeted some blocks from corner to corner. By that dawn, too, sixty men and women had been injured, and seventy-five more were in custody, including the poet and playwright LeRoi Jones, a native of Newark, who was arrested with two other men in a car said to contain two loaded .32-calibre pistols. The new day saw the metamorphosis of a ten-square-mile section of Newark into what was, in effect, occupied territory. City and state police cars, augmented by National Guard jeeps, and even a few eleven-ton armored personnel carriers bearing .50-calibre machine guns, patrolled the streets on Friday, and by the time the Governor appeared on television late that afternoon to proclaim a nighttime curfew, his announcement was superfluous. A curfew had already been unofficially but effectively enforced for much of that day by men who aimed a variety of pistols, rifles, and shotguns at every movement on the streets and, in some cases, forced residents from porches and stoops at gunpoint.

The actions of the police and the National Guardsmen, as might be expected, were harsh. By dusk on Friday, the rioting in Newark had spread beyond simple looting and vandalism. Now it was anarchy, in the form of war. Police, New Jersey state troopers, and National Guardsmen were attacked and fired upon not as defenders of stores still to be looted but, rather, as symbols of authority and power. Stones, bottles, Molotov cocktails, and bullets came in volleys from rooftops and windows. Nor was the war limited to attacks on armed symbols of authority. For some reason, firemen were particular targets of snipers, and around midnight Saturday one fireman, a captain, was shot to death while answering what turned out to be a false alarm. Another favorite—and equally inexplicable—target of snipers was the fifteen-story Newark City Hospital, which towers over the ghetto. More than five hundred persons injured in the rioting were treated here, by doctors and nurses who worked double shifts under what were virtually battle conditions. A good many of those treated, though they had been injured in the rioting, had had no part in it. Some were felled at the windows of their

"I never worry. A. T. & T. has such a nice way of always bouncing back."

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apartments, either by random snipers' bullets or by inaccurate return fire from Guardsmen and troopers.

"We will make ourselves proud of Newark again," Governor Hughes proclaimed Friday afternoon, but even as he had awaited the television announcer's cue, an aide had been elbowing his way through a throng of reporters (we were among them) to tell him that a Newark detective, the father of three children, had died of a bullet wound inflicted by a sniper who was under siege in the upper stories of a housing project a short distance from Springfield Avenue. Although we were unfamiliar with the area, we had no need to ask for directions to the scene of the new violence. Columns of black smoke from a fire a block away provided a marker that could be seen throughout the city. Instead, our problem was deciding which way to turn once we had reached the scene. On one block, more than two hundred police, troopers, and Guardsmen were peppering with rifle and shotgun blasts the windows of the tenth-floor apartment where the sniper was believed to be barricaded. On the block to the west, and clearly visible across a mall of razed buildings, the fire was consuming three more buildings. Firemen, hampered by fatigue and by a shortage of equipment, owing to the number of simultaneous alarms, considered themselves fortunate in being able to save the rest of the block. Certainly they were more fortunate than a group of state troopers and National Guardsmen who, at about the same time, reached the housing project in an armored personnel carrier, and searched it thoroughly but unsuccessfully for the sniper.

While we waited for an end to both the fire and the search, we witnessed sporadic maneuvers by bands of youths who were baiting the troopers. Once, they reacted by pouncing on an unwary boy of perhaps sixteen. After a brief scuffle, a number of the troopers managed to cuff the boy's hands behind his back, and he was pulled and pushed, still struggling, to the rear of a parked Army truck and directed to climb in. Cursing, he refused, and he was thereupon hoisted and literally hurled into the back of the open truck. "Look out!" a lieutenant standing nearby said to the troopers, laughing. "You'll scratch the paint." Another officer, closer to the truck, reached up and slammed the boy's head down on the flat bed of the vehicle as a Guardsman climbed in and trained a shotgun on the boy's stomach. "Move, go ahead, move," he challenged.

"What did he do, anyway?" we asked one of the Guardsmen.

"Disorderly," the Guardsman answered.

An hour later, we were startled to see the same boy, now unguarded, lurching across Springfield Avenue just a block down the street from where we had first seen him. "They let me go," the boy told us, clutching his left side, and disappeared around a corner.

A nearby photographer watched him with professional detachment. "Two cracked ribs, at least," he said.

Not all the damage inflicted upon the residents of the Central Ward was as purely physical or as amenable to healing. Probably the worst of it was the psychological injury resulting from the curfew, under whose provisions armed patrols stopped and searched, and occasionally manhandled, at gunpoint every Negro found on the street between 10 P.M. and 6 A.M. A reporter protested mistreatment of two Negro men by the members of one such patrol, whereupon its members turned on him. "This is the nearest thing to South Africa I ever hope to see," he said as he retreated out of harm's way.

Some of the physical and emotional brutality encountered by residents of the Central Ward during the weekend can be ascribed to the inexperience of the National Guardsmen—men who had not been trained for this kind of work and were naturally nervous and overzealous in their first active-duty assignment—but not all of it. Inside Newark's Police Headquarters, newsmen watched police taunting and ridiculing a woman suspected of looting, who, for no reason that was ever made clear, had been brought to the lobby of the building to be photographed for identification. While a police cameraman went about posing the woman under a plaque that commended Newark policemen for "their dedicated contribution to the welfare of their fellow-citizens" in 1966, her laughing captors piled a number of electric irons, a phonograph console, and a hair dryer at her feet. "It's Miss All-American Looter getting her picture taken," one policeman said, with a grin, as the woman watched newspaper photographers pour out of the press room adjoining to get their own pictures of the scene. "Smile, Miss Looter, you're on Candid Camera," another policeman said, and as flashbulbs went off, the woman buried her face in her hands and broke into tears. The police photographer lowered his camera. "You'll have to put your hands down," he said. When the woman, who was still crying, failed to comply, he firmly pushed her hands down and snapped her head back against the plaque, and then, to the accompaniment of a chorus of hoots and jeers from his fellow-officers, took the picture.

With the beginning of the new week, the rioting in Newark diminished. For a variety of reasons—two of them are the lack of anything remaining to be looted and sheer exhaustion on the part of the participants—disorders of this kind rarely last more than three or four days. Early Sunday morning, the number of reports of sniping began to drop off, and a few hours later Governor Hughes announced that he thought the worst was over. During the approximately eighty hours that it lasted, however, the rioting in Newark compiled a horrifying box score. According to preliminary reports, twenty-four persons, including a ten-year-old boy, were killed; more than a thousand were injured, seven hundred of them sufficiently to require hospital treatment; more than twelve hundred—men, women, and children—were arrested; and property damage ran into millions of dollars. One statistic that obviously could not be included in the estimate was the number—certainly an overwhelming majority—of Central Ward residents who took no part in the looting or the fighting, and, in fact, worked strenuously to end it. And there were also those who somehow went through the weekend unmindful both of property damage and of their physical safety. As we were following a curfew patrol at about three o'clock Saturday morning, we came across one such couple. A man and a woman in their early twenties, they were strolling, hand in hand, along the relatively unscathed upper section of Springfield Avenue when the patrol—two jeeps carrying troopers and Guardsmen—pulled up and, following its usual procedure, abruptly spread-eagled the young man face down on the asphalt.

"Get on home!" a trooper ordered the girl.

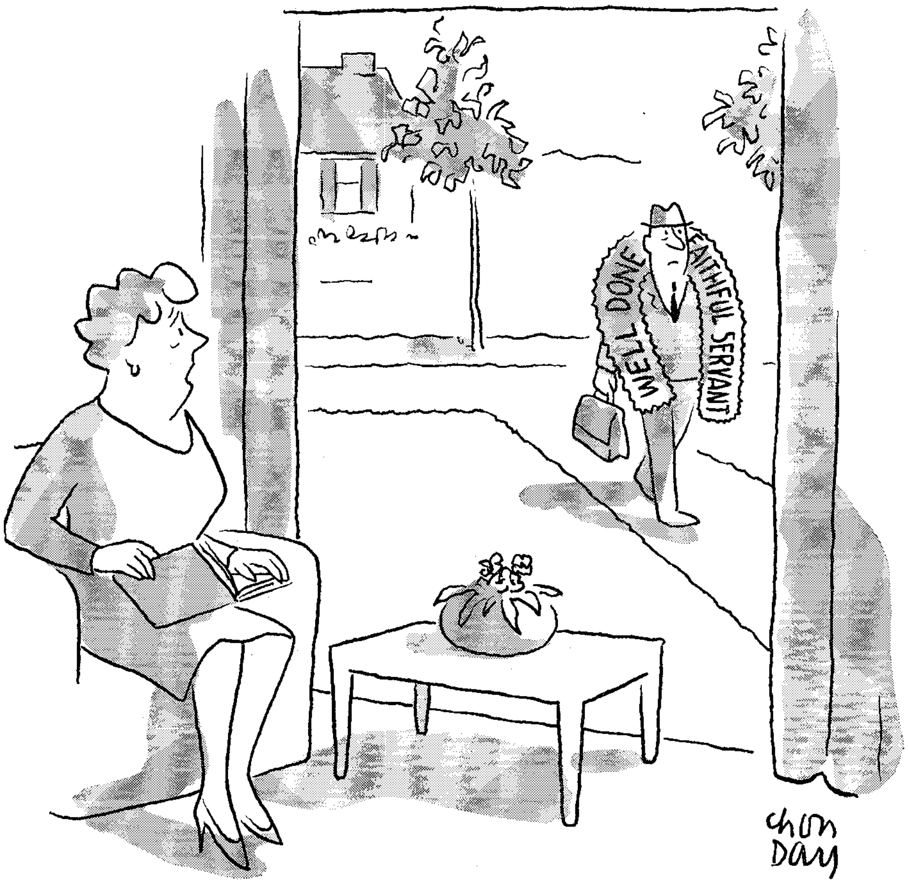
She turned to obey, but then she turned back. "You talk like you were talking to an animal," she said, walking toward him.

"You get on home!" the trooper said, yelling it this time. He began to raise his rifle, and then, abashed, lowered it again. "I'm sorry, lady," he said, and his voice became gentle. "But, you see, people have been killed on these streets tonight, and we just don't want to see any more of it."

Maestro

Satyajit Ray, the Bengali cinema director, was in town recently, en route from Hollywood, where he had just concluded a film-making deal with Columbia Pictures, to Calcutta, where he lives, and where he has made nearly all his movies—"Pather Panchali," "Aparajito," "The World of Apu," "The Music Room," "Two Daughters," "Devi," "Charulata," and many others, some known here and some not seen outside India. We called him up and asked him if he could bring us up to date both on his current projects and on his future plans, and he invited us to go with him on a shopping expedition, during which we could ask him anything we liked. We met him shortly afterward on a quiet street in the East Fifties, and began walking with him toward Fifth Avenue. The day was sultry; our progress down the street was steady and purposeful, with only one pause, in the middle of Park Avenue, to take a photograph.

Mr. Ray, who is in his forties and is a very tall man, with a strong face and a commanding voice, told us about his Columbia film, which will star Peter Sellers. "Science fiction has always been an interest of mine, and I've written a good many science-fiction stories," he said. "A lot of them were for a children's magazine that I put out—well, it's not really for children; it's for fourteen-, fifteen-, sixteen-year-olds—and, naturally, I've often thought of making a science-fiction film of some kind. In Calcutta, we have a science-fiction-film club, with over fifteen hundred members and a long waiting list. On behalf of it, I wrote a letter to Arthur C. Clarke, the science-fiction writer and the co-author, with Stanley Kubrick, of the screenplay for '2001: A Space Odyssey,' which Kubrick is at present directing. We asked Clarke for his good wishes—for his blessing, you might say. He wrote back expressing admiration for my films, and we began to correspond. Clarke put me in touch with Michael Wilson, my pro-



ducer—an Englishman who is living in Ceylon. Wilson came to see me in Calcutta. He thought we might be able to do a science-fiction film together—my direction, and Clarke collaborating with me on the screenplay. It sounded good. We talked over an idea that I had, and I did a quick treatment of it. Mike was confident from the start that we'd find backing, but I had doubts. To me, the biggest stumbling block was the fact that the film would have to be in Bengali and English. I was afraid this might not go down very well. And then I knew we needed a much bigger production setup than I usually have, with many more facilities. The film would require technical treatment of a fairly high order. Special effects and processing would have to be done abroad. All this meant big-studio backing. I wasn't sure. But then Peter Sellers joined our team."

Just how *had* Peter Sellers happened to be cast in the film, we asked.

"When I wrote the part of Bajoria, the Marwari philanthropist—Marwaris are businessmen who have a special reputation for shrewdness—I felt that there was no Indian actor quite right for it," Mr. Ray replied. "I mentioned to Mike how good Peter Sellers would be in a part like that. Mike was entranced with the idea. Of course, the part *would* gain by having Sellers. He just happens to be one of the greatest virtuosos that we have, you see. Mike asked me if I was very sure, and I told him I was. So he sent off a telegram to Sellers in London. He had to get the address out of the *Artists and Writers Year Book*. Luckily, the Oxford Bookstore in Calcutta had a current copy. The telegram went something like this: 'Please inform soonest whether you are interested in principle playing serious role in Vedic science-fiction subject to be shot in India.' Sellers' agent intercepted the telegram and wired back in a few hours to say that Sellers, who was in Switzerland, *was* interested. We made plans to go and see him. Mike had a feeling that, in case Sellers didn't know my work, it would be a good idea to show him one of my films. We managed to get a print of 'Charulata' in London—a very *bad* print, by the way; all the night scenes looked like day scenes—and we flew off to Paris with it, where we met Sellers and a screening was arranged, but even before the screening Sellers indicated he was interested in playing the part of Bajoria. After that, Mike went on to Los Angeles, with a commitment from Sellers, and I went home to Calcutta. A few weeks later—sometime in May—I received a cable from Mike saying that Columbia was interested in financing us. By that time, I had written the script—not, as it turned out, with Arthur Clarke—and I left for Los Angeles with it. There's only one drawback to all this. Sellers isn't free until October, 1968."

We asked Mr. Ray to tell us something about the story.

"It's called 'The Alien,'" he said. "A spaceship lands in a lotus pond somewhere in Bengal and begins to exert a powerful benign influence on the flora and fauna all around. Only the gold tip of the roof of the spaceship can be seen above the surface of the pond. The people in the neighborhood—mostly quite uneducated—think the spacecraft is a sunken temple. Bajoria—that's Sellers—wants to salvage the temple. He has hired an American engineer to drill a well for him, but he decides maybe the American—that part isn't cast yet—can be put to better use. Meanwhile, the people are beginning to pay homage to the new deity. A lot of complications follow, as you can imagine, leading to a climax, which I think one ought not to talk about, and the spaceship leaves. The interior of the craft will be like a living organism. Instead of control boards, with dials and knobs and flashing lights, there will be veins and nerves, under a parchment-like surface, through which colored liquids will be moving. When the alien, or the inhabitant of the ship—who will be played by a ten-year-old boy—wants to operate it, he presses on the veins and nerves. The center of the floor pulses."

The two of us arrived at E. J. Korvette and went into its cool, bright, jam-packed interior. Mr. Ray pulled a typed list out of the pocket of his shirt—it was a black-and-white striped sports shirt—and consulted it. He quickly bought two ladies' tan wallets; four rings, at the costume-jewelry counter; two jars of Yardley's solidified brilliantine; a long-playing record entitled "Magnificent Movie Music;" a flexible toy man called Gumby; a Scrabble set; and two eight-millimetre films—"The Mummy," with Boris Karloff, and "The Adventures of Batman." Going out, we crossed Fifth Avenue and headed down Forty-seventh Street to the Dumont Stamp Shop, where Mr. Ray bought a stamp album. Then we took a taxi to Macy's. On the way, Mr. Ray told us how he intends to use his time between now and October, 1968.

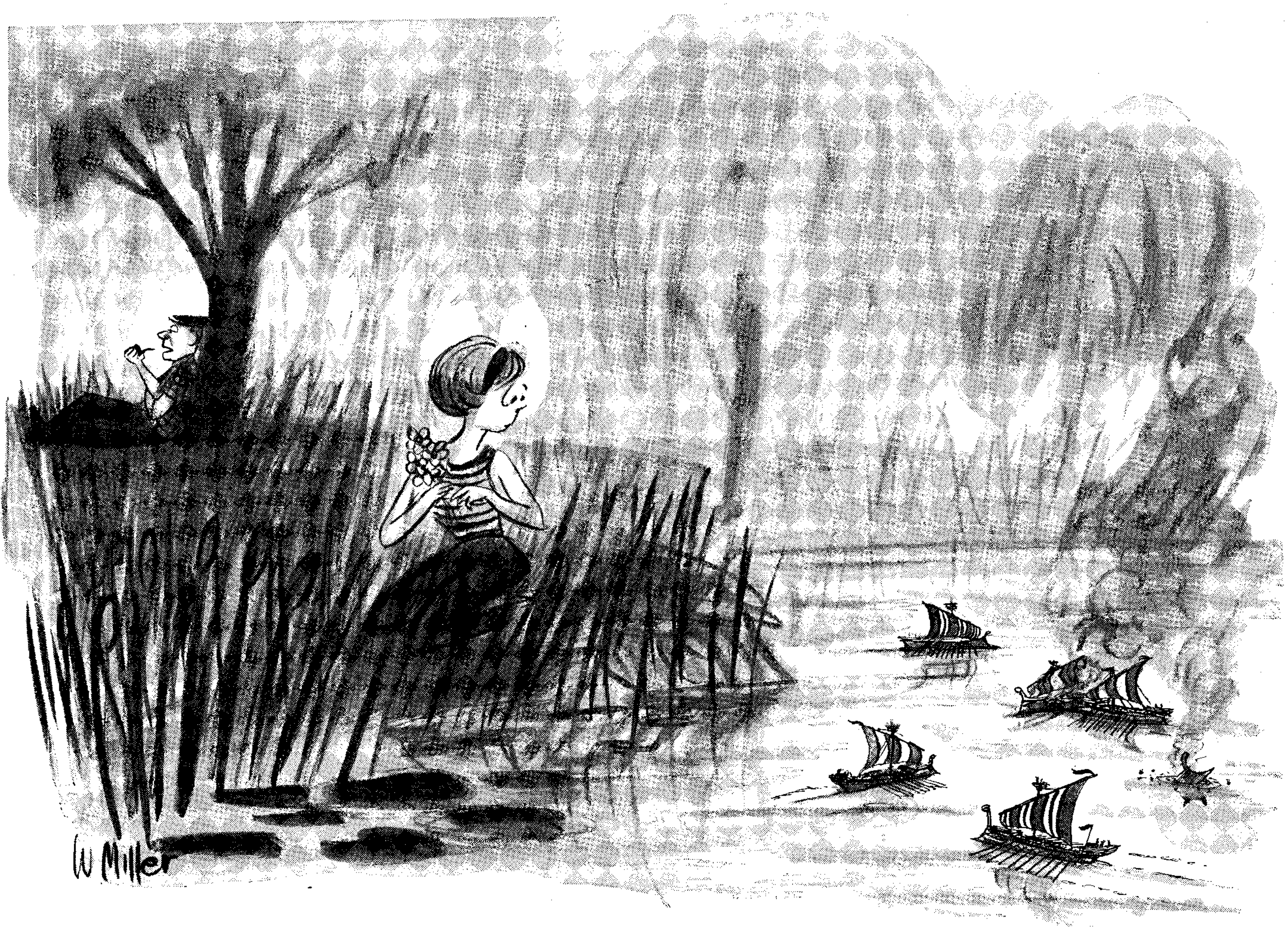
"First of all, I have to finish a film I'm working on now, called 'Chiriakhana,'" he said. "There are only six more days of shooting. It has taken fourteen months to make—longer than any other film of mine except 'Pather Panchali.' Uttam Kumar, who's playing the lead, had a heart attack at the beginning of the last shooting schedule."

We asked what that film was about.

"It's a detective story, written by Saradindu Bannerji," Mr. Ray said. "He writes the only good detective stories in India. Nothing is cribbed from Sherlock Holmes or Agatha Christie. The characters and situations are genuinely Indian. The scenario makes for quite a dense film. There are lots of interesting characters. It's good. It could be a popular film. The lead—Uttam Kumar—is Bengal's most famous leading man, and there are all kinds of associations of the romantic hero connected with him. I wanted to change that, to make him seem more daring. I thought of the idea of his having a pet snake. I went to see my uncle, who has a kind of menagerie—mouse deer, blue scorpions, hedgehogs, that sort of thing. He had a snake called a baby python, which never grows longer than three feet. It looks like a very poisonous snake that we have called a *bora*. Now, I'm not terribly enamored of snakes myself, and I didn't want to touch it, but I knew I had to. So I just plunged in and grabbed the thing. I took the snake to the set, and of course the crew was terrified of it, but I had everyone there handle it. I used it in the very first shot, where we see it coiled around Uttam's wrist in a big closeup."

At Macy's, we went straight up to the luggage department, and Mr. Ray bought a large suitcase. He dumped his earlier purchases into it and consulted his list again. Then he very rapidly bought a madras windbreaker (size 14) for his son Shandit; a brown cowhide belt (size 28), also for his son; a small can of powdered gold leaf; a pair of embroidery scissors, which the saleswoman told him should be used only for sewing; a lady's comb in a folding case; two little mirrors with handles, to put in a purse; and a small handbag. All these went into the suitcase, and we were out in the street once more, this time on the way to the West Forty-ninth Street Sam Goody's.

We asked Mr. Ray whether he



"No, I've never heard of any species called Navy ants. Why do you ask?"

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would be making any other film before starting on his project with Peter Sellers.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Two of them. I'm doing the first one this September. It's a low-budget film based on a novel by Bibhuti Bannerji, who wrote 'Pather Panchali.' It has the same setting—a rural village. It's about a famine. After that, I'll do a fantasy—a sort of children's film I've been working on for a long time. My grandfather, Upendra Kisore Ray, wrote the story, and it's a wonderful subject for a film. It's a fairy tale, set in two kingdoms—one with a good king, and one with a king whose Prime Minister gives him potions every day to make him evil. The film ends in a shower of sweetmeats, with the famished Army—nobody eats except the wicked Prime Minister, you see—marching over the Prime Minister's body. Even the horses are badly fed; we'll get a lot of rickety horses from the tonga wallahs—the pony-cart drivers—for the Army to ride on. I have composed six songs for this film. I promised my son Shandit I'd make it, and next January we'll be going to Rajasthan to shoot it."

In Sam Goody's, Mr. Ray produced another list, and, after looking at it and browsing awhile, sent a salesman off to get Haydn's "Lord Nelson Mass" and "Mass in Time of War," a television sound track from "Batman," a recording of cantatas by Alessandro Scarlatti and Telemann, and Couperin's "Leçons de Ténèbres."

Outside again, we told him that his recent film "The Big City" had been advertised here as a "comedy-drama." How would he classify it, we asked.

"Really, how can you describe the film?" he replied. " 'The Big City' is certainly not a comedy, though it doesn't lack humor. The domestic aspect is very strong. I really don't know what it is. I've never tried to classify any of my films. I once thought of calling this one, in English, 'A Woman's Place,' but nobody seemed to like that."

Knowing that Mr. Ray is a friend and admirer of the French director Jean Renoir, who directed the classic film "The River" in India, we asked if he had seen Renoir while he was in California.

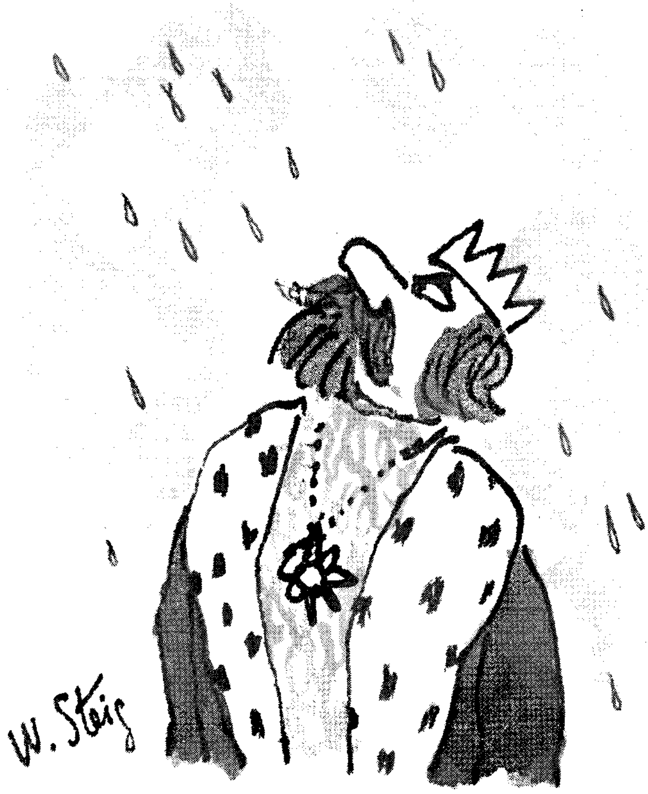
"Yes," he said. "The producer Kenneth McEldowney gave a party for Renoir and me, after a showing of 'The River.' Before the screening, Renoir and I had to go up on the stage and carry on a little conversation about the making of the film, which I had watched being shot in Bengal many years ago, when I was still working in an advertising agency. The man who introduced us to the audience said, 'Ray owes a lot to Renoir.' But Renoir told the audience, 'I don't think Ray owes anything to me. I think he had it in his blood. Though he's very young still, he's the Father of the Indian Cinema.' At the party, later, I asked him if he was writing any more books. He told me that he's writing a book for young directors who are just starting out. He said, 'I don't want young directors to make the mistakes that I have made. It's a book of warning.' He remembered all the members of his Indian crew, and asked after them. He told me he had loved 'Two Daughters,' the film I made based on a couple of Tagore stories—mainly 'The Postmaster.' I asked him where he had seen it. He answered, 'Somewhere in the world.' "

COMMUNITY SPIRIT

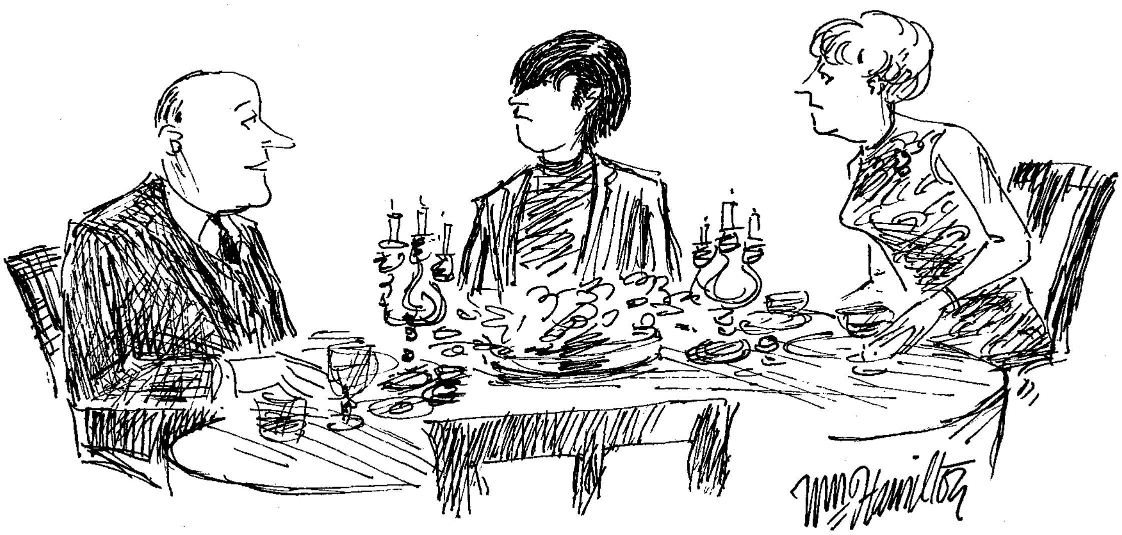
WHAT a tranquil, innocent scene it all would be if one could accept appearances! A village green on a summer's evening, the people arriving by ones and twos for a town meeting, as people have done over the past two hundred years. A white-spired church. A meetinghouse with light flooding from its door and touching the majestic elms and the solid little apple trees, in one of which I am sitting, observing but unobserved. Tonight, the whole scene is being enacted on account of me—a preposterous circumstance, though I grant it gives me, along with many qualms, a certain pleasure. Attention, attention—we all love it, I'm afraid. The people seem quite evenly divided. Those carrying noisemakers wear, almost without exception, a sheepish air—that, or a defiant one. The others look supercilious. Each has reason, I suppose. Well, I may join them inside later, but meanwhile I am very comfortable here, surrounded by the odors of leaves and young fruit and glimpsing an occasional firefly—a reminder of happier times—up from the glade all the regional fireflies seem to gather in; they are making it glow with an unearthly light tonight. I have served this village devotedly, sometimes acknowledged, sometimes not. What is to become of it, after these weeks of invasion and rancor? Here come the Gregory Fessendens with trash-can lids and wooden spoons to beat on them, and, behind the Fessendens, old Reginald Brewster with his grandfather's dented bugle that for years has sounded only on the Fourth of July. What, indeed, is to become of *me*? There is *something* I must do, but I must not act rashly.

The village dates from Colonial times. It treasures its identity (though New York is creeping closer), and I would hate to leave it, as I fear may become necessary, even tonight. After all, I have been here for nearly fifty years—ever since I was shot by what may or may not have been accident on the stage of the delightful little playhouse just across the common. A live bullet in a prop revolver in place of a blank. Instantaneous. I am morally sure it wasn't put there by the efficient young stage manager. He is known to have said that I could act rings around Walter Hampden—a quaint image, but one to warm the heart. I have never forgotten. The character man was a different kettle of fish—profoundly jealous of me and perfectly capable of murder. He may well have heard the remark. No matter. I can thank whoever it was for my finest moment. The realism, of course, was intense. A look of pained surprise, a quarter turn toward the audience, and a slow crumpling to earth. Magnificent. I can thank him also for a contented further existence in this little town, dear Deveron Falls, where I have played so often—a half century of distributing omens and auguries in obedience to my directives, the source of which I am no closer to knowing than when I received them. My one wish tonight is that I had stuck to my last. I would not now be in peril of exorcism.

Oh, we have had visits from amateur layers of what they choose to call ghosts. The semantics of the earlier dimension must be tolerated. And we have had mediums here. Heavens! A florid Mrs. Rosburgh hurried up from New York the instant she heard of me. Pale, elongated Mrs. Quint, her archrival, rushed down from Boston. Each tried assiduously to be the first to establish contact with me. Each was hoping for exclusive rights. They made my nights hideous for weeks, but I resisted them both. I do not really believe in the occult. Psychologists came, too, snidely questioning innocent and exasperated citizens by means of hand-held recorders. There was a dowser, also, though what brought him I can't guess. And tourists. Novelty—mere novelty—seems to be at a premium. Sensation. Weekend drivers winding through the village, gawking at Reggie Brewster's dingy little meadow—where an earnest but bedraggled young couple squatted and played bongo drums—and the Christian Science church. The town was on the map simply because of some damned picture spread in *Life* or *Look*—or God knows where; I have never pretended to keep these graphic journals straight. Whichever of them it was had picked up the story, full of third-rate whimsy, that the scruffy little assistant editor of the Deveron *Sentinel* wrote about me one rainy afternoon. He didn't believe a word of it himself. Didn't think I was here at all, though rumor said so. Nevertheless, I *am* here, and so it is really because of me that the town has suffered and is now so divided. How did it happen? I hardly know, and yet I do know and must face it. I shall try to think how it went, step by unhappy step. Perhaps when I see it whole, I can do a last little something to atone.



AS far as I have learned, I am the only discarnate entity in this village, but everywhere around us, in New Canaan and in Wilton, in many a belfry or barn and beside many a country crossroad, are others, and all of them, it seems, have a license not granted—never granted—to me. They have been assigned almost without exception to go through some sort of reënactment. Most often they repeat their mode of passing from the carnate dimension, though sometimes they perform some incident of their journey through it—usually with a conspicuous lack of talent. In a stand of maples



"I rather like it. It masks his look of adolescent truculence."

• •

near Pound Ridge, a Union officer duels and falls whenever there is a ring around the moon. Each autumn, a peg-legged man, circa 1812, stumps along U.S. 7 lugging a sackful of pewterware that he stole thinking it was silver. A woman carrying a small hatchet tiptoes, on August nights, through a farmhouse not far from Ridgefield, rocked by visions of the Borden female, whose exploit she once copied. Yes—my colleagues are everywhere, busy as bees, but I remember how happy I was for many years with my quieter task. I received a limited gift of prophecy to supplement it, and whenever I knew that something was up in the village I sent an appropriate omen—a bird to flutter against a windowpane after dark, or my dear old groaning cat, or, in season, the fireflies. I have enjoyed working through them, they are so biddable. And a single firefly slipping along the ceiling of a dark bedroom is a very good portent indeed. Once or twice, I have tried to arrange some form of synchronized group lighting, though I suppose that might have seemed excessively theatrical. Sometimes the good people of earlier days understood what was being signalled, sometimes not, but at least they accepted the discarnate world without question, and even rather regularly glimpsed it.

Now no one thinks there are such things as discarnates, let alone omens. No—that's not true, obviously, though it was for a long while. To put it simply—*now* no one in this village *knows* what he thinks. The good times vanished years ago, and then, until quite recently, a firefly in the house was due merely to bad screens. The stray cat lamenting in the bushes had laryngitis, or a hair ball in its stomach, and the bird at the pane had gone daffy with the impulses of spring. Nothing more. It was all extremely frustrating, for often I had news of consequence to augur or warnings to issue, and the village carnates seemed to concern themselves only with the stock market, their crabgrass, and their ludicrously dry Martinis. *I* was ignored. I thought enviously of my opposite numbers—the ones who were materializing, reënacting, haunting and enjoying themselves to the hilt out in the county, night after night. And so—and I suppose it was inevitable—I began to brood on the high quality of my own demise. The theatre was still there, its stage recently refurbished. Consequently, the affair began; on certain nights, in certain phases of the moon, I gave a reënactment. I have to say there is great satisfaction in knowing that no matter how often you repeat a performance it will always be the same and always perfect, but giving it at all was stupid of me. I did not—how shall I say?—count on the notices. They have led me to this moment and this tree.

THE meetinghouse door is closed. Even so, I can hear voices raised. That rector who is so intent on getting rid of me—*there's* a corporeal I find hard to make out. He doesn't appear to be of any denomination. In the old days, one knew where one stood on that and on everything else. I myself was actually an equivocal agnostic, which I remain, but at least I was brought up a Presbyterian. *His* church has one of those newfangled all-inclusive names, though there are strong insinuations of Anglicanism about him. I suppose he's hedging his bets. Who can blame him? He wears a clerical collar—wears it with tweeds on weekdays—and I think he is going to try out some incense on me, though I doubt that he believes—will believe—for a minute in what he's doing. Expediency. He hopes the town will forget me if they blow off enough steam.

Never mind the rector. Stick to the point. I begin to see now that with even my first reënactment the floodgates must have been opened. Summer—just one little year ago. If only the whole business had ended there, in the dim privacy of the theatre! But then September came. This valley is subject to violent equinoctial storms. All the world (it occurred to me during one of them) is indeed a stage or can be, and I, in my time, have played, or have hoped to play, many parts. I have always craved to play King Lear, for example, and there was that little meadow, beside the old Brewster place, that could pass in a pinch for a heath. I was tremendous. To be sure, I need not have materialized so completely, but an actor *is* an actor, and—well—in one downpour or another, I was seen. I will not stoop to pretend that it was wholly by accident.

I was far too exultant to be careful. Why wasn't I stopped? One usually is when one exceeds his directives. I expect I shall be punished in due time. Well, well. At any rate, I did not quit with Lear. Oh, no. Not I. The opportunities lying all about were far too juicy. Lear on Brewster's meadow, then the ghost of Hamlet's father on the Hodgsons' widow's walk, then Oedipus on the white portico of the Christian Science church. Wilde in Mrs. Atkinson's Victorian drawing room. O'Neill under these very elms. I used what came to hand, and though I was not generally believed in at first, whispers did go around. Then the notices. It is a strangely credulous community for all its skepticism. It is a strangely credulous time. Half the people in that meeting think I may be a whole bevy of discarnates—I played *many* roles—and they are upset. I suppose that is understandable; one must try to see all viewpoints. But, even more, they are angry with one another.

As I understand it, the lines are drawn over a basically simple question—to exorcise me or not—but the simplicity ends there. When a town has been through what this one has been through, it develops a complex trauma. The mediums and the psychologists and reporters have gone, but the damage has been done. The Saturday and Sunday rubberneckers are with us yet, the Coke bottles still litter the common on Monday morning. The town is still widely reputed to be haunted on an unprecedented scale. For my part, I have at last given up performing, though I still cannot always resist materializing, which leads me to such absurdities as hiding in this tree. But, on the whole, I have been quiescent for some time. Nevertheless, the affair rolls on under its own momentum. Quiescent or not, I am regarded as not only here but multiple by those who believe in me at all.

Controversy, controversy! Everything seems to be controversial nowadays. I am simply an unwanted neighbor—or, rather, neighbors. The Brewster faction loathes the publicity I have engendered, and the gawkers. A few of the bolder merchants, egged on by the Chamber of Commerce, are delighted to be on the map and want to stay there. Others, more conservative, feel that in the long run I will reduce property values. Another faction, mostly advanced young-marrieds, regards exorcism as little better than a witch hunt. They reject it on principle, though determinedly willing to allow for my existence. Still other people, mostly elderly and egged on by the rector—who I believe is steeled to do anything that will end the clamor—just want to get rid of whatever is bothering them, whatever is causing confusion, whatever they don't understand, and by any means. "It's the kind of thing we don't like to think is *needed* in Deveron Falls," I have heard Mrs. Gregory Fessenden say, speaking of exorcism. But she is in there with a trash-can lid to bang at me because she feels strong measures have to be taken. She keeps quoting a book she found in the library that deals with discarnate matters: "Loud noises of all sorts are said to be efficacious. Also incense and adjurations in Latin." There hasn't been so much controversy here since the Methodists tried to open a home for wayward girls.

If I had the sense I was born with, as Great-Aunt Bella used to say, I would have known when I was well off. But no. After all, *I* am the subject of the debate in there, whether the participants realize it or not. I was being talked about; I could not resist. I dematerialized and went to the meeting, and now I am outside, deflated. Shattered! At first, all that seemed to be going on was a little exchange of spite and neighborly backbiting—the kind of thing that division of opinion expectably leads to. Flora Atkinson had evidently implied that Mrs. Fessenden is senile, and when I arrived Mrs. Fessenden was delicately implying that Flora is *nouveau riche*. That kind of thing. Someone suggested patronizingly that the exorcisers might want to duck for apples after the ceremonies. In any event, it was clear that the exorcism was going to take place. Then came the unkindest cut.

They are not concerned with me—not at all. They are not even thinking any longer about me in all the many roles I have been playing—my multiplicity, my variety. No, they have simply gone to pieces, as only today's carnates can when they think the impossible may happen—*has* happened. Give an anxious carnate an inch and he will take an ell. He can be trusted to throw out the baby with the bath. The ones in there have been taking their publicity seriously. They are now seeing and hearing discarnates at every turn—imaginary surrogates for me.

"Weird lights," someone says—George Hodgson, I think it was. (Massed fireflies, no doubt—fireflies or reflections of the moon.) "A whimpering in the cellar," says someone else—a lady. "I hear it each night at midnight." (Bemused by the timing. It's a valve. A leaking faucet. *I* am the discarnate here, and the only one!) "A flitting shape on the garden walk," says Healy of Healy's Garage, a down-to-earth man who surely ought to know better. (Shadows—branches—the wind.) How trite! What do they take me for? What do they take *themselves* for?

And so I fled in spiritual disarray. *I* am haunted by *them*. I would like to be anywhere but here—on my dark, lovely little stage or in my apple tree. But no. I must not just let it go. I do not know that the exorcism *will* oust me, though I have heard of successful instances. But I have brought the town to this, and I should somehow make amends. I cannot let them think they have been infiltrated by a swarm of discarnates playing banal little tricks.

"Sometimes the end justifies the means in a modified way and to an extent, though scarcely as a general principle," I heard the rector say, aside, a few minutes ago.

Yes—he means to try, for what it's worth. I will stand right here and let them do as they like. I feel I owe it. They will be coming out at any minute—those that are willing to take part. We shall see what we shall see, but I do not intend to hide or cower. If I am driven away, it can stand as a farewell performance.

The door is swinging out. I will place myself to the right of it, fold my arms, and wait. A little knot appears, led by the rector. How tense I am, how uncertain. One always is, on an opening night—or on any other, to be honest. But they go past. Some glance at me and some do not. They seem intent, engrossed by their thoughts, solemn and doubtful and uneasy. They are on their way to rout some beings who do not exist, and they do not quite believe in either the beings or the cure. Poor Deveron Falls! They turn left and disappear in the darkness. *Not one* has taken notice of me. The rest straggle out and away, one or another looking uncuriously in my direction. I do not expect to be recognized—perhaps I am not even seen—by *them*. I wait—alone, demolished. In a little while, the noises begin, distant and somewhat tentative. They are coming from the firefly glade. I suppose it's as useful a place as any for getting rid of imaginary bogeys. *Ignis fatuus*. And here I am. I have as good as exorcised myself, it would appear. Perhaps just that is my punishment. Not to be noticed. Never to be noticed for myself. The sounds from the glade are stronger now, more confident. And over them—loud, clear, untrue—float the notes of Reggie Brewster's bugle. —ROBERT HENDERSON

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AT EPIDAURUS

In a Greek theatre's slave-heaven
at Epidaurus, sacred to Aesculapius,
we heard drachmas dropped far below, on entrance-sills . . .
imagined, from Mycenae, men of Menelaus
in the evening defiling out of Sparta's hills
for a siege of Troy.
Our driver's card: Parthenon 7.

—HAWLEY TRUAX

THE SEPARATION OF DINAH DELBANCO

Cornelia Fromme said, "The thing is, Dinah's got money now. Try one of these."

"As if the Organization could care less." Millicent Bass rolled her chair up closer to her desk. "No thanks, I like the soft centers. Does anyone know how much it is?"

"Hard to formulate a valid idea. It can't be much, since her uncle lived till ninety-four. And then, Dinah's ambivalent, you know. Says she'd like to go on working for the Organization, but that she's got to have this upgrading."

"Think of Dinah making demands. I remember when she first came to Social and Anthropological. I remember when she could scarcely function within a given situation."

"And now she wants a Step Two."

"In the Specialized Category." Millicent Bass went on, "Of course, Dinah's a good person—"

"Oh, humanly speaking, Dinah's a good person."

"—but very competitive." Millicent opened the top drawer of her desk, handed one paper napkin to her friend and wiped her own fingers on another. "There are tensions there. Plenty of staff members at the Subsidiary level are holding down Specialized jobs—there's no discrimination in her case. She's being highly subjective." Miss Bass, a Step Four in the Specialized Category, appealed in the voice of reason. "After all, are *we* properly graded, Cornelia, you and I, in terms of performance? We could all make demands if we chose to. Just one more, then."

Millicent Bass, a large woman, belongs to a recognizable era in her profession. Her younger colleagues do not attire themselves, as Miss Bass does, in outmoded suits and golfing shoes. They no longer boast, as Miss Bass does, of caring for their complexions exclusively with soap and water. Their stockings are seamless, they have been known to dye their hair. They are, to use their own expression, changing their image. This metamorphosis not having as yet extended to their vocabulary, a conversation with one of them gives an impression less of change than of something having gone underground.

Cornelia Fromme had been Miss Bass's closest friend and colleague for eleven years, and should logically have been a slighter person. Instead, she too was a big woman with a penetrating voice. Nevertheless, she was the weaker of the two, and in that way the balance was preserved. Had she been of smaller stature, friction between the two ladies might have been less violent, Miss Bass being encouraged by her friend's stalwart appearance to treat her as a sparring partner of equal weight. Miss Bass made the most of a slender intellectual advantage over Miss Fromme; on the other hand, there had been a fiancé in Cornelia Fromme's past, and when driven to the wall she would appear with a small star sapphire on her left hand. Their quarrels were famous and acrimonious, and always resolved in the same way: one or the other—but more often Cornelia—would come to the office even earlier than usual and leave a tastefully wrapped present on the blotter of the other. The presents were thoughtful—a chain with fastenings by which spectacles could be hung around the neck when not in use, a clear plastic rainhat disguised with clusters of white daisies, a rubber clothesline, complete with pegs, that could be fixed above a bathtub. The latest disagreement, a minor one, had resulted in the box of chocolates they were at that moment sharing.

During their temporary rifts, Miss Bass and Miss Fromme would circle the Section independently, each recounting the shortcomings of her friend. Newcomers to the office were sometimes misled into agreeing on these occasions, and even into adding their own parallel observations on the matter. All criticisms garnered by this means were subsequently exchanged by the two friends as part of their ritual of reconciliation.

"It's hard to understand Dinah's motivations. Obviously she won't resign, and she'll get herself marked as a troublemaker with Personnel. It's all so negative." Cornelia sighed.

"Of course she won't resign. Even supposing this inheritance paid her rent, she couldn't live off her separation pay. And what would she do with herself? She needs a group relationship, like the rest of us. She needs work she can identify with. Say what you like about the Organization, Cornelia, it's meaningful."

"This is true."

"It spoils us for work elsewhere, our involvement here with a realistic system of values."

"And Dinah does work hard, you know."

"That's just overcompensating. Compulsive." Miss Bass shook her

head. "All right, I can't resist, but this is the last."

"She says herself that she wants to go on with her work here."

"Then it's obvious this inheritance can't be much. No, Dinah's simply trying it out. When she adjusts to her new situation, we won't hear any more about it. All she'll have done is to defer her chances of a Subsidiary D. It's self-destructive." Miss Bass lit a cigarette.

The two friends sat quietly for a moment. Then Miss Bass said, "But Dinah's a good person."

Miss Fromme nodded. "A warm human being."

"YES, come in, Lidia."

Lidia Korabetski shut the door and, since Gregory was still writing, sat down in the chair opposite his desk. Gregory was her chief. His desk was heaped with the spoils of chieftainship—a stack of memoranda for signature, each with file attached, a pile of flagged reports in manuscript, another pile of freshly mimeographed ones. These trophies at no place overlapped; Gregory was an orderly man.

"Sorry, had to get this out." Gregory was a polite man. He pushed the routing slip he had written under a paper clip on the front of a file, and tossed the file into the Out-tray. "Now look, I wanted to tell you—your friend did ask to see me, and I've just had a talk with her."

Lidia put her hand on the grey curve of the desk edge. "Thanks so much, I know how busy you are with the Governing Body. I wouldn't have suggested it if she weren't somebody special."

"Well of course, you're absolutely right—she's preposterously undergraded, and could be doing better things in any case. Since she's worked on reports practically her whole twelve years in Social, she could be very useful to us here."

"Exactly what I thought."

"In fact, I'm going to raise it with the Director—no use my taking it up with Personnel at this point. She herself has an appointment to see someone there, but you can imagine how far that'll get her. Precisely nowhere. No, the thing would be for us to keep an eye on the manning table. We'd have to have a slot for her—which we don't have at the moment—and *then* request transfer. But a good case could be made, and the main thing would be timing."

"I'm so glad."

Gregory lifted his hand. "Just a moment. Not so simple. She doesn't see it this way. She says she'll only come here if she gets the grade of the job—in other words, a Specialized Two—as part of the transfer. Which is nonsense, of course."

"Couldn't be done?"

Gregory clicked his tongue. "Now Lidia, you know better than that. How's she going to get from a Subsidiary C to a Specialized Two in one jump? What we *can* do is to stick her in the post, then put her up for promotion at the next half-yearly Board, and so on."

"What does it mean 'and so on'?"

"Well—first of all, she won't get through on the first round, so we'd put her up a second time, for the subsequent Board. That would be for a Subsidiary D. *Then* she'd be in a strong position to ask for the Specialized Two."

"Several years, then?"

"Two or three." Gregory shook his head. He was a just man. "Not right, of course, but what can you do? If you work here, you have to go by the rules. Or you can always leave, naturally."

"She's spoken of leaving."

"She won't, you know."

"What makes you think so?"

"One never does. Apart from anything else, what about pension? I'm not suggesting that your friend live an unsatisfactory life in order to collect a satisfactory pension—"

"An *un*satisfactory pension."

"—but at her age one begins to think about the future."

"That's what she's doing."

"Oh Lidia, come on now, be realistic. What would her separation pay be, after only twelve years here? And in our society there just aren't that many jobs for women around—well, how old would she be?"

"She's thirty-six."

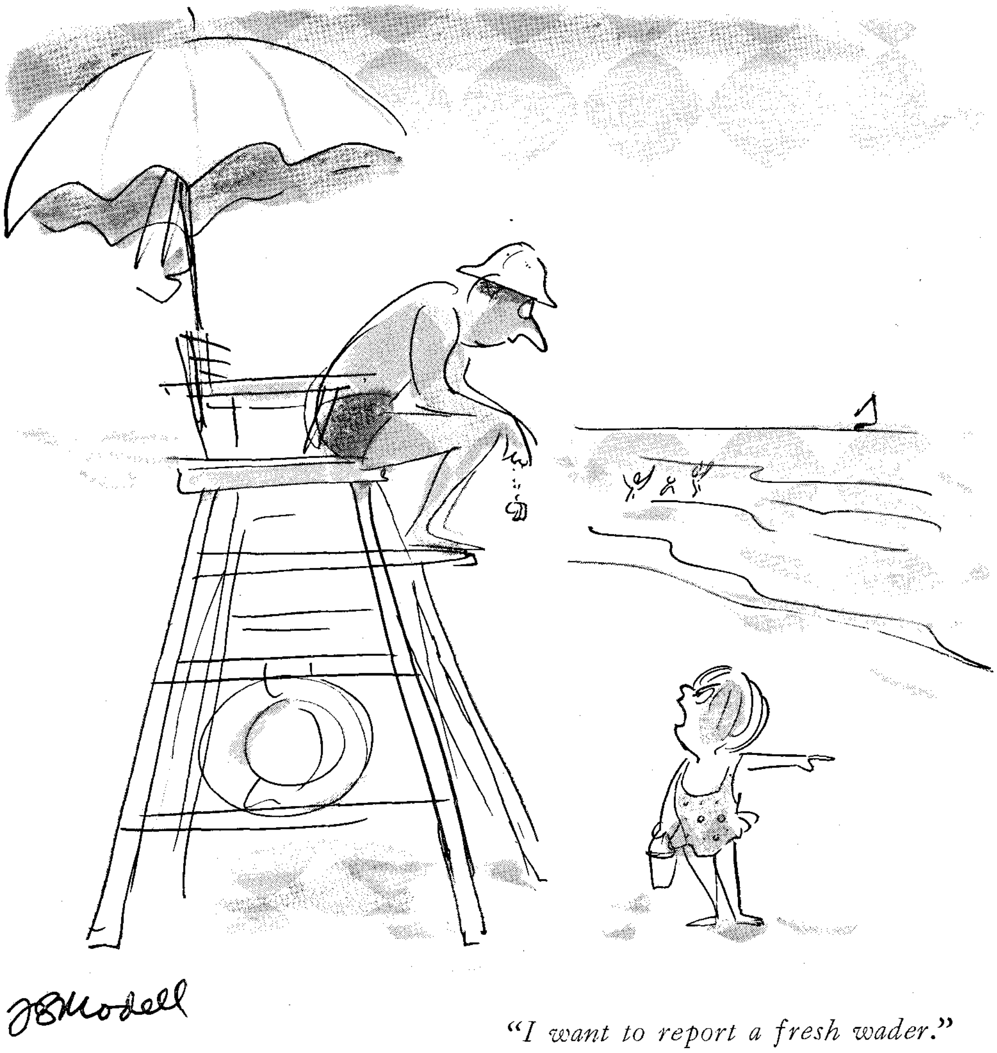
"Say around forty, then. Not jobs interesting enough, that is, to make it worth while giving up one's security. You know that."

Lidia said, "I feel depressed."

"Well don't be. I believe there's a way out that would satisfy everybody, and I've suggested it to her."

"What's that, then?"

"Something that's been done before. I know of at least one other case, and I think an arrangement was made there about continuity of pension rights, if I'm not mistaken. It's this. She can resign from the Organization, and be



"I want to report a fresh wader."

re-recruited at the proper level. What counts against her, don’t you see, is her twelve years in the Subsidiary Category. The Organization will know all about that, of course, but with qualifications like hers—and with our department asking for her—they’d probably close their eyes and pretend they’d never seen her before. They can be decent about things like that, you know. Much simpler to come in afresh as a Specialized staff member than to try to make the leap from a Subsidiary C.”

“You mean—her experience here doesn’t help her?”

“I’m trying to tell you, Lidia, it counts *against* her—the fact of having accepted the Subsidiary Category in the first place.” Gregory’s eyes were wandering over his In-tray. “Well, there’s no guarantee, and she should look into it carefully before taking the plunge. But that’s my advice, for what it’s worth.”

“What did she say to this?”

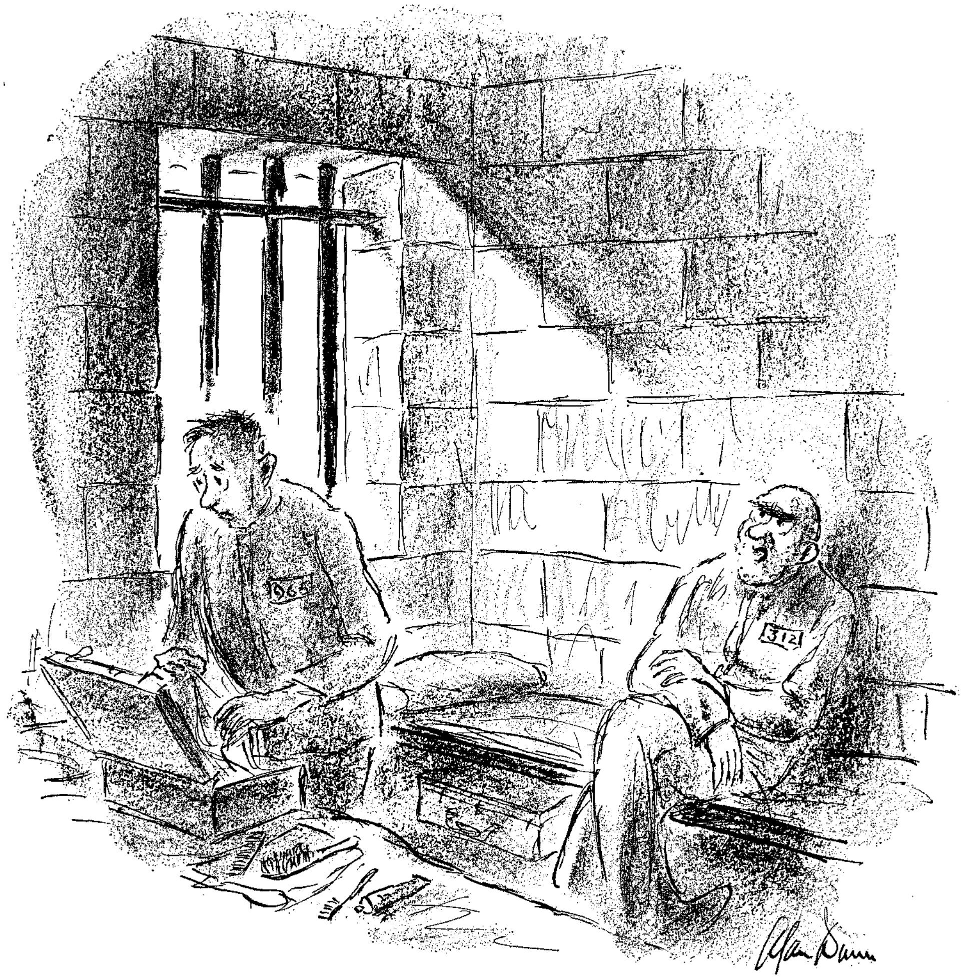
“Oh, I think she may very well try it. She had me go over it all a second time, to make sure she’d got it straight. She said it was certainly something to think about. So let’s see what she decides.”

Lidia got up. “I won’t take up more of your time. But thank you for seeing Dinah.”

“Not a bit. I’ll be glad to help her when the time comes. If you knew the trouble we have getting competent people for this kind of work—really, it’s to our advantage to grab her if we can.”

“Thanks anyway.”

“Oh there’s no generosity involved. Leave the door open, if you would.”



“You’ll also learn that money doesn’t count here. It’s what you are.”

• •

MR. CLIFFORD GLENDENNING was staring at a telegram when his colleague Mr. Bekkus knocked and entered. It had been a busy morning for Glendenning, who was concerned with recruiting technicians from the corners of the earth to serve on short-term contracts in the Organization’s aid programmes. Only yesterday, in consulting the roster of those who had already completed such assignments, he had hit on the perfect chap to work with chemicals in the Congo. A cable had gone out to Paris, and here was the reply. Clifford Glendenning was standing up, leaning on the desk with both palms and staring at it: “PAS ENCORE PAYÉ POUR LA MISSION PRÉCÉDENTE.”

That was not all. There had been, in addition, in a single morning, a statistician who wanted to take his dog with him to Katmandu, an expert in basic hygiene who had sent his laundry home from Baghdad in the diplomatic pouch, and the discovery of an impostor in the port-facilities team on the Persian Gulf. (This last was the worst, since the recipient government had recently commended him as the best expert ever assigned there.)

Bekkus made his appearance with a paper in his hand. He came in and stood across the desk from Glendenning. “You once straightened me out on this Moslem nomenclature, Clifford, but I’ve lost track again. Too much on my mind. What name does an individual like this get filed under?”

Glendenning took the form held out by Bekkus, sat down, and studied it. “An easy one,” he said, and smiled. Glendenning had a smile that turned up tightly at the corners and in this way matched his heavy eyebrows, which he had also trained into upward flourishes. The combination gave him a look of being between inverted commas. “Proper name, Mohammad, Ali’s his father’s name, and Abdulkader was his grandfather.”

“What about this Hadji part?”

“That just means he’s been to Mecca.”

“And what’s Seek?”

“That means his father was a religious leader. I wouldn’t worry about that.”

“Then what’s this ‘*Néant*’? That’s what I originally had him filed under.” Bekkus, seated now, leaned across and pointed.

Glendenning looked hard. After a moment he said, “Forget that. That’s French for ‘nil.’ It’s supposed to be in the box below, where it says ‘*marital status*.’ ”

Bekkus sighed. “This Moslem nomenclature certainly presents administrative problems.”

“If you think so, Rudie, it’s just as well you weren’t with me at Quetta.” Glendenning had spent some part of his youth as an official in what is now Pakistan. “Ten thousand people in my bailiwick there, and every last one of them had a name, I assure you.” Glendenning often spoke of these greater responsibilities of his past, oddly emphasizing his reduced authority. “Ministers of human fate we were, Rudie, ministers of human fate." When Bekkus looked blank, he added with a four-cornered smile, "Thomas Gray. Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College."

Bekkus objected. "But yours was a multi-purpose, paternalistic administration."

"It was."

"You had built-in flexibility. You were operating within a broader framework."

"We were."

"It left room for scope." Bekkus crossed one knee over the other. "There was area for dialogue. Here at the Organization we're functioning within unfortunate personal situations, even at the decision-making level. Your post at least relates to staff members in the field, and involves less inter-facing. Whereas in my outfit we're continually evaluating the individual problems of Headquarters staff. And there's no more time-consuming subject-matter, I can tell you." Bekkus shook his head. "Per se."

"Oh don't I know." Glendenning nodded. "Per se."

"I wasted half an hour this morning trying to tell a staff member from Social and Anthropological Questions what she could easily have found out from reading the Staff Regulations. That Miss Delbanco who used to be in Conservation of Rural Communities and is now in Urban Welfare. A Subsidiary C, if you please, and wants a promotion to Specialized Two."

Glendenning laughed. "Talk about the Distant Prospect of Eton College."

Bekkus succumbed to smiles. "Well, I can't help laughing. But it isn't funny."

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her, 'My dear girl, *read* the Staff Regulations.' Of course it's that old business of being in a post that's overgraded. Claims she's been doing the work for X number of years, why can't she have the grade. Exactly the opposite, obviously—the post was upgraded for reasons of geographical distribution, and only rates a Subsidiary C. If everyone got the grade of the post they were in, we'd have a nice situation, I must say. In any case, the Director-General's circular specifically specified that assignment to a Specialized post does *not* imply entitlement to the grade. Why don't they read what's put in front of them?"

"How did she react?"

"Oh—she's a conflicted little individual. When I notified her of non-entitlement she said—in a voice that was supposed to create some effect or other—that it was about what she'd expected." Bekkus smiled again. "You can imagine how far that got her. Precisely nowhere. I said—with a smile, you know—'You know, Miss Delbanco, that you can always leave the Organization.' "

"How old is she?"

"Around forty. Maybe a bit more."

"Well of course. There you are."

Bekkus uncrossed his legs. "Oh, it's all in the day's work, I suppose. We're here to do a job and this is how it gets done. But the time it utilizes is unbelievable. Unbelievable." He took his document back off the desk. "Ah well, back to the salt mines. You think this should go under Mohammad, eh?"

"I do."

"And just forget the Mecca-nized part?"

"And the Seek."

"Thanks for your help, Clifford. I appreciate it."

Glendenning raised his hand in farewell, and completed the gesture by taking a paper from the top of his tray. "Any time."

"Have a good day."

THE paper that Glendenning had taken up was a letter to the Organization from a private person. Like most such letters, it was addressed to the Director-General of the Organization by name. It was written by hand on lined paper, and asked for assistance in augmenting the education of the writer, a resident of a village on the upper reaches of the Limpopo River. Below the carefully formed signature, there appeared the word "Help!"

Glendenning drew a heavy breath. Because he was associated with the aid programmes, he received all manner of misdirected communications. How many times had he not instructed the Central Registry to send such letters—of which there were hundreds each week—direct to the appropriate officer in the Fellowship Division? Tearing a sheet from the block beside him, he drafted the routine response.

DEAR SIR,

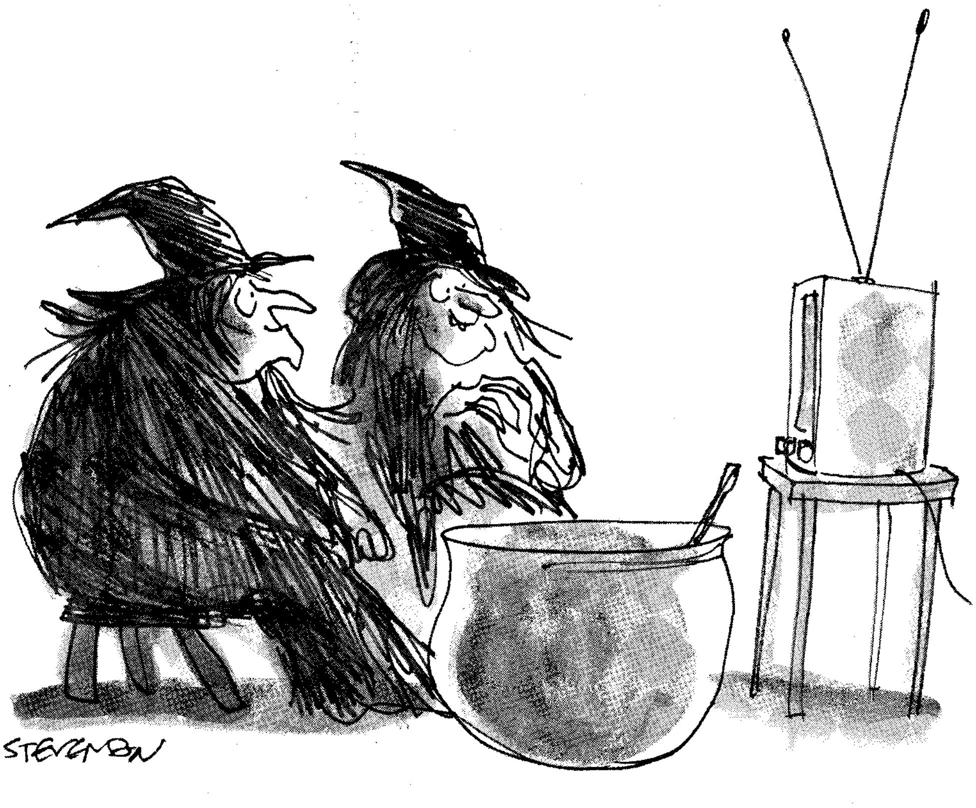
Your letter of 6 March addressed to the Director-General has been passed to me for reply. I regret to inform you that, in accordance with the legislation governing our existing aid programmes, applications for study grants cannot be considered by this Organization unless forwarded through the appropriate ministry of the government concerned.

Alternatively, may I direct your attention to the manual "Paths to Learning," issued by the Research and Amplification of the Natural Sciences, Arts and Culture Commission, an agency affiliated with this Organization, which lists fellowships and scholarships available under numerous international programmes. A copy of the most recent edition of this manual (RANSAC 306/Ed.4) may be consulted in your local public library.

With good wishes for the fulfilment of your aspirations, I am

Yours sincerely,

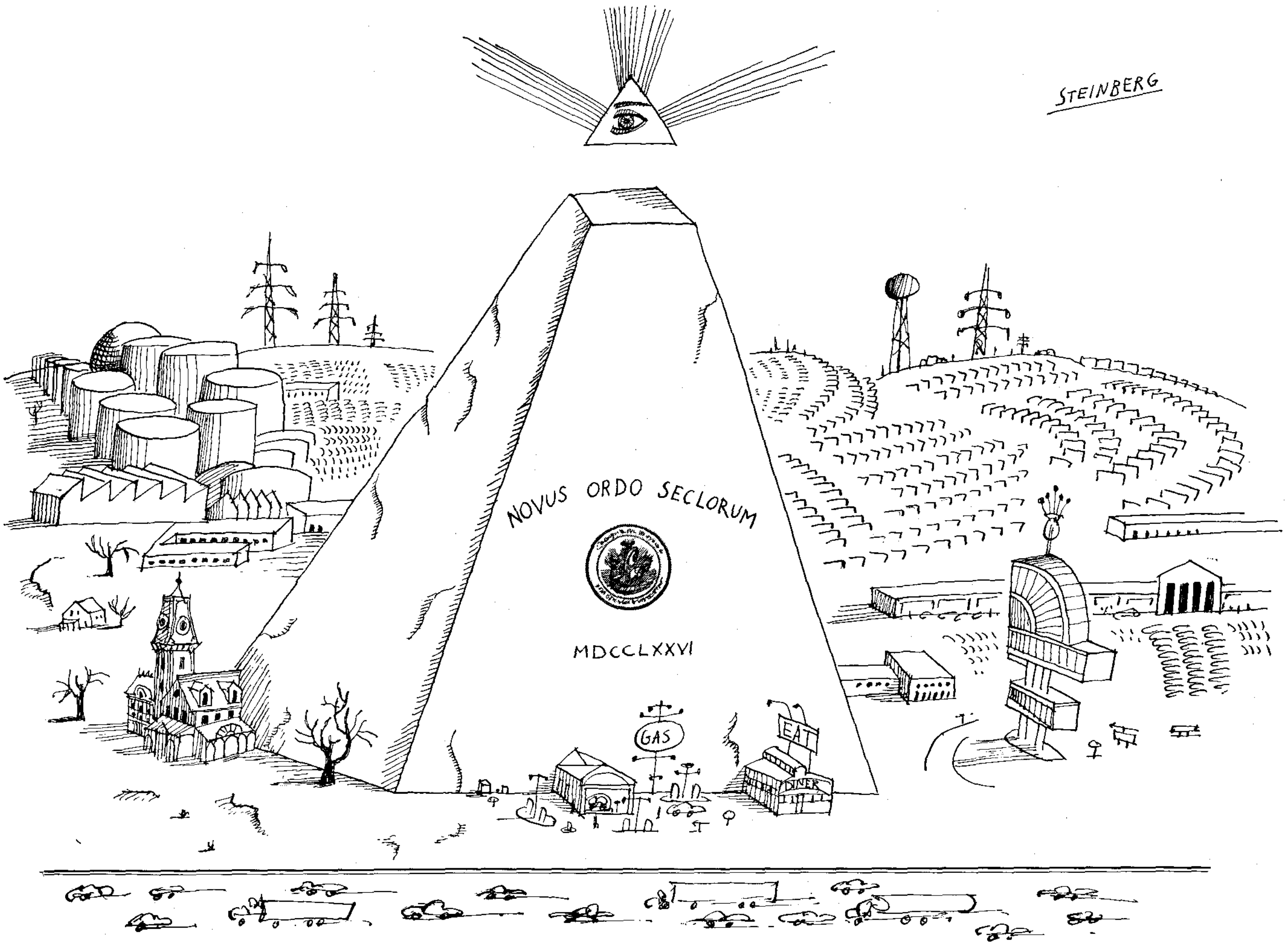
—SHIRLEY HAZZARD



"And now it's time once more for Julia Child."

PROFILES

THROUGH THE GREAT CITY—I



I LIVE in a small town in southeastern Connecticut, a charming, coherent place of a few thousand people. You can walk to the beach, shops, school, and the library; the architecture is tidy, and the people fit. But even in such a place I feel now and then a pressure formed of late-twentieth-century crowds and congestion, and perhaps, as well, of the characteristic North American wanderlust—the impulse to move on. There was a particular afternoon early last fall when the houses on either side of my house seemed too close, and I felt the constant presence of people. I reread an advertisement that had appeared in the local paper, the New London *Day:*

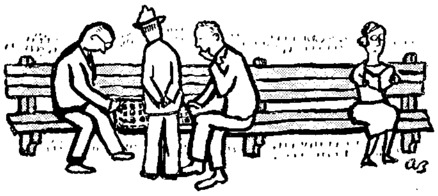
> Canterbury. 189 acres with 20 acre pond. Excellent brook. Deserted village. Several abandoned town roads through property. High, dry land. Secluded. By appointment.

So, by telephone, I talked with Mr. William Pearl, of the Pearl Agency, in Hampton, Connecticut, and Mr. Pearl told me that he would meet me at the Atlantic filling station one mile west of the Canterbury town line at 2 P.M. on the following day. He said he would be driving a 1964 white Oldsmobile.

I allowed a couple of hours to drive the forty miles to Canterbury. After an early lunch, I set out in my Jeep station wagon, following the two-lane roads that straggle north into Connecticut from the coast. Fairly soon, one has left behind the dense population that depends on the shoreline railroads, interstate highways, factories, and towns. One passes through an amorphous band where factory workers have moved out to the edges of former farming villages, and where mobile homes, split-levels, and various concrete-block and tarpaper intermediate stages of housing are rising on the subdivided acreage. Then, abruptly, from the top of a hill, one has a view of the interior—it is all trees. The trees that day were still green, though the long drought was making for an early autumn, with touches of yellow and red here and there. There are occasional dairy farms and poultry farms, together with orchards and independent old houses that may be fenced against the encroaching forest in the back by half a dozen abandoned cars. However, the trees are the striking thing. They go on and on, as far as one can see, their distant tops forming the northern, eastern, and western horizons. They conceal all roads, telephone wires, and settlements. They create, in fact, a landscape that must be close in appearance to that seen by the early settlers two hundred and fifty years ago. "The exposed frontier of New England," Francis Parkman wrote of that period, "was between two and three hundred miles long, and consisted of farms and hamlets loosely scattered through an almost impervious forest. . . . Even in so-called villages the houses were far apart. . . . Such as were able to do so fenced their dwellings with palisades, or built them of solid timber, with loopholes, a projecting upper story like a block house, and sometimes a flanker at one or more of the corners. In the more considerable settlements the largest of these fortified houses was occupied in time of danger by armed men and served as a place of refuge for the neighbors."

The Atlantic filling station, with an adjoining general store, served as a similar focal point for the scattered houses on the road west of Canterbury. I bought a dollar's worth of regular from the lady in charge. It was a purchase meant less for the car than for me; having paid, as it were, a fee, I felt more confident of my right to prowl around this territory. I sat at ease and waited for Mr. Pearl to turn up. When he did so, it was in a blue Comet rather than the promised Oldsmobile. He was a middle-aged man of medium height, with a chubby, oval face, wearing horn-rimmed glasses, a brown suit, and a brown silk tie held to a mesh white shirt by a chrome tiepin. His manner was friendly but not overconfident, and he seemed the sort of real-estate man who knows that most people, given the right circumstances, will sell themselves; they don't need to be pushed. "If you don't mind," he said, "I think we ought to go in your car instead of mine. Some of those roads on the property have pretty deep ruts."

Mr. Pearl climbed into my somewhat battered Jeep. He said, "Turn right out of here," and he waved at the filling-station lady, whose return wave suggested that Mr. Pearl rendezvoused there quite frequently on his Canterbury appointments. I drove north-northeast at his direction for roughly five miles along sparsely settled tarmac roads that were hard to tell apart. We were surrounded by the same anonymous woods that stretch into Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Mr. Pearl said he'd had the property listed for three years. It belonged to a Mrs. Rogers, an old lady who had lived on it as a child for a few years before moving to Massachusetts, where she'd lived ever since. Just after the war, she had been offered twenty-five thousand dollars for the property by a shooting club, and her present asking price, of thirty-five thousand, was based on that figure, incorporating the general rise in prices since then. Mr. Pearl hurried to say (perhaps because of an involuntary hardening of my face muscles for a moment, which I hoped he didn't recognize for the sign it was of a pipe dream burst), "Thirty-five may be a little unrealistic." Although a hundred and eighty-nine acres was the described size, the property hadn't been properly surveyed for years, and was probably a little larger than that. He knew that a few small pieces of the original property had been sold off. An assistant school superintendent from a nearby town was going to build a summer cottage on one plot. A man from Bloomfield had come and looked at the land a few months back. Mr. Pearl hazarded, from various other signs and portents, that Canterbury was beginning to feel the effects of being halfway between Hartford and Providence. People who worked in those cities were beginning to appear out here, looking for houses or for land to build on. Canterbury had a new elementary school. The taxes on the Rogers property were eighty-nine dollars a year.



At a spot where a brook crossed beneath the road we were on, we turned east and followed a dirt lane that went into the woods, paralleling the brook, as far as a pond. Mr. Pearl called for a halt. It was too late for me to say that I

HANDICAPPED CHILDREN SWIMMING

A measure of freedom. Mike, floating,
would not manage so without
the red life-jacket, but would sink,

messy as weed: but with it
lies, weak, like a shirt,
and the eyes, and the tongue

uncontrolled, extended, show
the delight it is to be
horizontal on water, strapped there

by nothing but sunlight. Connie,
who otherwise moves with crutches
and stiff braces, is strong

through water. Becky, seeing always
badly, lies washed by the sense
of her own fragility, liking

the help of warm hands. Gregg
rides and plucks at the water
while Danny makes his own music

in his mind as he lilts
completely quiet. Mike's delight
opens like a flower as he floats.

He doesn't know he is floating
now in this poem. I have
nothing in fact to sustain him

and I know he will never
stand up alone. But whatever sustains
the children here is important:

inflamed with the success
of water, released, they mingle
and soften there, as wax

on wetness, limp as wet bread
on water's kindness. Those fingers
can grasp as competently at air

and water as mine. Their bodies
are milky and do not need
cleansing, except from deformity.

Water cannot wash their
awkwardness from them, water is
simple, and their defects difficult:

but they float for a while, never
as free as the times they fly
in dreams, over the cliffs

harvesting in the sea, the bats
exquisite with radar, but
something, a measure of freedom.

And Mike is lucid on water,
still physically cryptic, physically
glinting, but Mike has grace

for a while, this is his best
floating since before birth,
where he lay bunched like any

other unformed—encircled, contained,
his mother not knowing the
uncontrol of those limbs that

threshed and kicked at her
from out of that orchard of water.
Light queues to be present

as these imperfect children
float, perched rolling on
the foliage of water, shredded,

thick as May, shifting to new
flowerings of face, though their
limbs are weeds. Sunlight

strolls among them, padding,
healthy, firm, as our hurt
weak fleet gently disturbs the

soft clock of water. The shock
comes when you see the muscular
men who played with them

in the pool carry them
in huddles from the pool, sunlight
spreading its crime on them.

—Michael Dennis Browne

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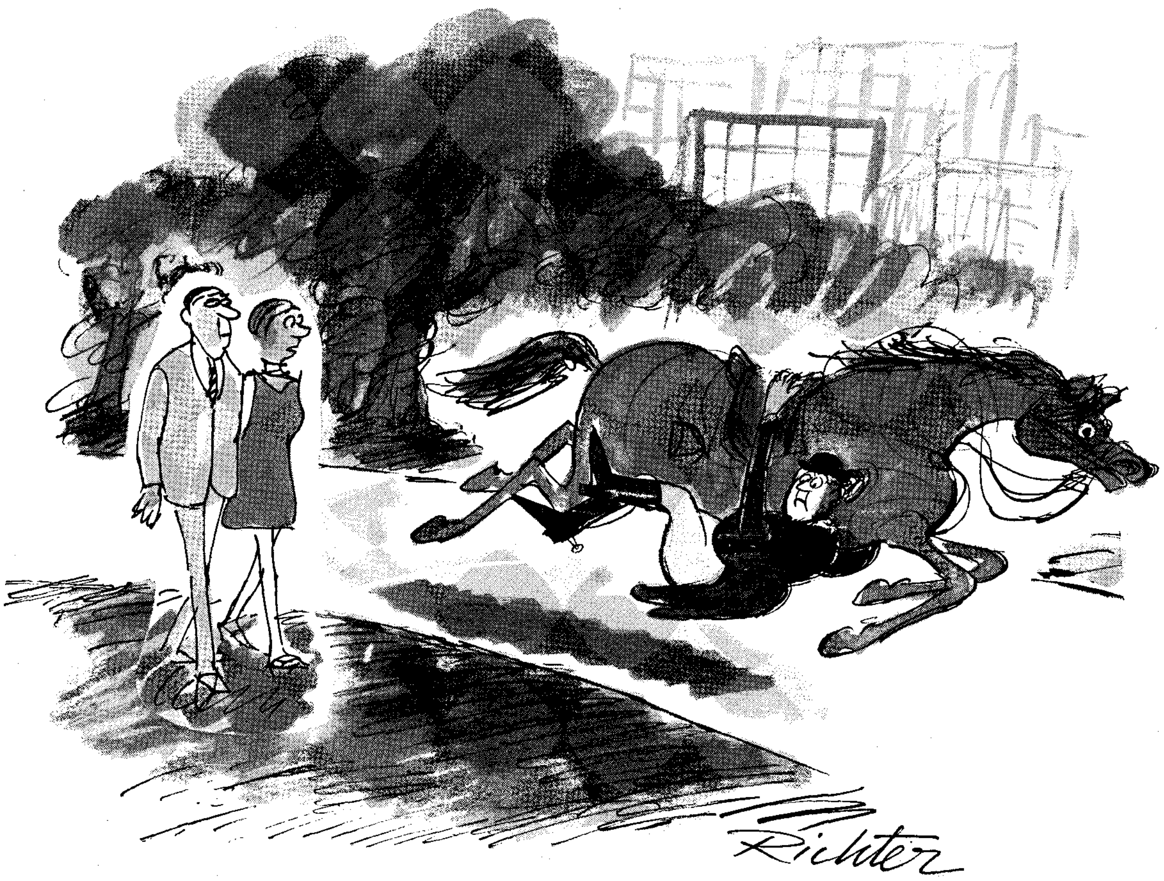


"*That wouldn't be worth any six dollars an hour to me.*"

wasn't prepared to pay anything like thirty-five thousand dollars for the land, that I was impelled more by curiosity than genuine land hunger. Single file, we followed a path to the edge of the pond. It was much reduced in size by drought—dark green-gray water rimmed by high black banks and overshadowed on one side by a prominent hill. Mr. Pearl showed me a slight headland that he'd always thought would make a good building site, and a useful bank of gravel close at hand. A stone dam at the east end of the pond was in need of repair. A small flow of water trickled down over the rocks. The pond itself was very flat and still. I looked for bubbles, for signs of life in the dark shallows.

"There used to be bass," said Mr. Pearl. "It wouldn't be hard to stock again." He told me Boy Scouts had camped at one end of the dam—a ring of blackened stones and charred wood marked the site—and gave his opinion that the best use for the property would be as a summer camp. "People are going in for that sort of thing more and more," he said. We followed the scarcely damp bed of the stream downhill until we hit the dirt lane again. It now ran between dry stone walls set thirty feet or so apart; trees had grown up between the lane and walls, where a sidewalk might once have been. "This section is what they used to call Wright Mills," said Mr. Pearl, pointing out the foundations of several houses and a grist stone lying at the edge of the road. Stone walls that were still in fine condition testified to the work that had gone into clearing the rocky fields. "Those took some wrestling, I bet," he said as we walked beside a stretch of wall formed of rocks as big as bushel baskets.

Flies and mosquitoes buzzed. Nuts littered the rough ground, and squirrels hesitated, hearing us, before darting up the frail trunks of trees. The trees formed what foresters call pioneer stands, to differentiate them from climax stands, which have been undisturbed for several centuries. "Most of the larger wood here is about seventy-five years old," said Mr. Pearl. "It only takes some twenty years for a field to get covered in. Most of it's oak. There's a little pine, and some rock maple, and one or two rough-bark hickories. There are a couple of farms still going in this area of Canterbury. You might be able to rent out some of this ground once you cleared it off." I didn't think he sounded altogether sure of that, but I asked him what it cost to clear land in this condition. He answered that the hire of a bulldozer generally worked out at a hundred dollars an acre, and less per acre for larger areas of land. It wouldn't take long to knock this stuff down. You could push it all into a corner of a field, or pile it into one of the old foundations.

The brook, having gained some water from a hidden source, came to the crest of a little hill and tumbled down through a derelict millrace. Great chunks of squared-off stone had fallen in, and the brook flowed over and under them. Near the ruins of a sawmill, we came on a preëminent group of foundations: barns, outbuildings, and a farmhouse with a chimney still standing. Out of a niche in the rocks that formed the chimney, a few feet below its crumbling summit, a slender tree was growing. To judge by the remnants of rotten timber lying at the base of the chimney, the house itself had still been standing fifty years ago. But for the hamlet as a whole the rot had probably set in earlier than that. This was, in the first place, tough ground to farm. Hinckley gravelly loam, Gloucester fine sandy loam, and a large proportion of miscellaneous stony soils are Canterbury's agriculturally unfortunate lot. The Gloucester loam is generally unsuited to cultivation; grass hay is about the best that can be got from it. Hinckley loam will produce alfalfa and silage corn, which account for the dairy and poultry farming that alone struggles on in this part of Connecticut. When the Erie Canal opened, in 1825, many New England farmers got on the move. (Canterbury's population reached a peak in 1820, with 1,984 people. The nadir was 1910, when 868 lived there. It has been going up ever since, but it is still less than it was in 1820.) The Erie Canal brought in not only cheap wheat but the idea of the West. Frederick Jackson Turner described the time: "All was motion and change. A restlessness was universal. Men moved, in their single life, from Vermont to New York, from

New York to Ohio, from Ohio to Wisconsin, from Wisconsin to California, and longed for the Hawaiian Islands. When the bark started from their fence rails, they felt the call to change. They were conscious of the mobility of their society and gloried in it. They broke with the Past and thought to create something finer, more fitting for humanity, more beneficial for the average man than the world had ever seen." Those who stayed in the East had to compete with Western agriculture. Some in Wright Mills undoubtedly made the shorter migration to work in a New England mill town.

I had seen abandoned farms before. However, this was something more—an entire hamlet and its roads gone literally to seed. After I had taken Mr. Pearl back to his car—he had another appointment that afternoon—I returned to Wright Mills by myself and sat on a smooth-topped stone of a wall near the former farmhouse while I considered the mixed emotions the place aroused. The place was, for a start, a little spooky. Although there was an immaturity about the second-growth trees, it wasn't what Henry James meant when he said of New England, "The very air looks new and young; the light of the sun seems fresh and innocent, as if it knew as yet but few of the secrets of the world and none of the weariness of shining." This spot had some secrets, crude though they may have been; it had an air of innocence lost without having been exchanged for the knowledge and pleasure that might be achieved in the process of civilization. There were some fallen-in foundations, some walls held together by inertia. Otherwise, in Wright Mills nothing had been gained and held as a result of man's passing. It was, as Mr. Pearl had suggested, a camping ground.

I got the Jeep started, and put it into four-wheel drive. Mr. Pearl had described a route which, climbing up over the hill that overlooked the pond, would give me a good idea of the extent of the Rogers property. He hadn't driven over it for several years, but he believed it was navigable. I turned left at a fork in the abandoned road—to the right a wooden bridge over the brook had completely collapsed—and motored slowly up the steep face of the hill. I was looking for a view, and I found none; the woods climbed with me. Every few yards, I had to stop to remove a fallen branch from the track. Here and there, I had to use a branch to lever out of the way a rock that, perhaps dislodged by ice the previous winter, had fallen from the top of a wall. On the long, flat summit of the hill, saplings were growing right in the roadway. One, having been depressed by the front bumper, sprang up again underneath the Jeep, and held on. However, what it held on to—the hand-brake cable—let go. I crawled beneath the vehicle and did some temporary repairs with a piece of twine to keep the cable from dragging along the ground. After another mile or so, over which the Jeep bucked like a fishing boat in heavy seas, I was glad to reach a paved road at the border of Mrs. Rogers' property.

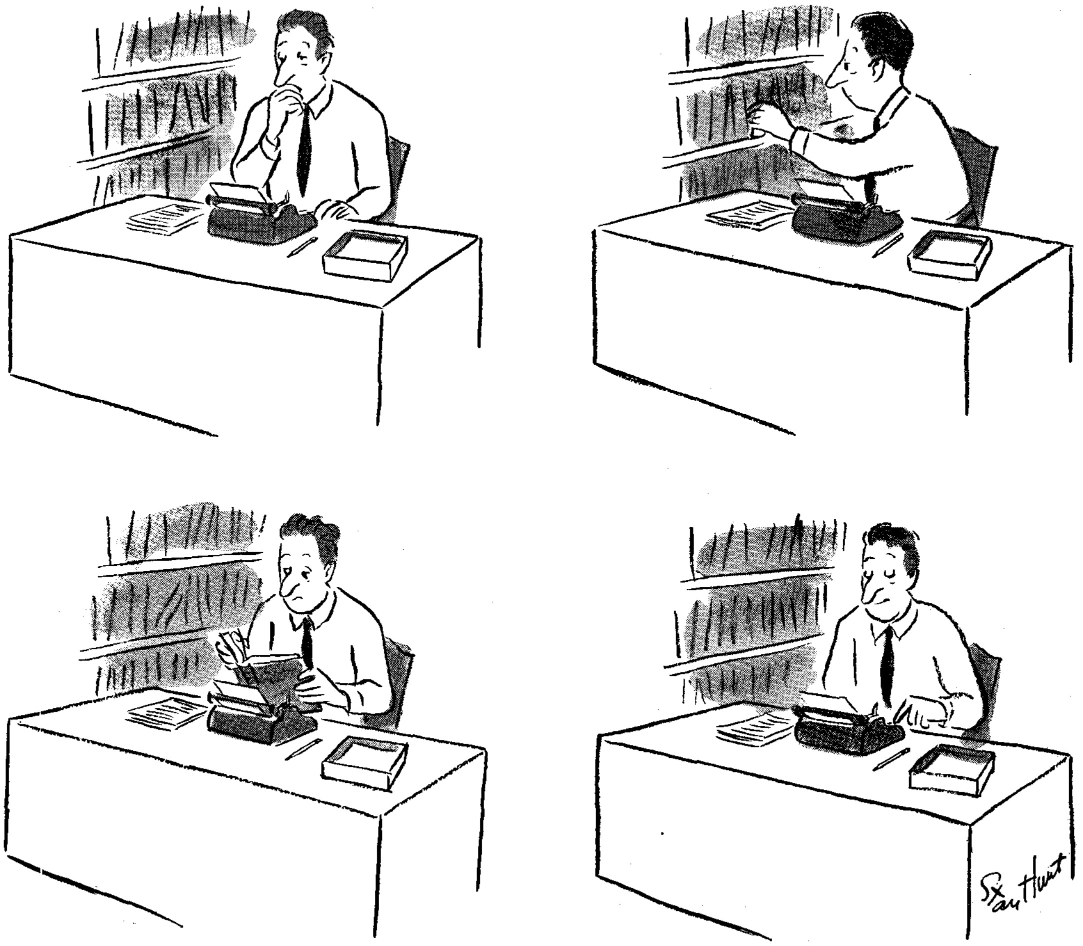
It was something of a shock to realize that although I was in what most people would call the country, although I was surrounded by nature resurgent and triumphant, I wasn't really enjoying it. This is a kind of "country" we have more and more of. On the northeastern seaboard, in the area lying in the wide corridor that runs between the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, the woods are increasing. In the French geographer Jean Gottmann's encyclopedic study of the region, "Megalopolis"—which appeared in 1961 and did a great deal to popularize that word and many of its more horrendous implications—the following assessment of land use in the nineteen-fifties was made: "In recent times the tilled area in Megalopolis, as in surrounding areas, has been shrinking in favor of the spread of both woods and urban uses. These trends have progressed at different rates in the various parts of the region. . . . Whatever the local variation, it must be recognized that the major competition for land is between urban uses and woodlands, and that *about half of the whole area of Megalopolis is green* in a relatively unproductive way." In Connecticut, Professor Gottmann and his researchers found, woods took up about one-third of the land area in 1850 and two-thirds in 1950, and the abandonment of tilled land since the war has been proceeding faster than the rate at which suburbs have eaten into woods on the edges of large towns. Gottmann talks of woodland sprawl as well as urban sprawl.

Six years before he was killed in France in 1917, T. E. Hulme attended a congress of philosophers in Bologna, Italy. Walking through its streets prompted him to record in his notebook some observations, one of which was that at a high point of civilization country and city were not contradictory forces; they were both artificial, deliberate creations. Of cities, Bologna was a fine example. "You feel always, though you may never see it," Hulme wrote, "the bracing feeling of a disciplinary wall keeping it up to the ideal pitch of town I require, and never allowing it to sprawl into desert."

"I believe it was La Rochefoucauld who once said . . .

Stonington, the town in which I live, has, in its own simple way, a similar quality. Built on a peninsula, it is walled on three sides by the sea and on the fourth by the New Haven Railroad; it can never sprawl. It hasn't arcades and piazzas, but it has a small square with cannons and a larger green common, with the library in the center, flanked by fine New England frame houses. It has streets that meet Hulme's definition of a street as "a place for strolling and talking in, and not a railway." It has the tight fit that shapes things definitely, the tight fit that William James observed his nation was without. Since Stonington is something of an exception, a small stockade on the edge of the wide, formless expanse, it occasionally induces in people lucky enough to live there a feeling that the rest of the country—and the rest of the northeastern seaboard in particular—is going to hell. The sudden prevalence of the term "megalopolis" in books, newspapers, and magazines has bolstered this feeling.

Although Gottmann pointed out in the conclusion of his eight-hundred-page book that for Philo Judaeus, the Alexandrian philosopher, Megalopolis was a great city of ideas "that predetermines and commands the material world," the general effect of the facts, graphs, and tables Gottmann assembled was to suggest that the material world was very much in command, that the formless expanse was being covered by



Or was it Montaigne?"

a huge, formless, and certainly ungreat city. In general, the word "megalopolis" reached the public with overtones suggesting that, no matter how oppressive the idea of the endless city might seem, it was already too late to do anything about it. One had the feeling that if that city wasn't here already, the idea had been accepted with such fatalism that it very soon would be.

I had that feeling, but the next time I had the urge to seek the open spaces I thought I would see if the feeling was grounded in reality. I decided to drive my Jeep from Boston to Washington—to cover the full length of our megalopolis and try to get some understanding of it. My inquiries were amateur and unplanned. I had glanced at a few of the books on urban design that appear, stiff with jargon, ripe for computers and microfilm, at the rate of three or four a week. I had read H. G. Wells' "Anticipations," published in London in 1902, in which he foresaw old cities dissolving into urban regions by the end of this century, and in which he examined, with the accuracy of genius, most of our present centrifugal, suburbanizing tendencies—the desire to have a house of one's own, to have a garden, to live in a healthy place for children. He saw that the telephone would make for diffusion. He realized that the general distribution of population was directly related to transportation facilities, and that as long as people were dependent chiefly on their feet for transportation the radius of a city would be confined to about four miles; with suburban trains, the radius would be increased to thirty miles. Furthermore, he wrote, "It is not too much to say that the London citizen of the year 2000 A.D. may have a choice of nearly all England and Wales south of Nottingham and east of Exeter as his suburb, and that the vast stretch of country from Washington to Albany will be all of it 'available' to the active citizen of New York and Philadelphia before that date." Since this vast stretch (with the top half adjusted to include Boston) was available to me, I went to look at it, and see how it was being changed and manipulated. I followed my nose, impelled by an appetite for certain aspects of old cities, new buildings, and the unsettled countryside. In short, I was interested in travelling through this most complex and prosperous portion of the world in early autumn and seeing what it looked like.

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ACCORDING to geologists, Boston is moving south at the rate of several inches a century. In roughly eight hundred million years, it will be where New York City is now. For the time being, however, Boston lies two hundred and fifteen miles from New York, which, in turn, is two hundred and thirty miles from Washington. These are distances that, when impelled to travel, most of the thirty-eight million people in the Northeast nowadays cover by road, some by air, and fewer and fewer by rail. The car gets one at a reasonable speed from one's own door to the door at which one wishes to arrive, but it requires attention, concentration, and parking spaces at either end; it is not particularly efficient, either with one's money or one's time. The plane is speedy, once it's off the ground, but the time spent reaching it and then getting to one's ultimate destination from it makes it only a little faster (except over the whole four-hundred-and-forty-five-mile distance) than the train, which runs to and from the centers of the cities. And the poor railroads' passenger-traffic problems are so tediously familiar that one is apt to forget that even the New Haven Railroad, in its present bankrupt state, carries one to the towns on its tracks as fast as a car, and sometimes allows one to read, eat, or sleep en route. All in all, for a region that is only one-fiftieth of the total United States land area but contains a fifth of the country's people and produces a quarter of its manufactures—that is actually the most productive industrial region in the world—the state of public transportation is pretty shabby. In the last few years, there has been some realization of this fact, and some work has been done to produce slightly faster trains in the next year or so. At the moment, other plans to do something about transportation are largely in the idea stage, but ideas, after all, were what Philo Judaeus had in mind, and in this case they have been encouraged by Congress with a fair amount of public money. In order to find out what was being planned, after a long period of inaction, to bring Boston and Washington closer together in time, I decided to call in at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where much of the most radical government-sponsored transportation thinking has been going on. I felt as if I were consulting the oracle at Delphi before I set off in slow and relatively haphazard motion toward the capital.

I spent the first night of my journey with friends in Ipswich, which is forty miles from Boston, on the northern boundary of the commuters' city, and drove in the next morning on the last of the flood tide of commuter traffic. It was an exciting trip. The turnpike was unfamiliar. So was the gambler's spirit of Massachusetts drivers. Cars whizzed in at rotaries and intersections from all sides, never slowing down until—in the final second—they were positive the enemy was not going to give way, and sometimes, to judge by the great number of crumpled fenders and dented doors, not even then. It was a general game of chicken, in which every man seemed intent on proving to all his anonymous fellow-citizens that he wasn't impressed by them. I *was* impressed. But I took a few seconds now and then as I approached the Mystic River to admire the view—the tall spars of the U.S.S. Constitution rising out of Charlestown Navy Yard, and the high tower of the new Prudential Building climbing above the renovated center of Boston. At least, the traffic didn't jam. I paid my twenty-five-cent toll on the bridge and cartwheeled off toward Cambridge, crossing over to the north bank of the Charles. After wasting twenty minutes in a search for a parking space in the streets, I found a slot marked "Visitors" in the M.I.T. faculty parking lot.

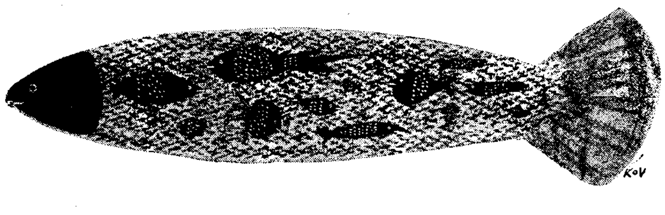
M.I.T. is a "linear" university, occupying a good half mile along the Charles River, across from Boston in Cambridge. It is architecturally a pleasant enough mixture of collegiate classic and praiseworthy modern, although veterans of the place complain that one of its most famous contemporary structures, a dormitory building designed by the Finnish architect Alvar Aalto, doesn't "work" very successfully. In one respect, my visit was ill-timed. It was registration day, and half of young America, together with representatives of young England, Nigeria, and Japan, appeared to be enrolling. The corridors were packed with students either lined up or moving from line to line. The faculty looked harassed. In another sense, however, the day was well chosen, for as I sat in the office of Dr. William Seifert, Assistant Dean of Engineering, and listened to hordes of young men moving past in the hall to sign up for courses in the ever-increasing complication of things, it didn't seem surprising to me that the world of science fiction was fast becoming the world of fact.

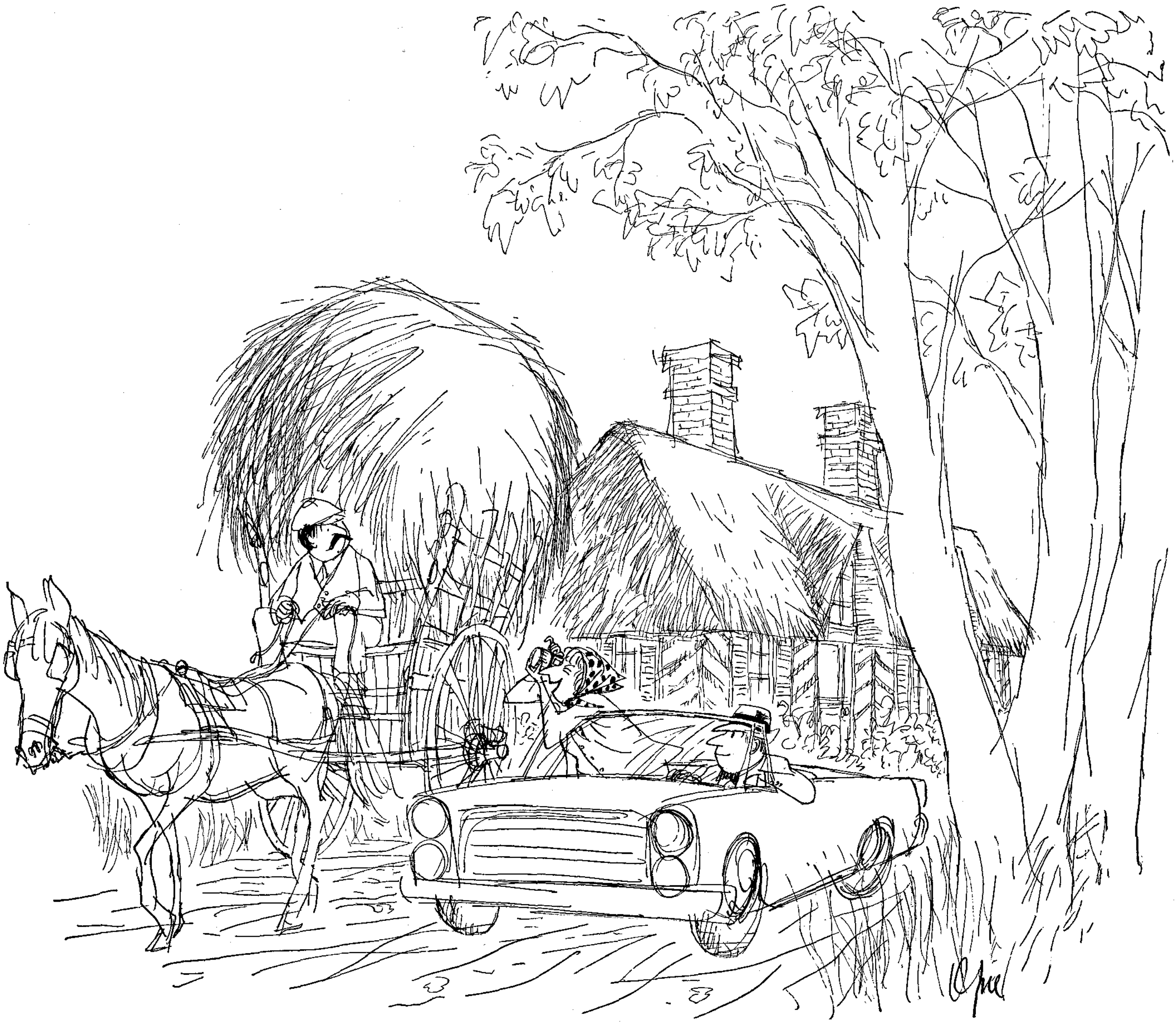
Dean Seifert, a short, bespectacled man in his late forties, was currently concerned with the Northeast Corridor Transportation Project, set up by President Kennedy in 1962 with prompting from Senator Claiborne Pell, of Rhode Island, and Richardson Dilworth, a former mayor of Philadelphia. The Department of Commerce, as a beginning, had got together some studies on the demands for Corridor transportation until 1980. These studies, Dean Seifert said, showed that road transport would continue to satisfy most people's needs until then; that for travel between closely spaced points the car and the limited-access highway would still furnish the best solution; that more airports and better safety procedures would cause air traffic to continue to increase, though the problems of getting to and from airports might remain; and that railroads, caught in a vicious circle of declining trade and declining service, could hope to compete only on short center-of-city-to-center-of-city hauls, as between New York and Philadelphia. This was the background against which several meetings were held at the White House in August, 1964. "As a result of the meetings," Dean Seifert told me, "the decision was made that the country should begin to explore the feasibility of a rail-like system capable of moving passengers at two hundred miles an hour or more. A month later, Bob Nelson, who is director of the Department of Commerce's transportation-research staff and manager of the Northeast Corridor Transportation Project, got hold of us here at M.I.T. and asked if we'd do a short, intensive study of the technical feasibility of an improved Corridor transportation system—a high-speed rail-like system in particular, but we were also to appraise short-haul aircraft and potential highway improvements. We said we would. In fact, within several weeks we had a task force assembled and working."

The telephone rang, and Dean Seifert told one of his colleagues that a student who had 6.571 didn't need 1.143 in order to qualify. He turned to me again. "What makes all this doubly significant is the low level of effort that's been devoted until now to transportation research and development—r. and d., as it's called these days. In 1966, the federal budget called for fifteen billion dollars for r. and d., almost all of it going to defense, space, and atomic energy. R.-and-d. efforts in defense and space have built up steadily over the past few years, and the nation has developed a large body of technical personnel able to move quickly as new needs or areas of interest have arisen. But in transportation—which in all its forms represents about a hundred and twenty billion dollars, or twenty per cent of the gross national product every year—there's been nothing like that. There's been no effective mechanism for adapting the great store of defense and space technology to transportation—particularly ground transportation. There have been no efforts in academic institutions. There has been no supply of bright students eager to make the adaptation. Well, we think things are changing. People are interested. Both the faculty and the students here are really excited by this Northeast Corridor project. We were given five hundred thousand dollars to work with by the Department of Commerce. Our effort is multi-departmental—civil, electrical, mechanical, and aeronautical engineers, architects, urban planners, and political scientists. We've given our students the problem as a design project. Anyway, our first action was to establish the broad criteria for the design of a radically new form of high-speed ground transport. Here are the criteria."

Dean Seifert handed me two mimeographed pages, which he suggested I take a look at while he checked with his secretary about a speech he was supposed to deliver in Chicago the following morning. The criteria (which I have paraphrased here and there) included:

1. The overriding criterion is that the design should be a systems design, where the systems objective is to produce minimum-time door-to-door





"Dites 'Fromage.'"

• •

passenger transport between random points within the Corridor. We did not feel that a system in which access was limited to terminals in just principal cities—Boston, New York, and Washington—would be a satisfactory solution.

2. The High Speed Ground Transport mode of the system must be designed to provide widespread, easy, and rapid access to all locations in the Corridor. This implies that the H.S.G.T. mode must have the flexibility to mesh smoothly with local conditions and the design therefore must take cognizance of local plans.

3. The system must provide a level of service in terms of door-to-door travel time, comfort, frequency of service, and fares to attract enough users to make efficient use of the system.

4. The total cost of the system must be acceptable on the basis of services offered and problems solved.

5. The system's accident expectancy must be no greater and preferably less than any present mode of passenger transportation.

6. Must operate in all weathers on schedule.

7. Should be designed so it can be adapted to changes in quantity and pattern of demand, caused by increases or shifts in population, changes in travel habits, access, or land use along the route.

8. Should have marginal compatibility at least with existing feeder arrangements (such as highways) so that parts of the system could be brought into service as soon as they were built.

9. Finally, the system should not generate side- or after-effects that contradict or contravene any stated or implicit social, political, or economic goals of the community, either local or national.

"Have you finished?" Dean Seifert asked, with a slightly sardonic grin. "On that last point, we know that an H.S.G.T. system will make necessary all sorts of adjustments in policies, regulatory practices, and patterns of decision-making in the Corridor. The matters of ownership, planning, and financing will be very complex. But we've got over similar hurdles in the past—for instance, with the communications satellite."

I asked what step followed the drawing up of criteria.

"We decided that we had to go for something totally new. After all, the automobile didn't come through breeding better horses. We had to arrive at something that has the dynamic scheduling of a car—which leaves when you want it to leave—and that also has the car's psychological advantages. In cars, people feel they are their own masters, even when they're stuck in traffic jams. We also want our new mode to have the speed of a plane. So we've been examining the components of an entirely new—not just an improved—transportation system. In the past, the arms, legs, brains, and body of our transportation systems have been designed and operated by individual interests. If this new venture is to succeed, it has to achieve better coördination with other systems than has been done before."

Having read about an express train

that worked in an underground vacuum tube, I asked if M.I.T. had something like this in mind.

"Well, that's certainly one thing we're considering," Dean Seifert said. "Larry Edwards, from Lockheed Missiles, who's been working on the design for such a system, came and lectured to us here about it. But we're also examining conventional electric traction motors, and motors and turbines in which part of the propulsion unit is on the vehicle and part is mounted on the guideway. We're looking into air-cushion support, many different control systems, and the form the network should take. Should the guideway be situated on the surface, on elevated structures, or in deep tunnels—or, possibly, in all three? We're investigating the varieties of service that should be offered. We'd like to provide aircraft-like speed from principal city to principal city, but we'd also like to give high-speed service to intermediate cities, such as Providence and Wilmington. We're seeking ways to accelerate vehicles from a local station to main-line speed and connect them to a through vehicle without ever slowing down the through vehicle. Someone who wanted to get off at Providence would move into a Providence car en route, and that car would be disengaged and decelerated for the local stop."

"How soon?" I asked.

Dean Seifert smiled. "I have a formal answer I make to that question. It goes like this: If the legislative and financial aspects of this program can be met in a satisfactory manner—and the President has pushed through ninety million dollars to get it started—then it is not beyond the realm of technical possibility to imagine a system that would initiate service at three hundred miles per hour or more in at least a portion of the Corridor coincident with the two-hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence."

As I got up to leave, Dean Seifert asked his secretary to sell me a copy of the report the M.I.T. students had made up on their H.S.G.T. project. I paid three dollars for a heavy, paperbound dark-green book entitled "The Glideway System." Flicking through it, I came on a sketch, labelled "Passenger Modules," showing some long, low, Easter-egg-like vehicles. I thought of my Jeep, square and boxlike, sitting in the faculty parking lot. I said, "What about the car? Will it soon be obsolete?"

Dean Seifert gave his head a definite, un-Delphic shake. "No, it won't. Even in 1980, cars will be running up the greater part of all passenger miles."

THE car gives us freedom, which is why we are enslaved by it. I boarded mine, fired up the engine, and—after checking the front-wheel-drive lever to make sure it hadn't slipped into gear, as it sometimes does—directed it into the midday traffic that was swishing inland along the north bank of the Charles. In the Jeep, I had a multiple choice of routes, which no other form of locomotion, except perhaps foot power, would have given

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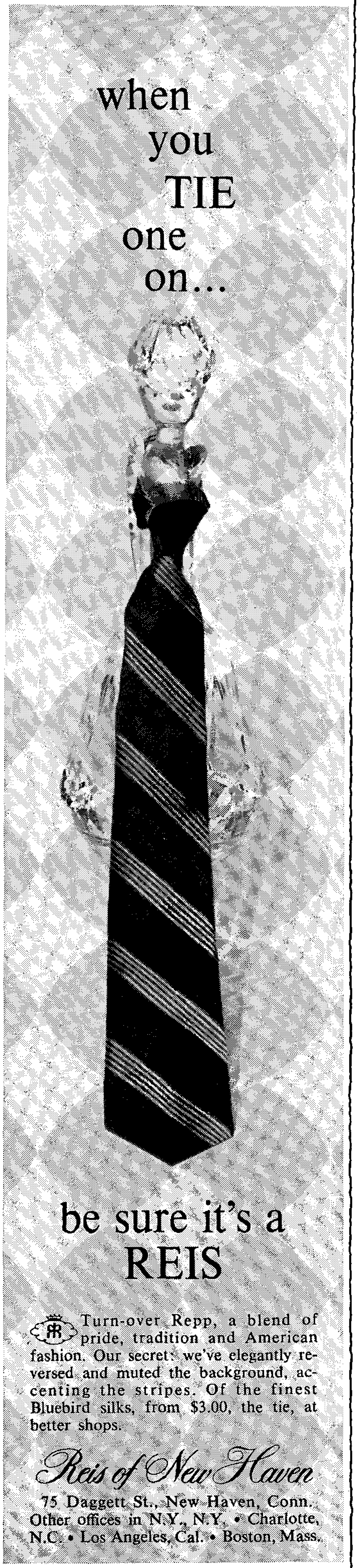

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me. There were four or five possible roads in the segment of the compass lying between the south and the west. I chose Route 20, which is the old Upper Post Road, and which runs, with the Charles, due west through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, and Wayland. It is the old stagecoach route to Worcester.

A book in which I browse every now and then is William Cobbett's "Rural Rides," a journal of various trips made on horseback around the English countryside in the eighteen-twenties and thirties. It is a fascinating work, its observations heightened, if anything, by Cobbett's idiosyncratic fulminations against the swelling London metropolis, which he called "the great Wen," and his propaganda for the Swedish turnip, which he thought superior to the common English turnip. "Rural Rides," however, lacks information about one crucial subject; namely, Cobbett's horse. If I may self-indulgently imagine someone reading this a century hence, I will perhaps forestall his criticism on a similar count by relating here and now what a 1959 Willys Suburban Jeep station wagon is like. It is by no means a common vehicle, and, despite its name, you only see a couple of them among the several hundred cars left parked by commuters at a suburban station. It is a Percheron rather than a race horse, with a touch of mulishness, and—to shift animals again—something of a St. Bernard, jowlish and useful. It is very ugly, and its concessions to popular styling emphasize the fact, like rouge on the face of an old battle-axe. You climb up into it, as into a London taxi, treading on a sort of running board, which bears about the same relation to a real running board that the Eustachian tube bears to a gill. (Running boards began to go out with the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia in Marseille in 1934, when the assassin jumped on the running board of the King's slowly moving car.) Inside, there is room to wear a bowler hat without being in constant contact with the roof, and, indeed, the Jeep gives one a very dignified, bowler-hat kind of feeling. There are wooden battens fastened to the floor, for supporting various cargoes. All the seats fold forward. There are three gear levers, a strictly utilitarian dashboard, and a six-cylinder engine that can be hard to start when cold but runs well when warmed up. My Jeep was at this time still without an effective hand brake, none of the doors locked, and the windshield wiper in front of the driver was out of phase with the other wiper. Moreover, the vehicle had been in use as a beach buggy in East Hampton, with the result that salt had rusted away most of the original brake lines, which had been replaced, and most of the tail pipe, which had not. On the Waltham road, I became aware of a strong smell of exhaust. I stopped at the first garage, and a mechanic said the exhaust was swirling underneath and coming up through several holes in the floor; it would take two or three days to get hold of a new tail pipe. I stuffed some rags in the visible holes and made the rest of the journey with at least one window always open.

The Boston "urban area" now extends to the factories and developments that, seeking room to stretch and grow, have been built on the fields along Route 128, an expressway that rings the city. The first sense of open space I got west of Boston came when I turned off Route 20 onto Route 27, which, at one point, descends a hill to cross the Sudbury River. On both sides of the river a marsh spreads wide, rising at its borders into lush meadows. In the middle of the river valley, I stopped the Jeep and got out. The southwest wind had a touch of dampness in it, and the sun and the wind played on the tall marsh grass, still green by the river. Every minute or so, a car came down the hill and opened up along the straight road across the marsh. Tire-rush and wind-lash drowned for an instant the genial buzz of crickets and insects. Bank swallows flew. Thoreau, who used to walk out this way from Concord, complained more than a hundred years ago, "I listen to [a] concert in which so many parts are wanting. The whole civilized country is to some extent turned into a city. . . . Many of those animal migrations and other phenomena by which the Indians marked the season are no longer to be observed. . . . I wish to know an entire heaven and an entire earth. All the great trees and beasts, fishes and fowl are gone. The streams, perchance, are somewhat shrunk."

The great expanse of meadow in what was once known as the Musketaquid Valley, south of Concord, was seen and coveted and settled, in 1638, by a group of land-hungry residents of Watertown, on the Charles. Many of them had come originally from the Puritan wool-manufacturing town of Sudbury, in Suffolk, England, but others among them had come from places in Wiltshire, Dorset, and Hamp-

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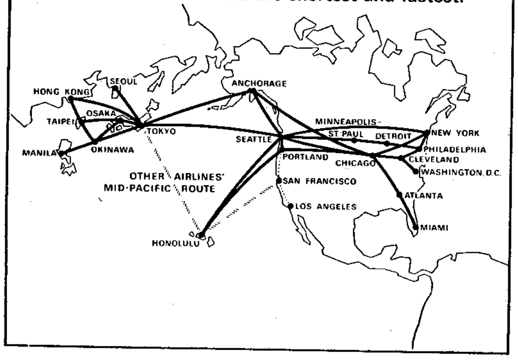
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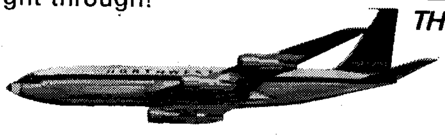

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shire. According to Sumner Chilton Powell, the most recent and most diligent historian of Sudbury, Massachusetts, from whose "Puritan Village" I have drawn this information, the settlers were bound together by a common background of open-field farming life. They didn't like the Watertown system of apportioning land by freehold grants to those who got there first. They were mostly latecomers. They petitioned the Massachusetts General Court to grant them the meadow land where the Great Trail, an old Indian route that was also followed by the early settlers, crossed the Musketaquid, for it struck them as the best supply of summer fodder within ten miles of Watertown, and there was no wilderness for them to hack through to get there. The Musketaquid was full of salmon, alewives, shad, and pickerel; the woods abounded in wildfowl, turkey, bear, and deer. There were no major Indian encampments in the immediate area. In the fall of 1638, the General Court ordered the leaders of the settlers—Peter Noyes, Edmund Brown, and Brian Pendleton—to go to their plantations and allot their lands. They did, and founded the town of Sudbury.

The term "New Towns" is once again heard in America, but it seems to have acquired a European overtone, perhaps because of the New Towns that have been set up in England, Sweden, and Finland, among other places, since the war in an attempt to house the increasing populations of major cities in separate, self-sustaining communities rather than in dormitory suburbs. Even among some architects and planners, the impression has spread that a New Town is not exactly a hundred per cent American. Such chauvinists ignore their own history, for nothing could be less foreign, more a characteristically American "mix" (to use the planners' term) of Anglo-Saxon tradition, Puritan sentiment, capitalistic enterprise, and pioneer communism, than the New Town that was established in 1638 at Sudbury. Coming from open-field villages in England, many of the settlers lacked their own agricultural equipment. They were used to sharing tools and labor to work their adjoining strips of land. Twenty years after the first settlement (so Mr. Powell discovered from wills filed at the county court), only a third of the Sudbury men had plowshares and oxen for plow teams. The settlement itself was grouped around a common pasture for the oxen. House lots were four acres apiece. A town committee distributed meadow land according to how much wealth and property a family had brought from England and to the number of people in the family. This was a social revolution, because many of the men had been landless laborers, and others, like Peter Noyes, had been landholders in a complicated way, with many manorial duties and feudal obligations governing the use and conveyance of land that was "theirs" in a rather restricted sense. Those who had been land-rich in England were land-rich here in due proportion, but those who had been landless now had land, even if it was only a small holding. The minister received seventy-five acres of meadow land. A man called John Loker received one. Of course, there were also obligations here. Every citizen had to build his share of a fence around the common plowland; otherwise his holding would revert to the town. William Pelham received the fourth-largest original land grant in Sudbury, but since he didn't establish a home, he was soon dropped from the list of new grants. The town committee kept a section of river meadow from which grants could be made as the population grew. By the time this land had run out, part of Sudbury had moved on to found and settle Marlboro, in the same way that the Watertown men had not so long before moved out to Sudbury. Two years after the first settlement, Sudbury instituted a town treasury, decreeing also that every man who found an unyoked pig should collect from its owner a fine of ten shillings, half for himself for leading it to the pound, half for the town funds. In May of the same year, the citizens passed a law stating that the town could pay for a suit against the Treasurer of the Massachusetts Colony, and that the costs would be paid by a town rate. Sudbury had decided that it could go to law and that it could tax itself. One other important communal step was taken. The town committee appointed Peter Noyes and John Parmenter highway surveyors, and ordered them to see to it that "every inhabitant of this town shall come forth to the mending of the hyways."

I drove into Sudbury and parked the Jeep outside a white Colonial town hall, across from a small cemetery, on the slope of a hill. Just then, a man in late middle age wearing khaki work clothes, glasses with frames at the top only, and a hunter's bright-red peaked cap came down the steps from the town clerk's office. He had a cheerful face, and as he opened the door of a Pontiac station wagon with an official-looking orange

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dome light on top, I decided he would be a logical person to ask for the whereabouts of someone who could tell me about modern Sudbury.

"Well," he said, "there are lots of people. But I guess I'm as good as anyone. My name is Al Noyes—I'm town highway superintendent. Tell you what. I'm rebuilding a road, but why don't you come down after me and I'll see what I can tell you on the job."

When I had followed his station wagon for half a mile, Mr. Noyes pulled up for a moment at a road junction to yell something at three power-company workmen who were replacing a utility pole; then he turned off on a newly oiled side road, swinging between two orange sawhorses bearing placards that said "DETOUR—ROAD CLOSED." After another half mile, he stopped by a pickup truck and got out to talk to a pair of surveyors who were working with transit and measuring pole. While he did so, I walked down the road for a few hundred yards. The dark-blue bituminous surface was brand-new and still porous, not tamped down by traffic. At each edge was a yard-wide strip of gravel; on one side of the road the ground rose to an embankment, and on the other it fell away in a slight ditch. On both sides, new houses were set back at discreet distances amid the trees. On some of the trunks, faded "NO TRESPASSING—NO HUNTING" signs were posted. The fireplace logs piled by side doors and under carports looked as if they were from trees that had been cleared for the foundations.

Massachusetts made an early start in road building. The Indian trails widened with the increase of settlement and trade, and in 1639, a year after Sudbury's settlement, the General Court ordered each town in the colony to choose men who would coöperate with men from adjoining towns to "lay out highways where they be most convenient, notwithstanding any man's property, or any corne ground, so as it occasion not the pulling down of any man's house, or laying open any garden or orchard." This early enforcement of the public's right to move at the expense, if need be, of the individual was backed up with specifications about the width of the right-of-ways, which were to be six or ten rods in common grounds. Ordinary road making in those days consisted of clearing away fallen timber, blazing or notching the trees so that the traveller wouldn't lose the track, and laying logs over swampy places.

With a laugh at something Mr. Noyes had told them, the two men in the surveying team went back to work. I strolled over, and Mr. Noyes gave me a nod of welcome. I asked him if he was descended from Peter Noyes.

"Yes, sir, all the way," he said. "Though we haven't had any Peters for a couple of generations. My father went with Fred A. Noyes, and my name's Frank, but I sign myself 'F. Alvin.' People call me Al. I guess this Peter Noyes was quite a character. He's buried up in the cemetery where you met me. We've just been painting the fence around one of the fancy graves up there. I thought it belonged to one of the nobility, but it turned out to be the grave of Peter's second carpenter."

I asked what rebuilding the road entailed.

"Well, I helped build this road, in 1924," he said. "It was an eighteen-foot road with a forty-foot take-in, which means that there was eleven feet cleared on either side of the paved surface. Originally, it had a foot of gravel and three coats of asphalt totalling about an inch. Now we're giving it a thirty-foot-wide surface within a fifty-foot take-in. That's where we have problems—extending the take-in. In one place, a couple of houses back there, we're taking four extra feet on one side and six on the other. You should hear the squawking from the lady we're taking the six feet from! I'm an appointed official now, but until a few years back this was an elected position. I always carried a high vote and got in handily, but no one ever could understand why. People all over town had gripes about me snatching slices of their front yards. Anyway, about this road—it'll still have the old foot of gravel underneath, but we'll top it with three coats of bituminous concrete, with a total depth of five and a half inches. Up at the next curve, where there's a bit of a swamp, we had to dig down fourteen feet before we got hard stuff to rest on. That had to be filled. The road we're building will bear a greater weight of traffic than the old one did. Also, being wider, it'll be safer for children. I want to paint white lines marking off a phantom sidewalk. We haven't got the money for real sidewalks on this sort of road. Over in Framingham they've put them in, but it was five hundred thousand dollars' worth."

A large red dump truck rolled slowly by, pressed down on its haunches by a full load of gravel. The driver honked at the surveyors and waved at Mr. Noyes, who waved back.

"This is what we call a bread-andbutter road," he told me. "We do it ourselves, because it's not big enough to let out for contract to a private firm. But basically we get better construction this way. There's no pilfering. Everyone gives you a full day's work."

Mr. Noyes adjusted his hat. Evidently feeling the warmth of the sun, he walked into the shade furnished by a tree overhanging the station wagon. The wind moved the tops of the pines.

"Talking of pilfering," he said, "Dan, one of those surveyors, was just telling me about a real thorough job that was pulled last week down on Route 20. Cleaned out a whole house—TV, air-conditioner, the lot. Sudbury was all right twenty years ago. This sort of thing makes you realize it isn't getting any better."

I asked him if it was getting any worse.

"Well, maybe not, but we've got growing pains for sure," he said. "We're up from thirty-five hundred to eleven thousand in just twelve years. The men commute from here to those new companies on Route 128 and to Sperry Rand, over on 117. A large part is gypsy population—the companies ship men from Michigan to here, and, after a year or so, from here to Texas. The men make a lot of money—some of them in the twenty-thousand bracket—but they don't really belong. They come to the town meeting and complain. One of our primary schools ran at double sessions for a good while, but things have levelled off now. And they phone me up and ask me to have their driveways fixed. Funny thing, it's the ones who are in the de-luxe set who really work for Sudbury. The men who run the companies and pay the big taxes. They mingle right in, go to our churches, and don't mind riding in a pickup truck with you."

"Can you move a little, Al?" shouted the man with the transit. We were in his line of vision.

Mr. Noyes walked across the road, and I walked with him. I said, "Is there any farming still?"

"There's one dairy farm—and dairy farming is what we used to be famous for. I went out as a child picking up milk cans, mornings before school. I had a set route, and a team. Just the other day, I heard an expression that made me think of those days. It was an old Yankee saying—'John So-and-So, he'll cut his hay three times before he pays up.' We still have some truck farming and, of course, the greenhouses—Sudbury's known for its carnations. As for the rest, I guess we're growing people faster than we're grow-

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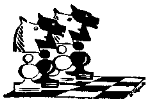
ing anything else. The developments don't seem to stop. One developer here is sold out ahead into next year. He couldn't build fast enough. He's been smart enough to build in a wooded area. Out in the open, sitting in an empty field, houses don't sell. People like trees. We've got one-acre and some acre-and-a-half zoning, with hundred-and-eighty-foot minimum frontage. And we've an ordinance restricting building to a six-per-cent maximum road grade. That's to preserve the hills—and I can tell you the developers would like to get their hands on the hills, put houses on the ridgelines, ruin the views. Then, there's the apartment-house trend. I don't quite follow that deal. Maybe it's no taxes to pay. No responsibility for raising a back garden. They'd rather play golf or go boating."



Mr. Noyes paused to nod to the driver who was bringing back the emptied dump truck. A small cloud of dust billowed along behind each of the slowly turning back wheels.

"Anyway, I still have about eighty acres of the old Noyes property," he said. "My son has just built a house there. But my wife doesn't like the family place, so I've bought an old house down on the main road. It's a bit more than two hundred years old, and pretty historical. Used to be one of the slave stations. The fellow that owned it used to put the runaway blacks in the bottom of his wagon and cart them up to Leaminster, twenty-odd miles—I guess a day's run, there and back. The wagon had a false bottom and a load of hay on top. From there, they'd go on to the Canadian border. Once they left the country, they were free. Funny thing, all that was only a little over a hundred years ago. But then history happens pretty fast, doesn't it? I was just out on Cape Cod last week. Open places where I went as a boy are towns now. Land you could have had for a few thousand a few years ago is fifteen or twenty thousand. Then, you take mortgages. Most of the old-timers round here wouldn't have had anything to do with them. I paid cash for my last car, and the dealer was offended. He was looking for his commission on the interest I ought to have been paying. But who walks these days? I ride around, and I notice the second-car routine. You know, the couple will have one new car. Then he'll drive off to work and she's stranded. But she's got to get to the shopping center down on Route 20. She's got to take the children from here to there. So they get her an old clunker, which pretty soon doesn't run or doesn't suit her. Then there's a second new car. I get a boot out of it."

I said that I thought Henry Ford would, too.

"Yes, old Henry was on the ball. He had a big stretch of land here, you know. He was a character, a real down-to-earth type of man. He'd jump over a log or crawl under a wire fence when he was out walking. And he liked restoring things. I remember he got all enthused with an old fellow here who ran square dances. That's my kind of music, too. Can't take this Beatle business."

Mr. Noyes smiled. "If you're interested in local history, you know, there's a fancy restaurant at the Wayside Inn, over in South Sudbury. Longfellow made it famous with his tales, so old Henry bought it in 1923 and did it up. Then, in 1955, they lost most of it in a fire. That was a murderous night. After a wedding party had been there, I think. There was no water. They had to cut a hole through the ice to get to the pond. When you get a real bad one going, like that, you need hydrant pressure. Only thing left was part of the east wing. Henry's foundation paid for the rebuilding. They chased all over New Hampshire looking for old men who could hand-hew timbers so they could build a seventeenth-century inn right from scratch. I suppose it was worth it, though. We need to keep a few of the old things around while civilization takes over."

WEST from Sudbury, I drove through Hudson before turning south for a few miles on Interstate Route 495, a brand-new part of the federal highway program. On the way, I thought about Mr. Noyes, the road builder, at once a pessimistic observer of civilization and a not altogether reluctant participant in its march. Like the Sudbury road he was strengthening and widening, Route 495 was intended, on a larger scale, to meet the needs of more people travelling in more cars to more places where more houses were being built to which more food would have to be carried in more trucks from—the local farms having gone—greater distances. On a weekday afternoon, the need seemed to have been prematurely answered. Mine was the only car on the road. I wondered if I'd missed a sign saying that it wasn't officially open yet. Route 495 passed through cuts in hills and on embankments over valleys, its four concrete lanes ironing out as many difficulties

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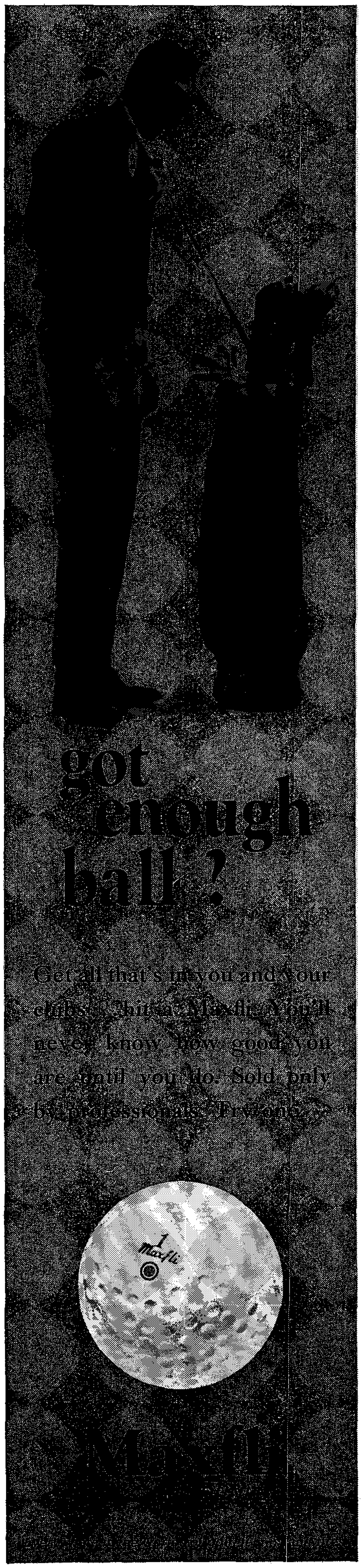
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as a railroad track. I turned west again on Route 9, which runs straight into Worcester—straight but, at 5 P.M. on a weekday evening, not very fast. There seemed to be as many people driving into Worcester as there were driving out of it. There were countless cars turning into and out of the gas stations, supermarkets, discount stores, and Dunkin' Donut shops that lined the route.

Worcester is the place where Matthew Arnold, on an American tour, is said to have complained of being served cold oysters for lunch—a strange complaint from the poet of Dover Beach. I think he was misheard, and meant *old* oysters. Be that as it may, I eschewed the Persian Room of the Holiday Inn, where I lodged, and, after ditching my bags in my room, went to sniff out a restaurant. This problem, common to travellers everywhere, has the advantage of giving you a reason for looking at your surroundings. I walked through central Worcester, which resembled many European cities of the late forties. Here it was urban renewal; there it had been war. Out of desolate, dusty spaces, buildings like the Holiday Inn and a community center were rising—both decorous examples of low-level, anonymous modern architecture, the Inn distinguished only by a sign of the garish type that advertises the presence of supermarkets, movie theatres, and bowling alleys. I walked around the common, where grass still grew, past the City Hall and down several back streets lined with plumbing-supply shops and small furniture stores. The few people around appeared to be waiting for buses to take them home. I stopped in front of a place called Putnam and Thurston's. Opaque glass prevented me from looking in, so I entered, and had my hunch rewarded: rum-and-tonic, red-snapper soup, grilled mackerel, Delmonico potatoes and buttered carrots, and rum cake. I have a taste for Italian coffee, and the coffee was the only item I found wanting, but, even so, it was neither old nor cold.

In 1829, Theodore Dwight wrote a small book entitled "Sketches of Scenery and Manners in the United States," in which, in a chapter called "Travelling to Good Purpose," he gave his advice to the tourist of the time. Having castigated those travellers who lugged around foreign novels and poems, Dwight wrote, "Instead of wishing to see the world through a fancied medium, the rational traveller wishes to view it as it is. He takes with him such books as contain necessary information in a compact and convenient form [he had, one imagines, his own book in mind]; and, at setting out, endeavours to divest his mind of all prejudice, as well as to prepare his feelings to slide easily over the little trials he must expect, determined neither to fail of the enjoyments which lie before him by extravagant anticipations, nor to diminish them unnecessarily by unfortunate comparisons."

Dwight was a bit hard, I think, on the fancied medium. I had a couple of Simenons in my suitcase, together with Yeats's "Collected Poems," a book by Professor George Wilson Pierson, of Yale, entitled "Tocqueville in America," and the September, 1965, issue of the *Scientific American*, which was all about cities. I didn't believe that either the Simenons or the Yeats was any impediment to seeing the world as it is; quite the contrary. Back at the Holiday Inn, I put my feet up on the bed and got my after-dinner exercise in Yeats:

> I pace upon the battlements and
>   stare
> On the foundations of a house, or
>   where
> Tree, like a sooty finger, starts
>   from the earth;
> And send imagination forth
> Under the day's declining beam,
>   and call
> Images and memories
> From ruin or from ancient trees,
> For I would ask a question of them
>   all.

I turned to Alexis de Tocqueville next. He came to America in 1831, with his friend Gustave de Beaumont, to look at prisons and penitentiaries, was recalled after nine months, and wrote the classic text of the time on democracy in America. I was interested in the feeling he had after having been in the country for a week. It was a feeling of disenchantment that all he saw could be attributed to fate and circumstances rather than to the will of the people—that luck and happenstance were more responsible for America than the positive action of its people. While reading the work of his successor Jean Gottmann, I had received a similar impression that the material world was in control, and the idea of America, the vision of the great republic, was in danger of being swamped down the drain. One had this gloomy feeling even though one knew that the idea of America persists, that the Northeast, in particular, holds, as Gottmann says, "the richest, best educated, best housed and best serviced group of similar size in the world," and that it remains a magnet for people from other places because it promises health and goods and opportunity to live well and (except to those for whom the two are contradictory) think well—to cherish and extend the original idea.

I was pursuing this train of thought when I ran into one of those "little trials" Dwight warned travellers they should expect. I was in Room 307. There was a party in Room 306. I hadn't prepared my mind to slide easily over the amount of laughter, singing, and general racket that came through the partitions modern building technology has substituted for the solid brick and plaster walls of yore. Jokes you can't hear aren't funny. Furthermore, as the producers of television comedies ought to realize, there is a dissociating factor in the raucous laughter of people whom one doesn't know and isn't with, and who may be, for all one can tell, canned. I tried a Simenon for a while, and followed Maigret to one of those small French provincial inns where he sits, puffing on his pipe and sopping up the local wine and the local atmosphere, until sooner or later the criminals crumble in the face of his spongelike invulnerability. I envied him. Around eleven, when it sounded as if the people next door had not only their own party going but a party on the television set as well, I seized the phone. The man at the desk listened politely to my tale, and said he would handle it. And so he did. A phone rang next door. The noise diminished.

At ten next morning, I went to see Dr. Raymond Murphy, who had not long before retired as head of the distinguished Graduate School of Geography at Clark University, which is out in the southwest part of the city. Professor Murphy, a gray-haired, square-headed man, was in his office on the third floor of the Clark Geography Building. On shelves all around the office were copies of *Economic Geography*, a quarterly journal, which he was continuing to edit, and on a table in front of him were galley proofs of a book, since published, called "The American City: An Urban Geography."

"Most of the books on cities tell you how the city should be planned," he said. "This book of mine is not about the future. It's about the city of today. Of course, it's technical." He gave me an appraising grin.

I said that things seemed to be moving in that direction rather fast.

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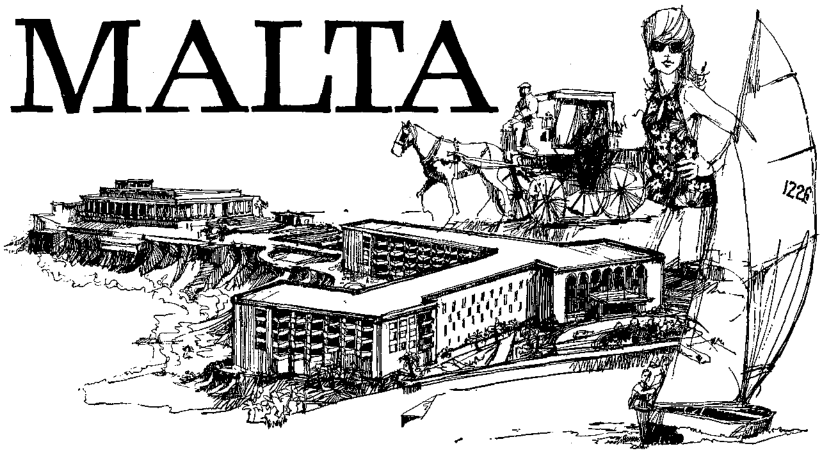

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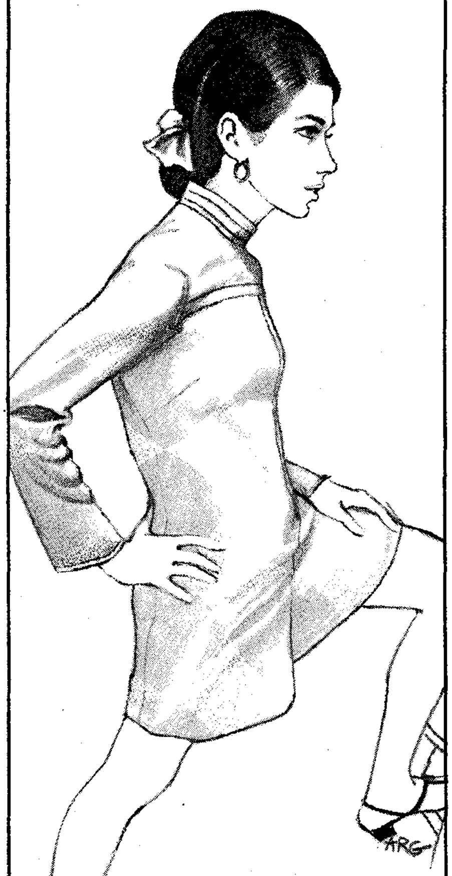

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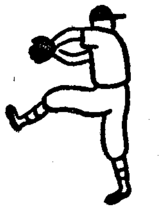
plicated beast," Professor Murphy said. "And I don't know if there are many generalities about it, understandable by the layman, that are of much value. There are so many factors to consider. For instance, why the city is situated where it is, why it has its particular shape, what kind of influence it has and how that can be measured, what the economic base is, what the city's distribution patterns and its functional classes are, who the people are who live in it or work in it, how transportation relates to it, and how commerce does, and manufacturing, and residential areas, and land use for schools, churches, recreation, and such things as cemeteries. Cemeteries are interesting, you know. In one chapter of my book I go into their history and development. It's only a minor urban pattern, but an instructive one for the modern geographer." Professor Murphy took his eyes from a far window and looked at me. He said, "Probably none of this strikes you as the geography you remember from grade school."



I said that was so, and asked him whether Worcester was a useful place for a modern geographer to live.

"It's fascinating," he said. "It's full of cultural variety—which the Census Bureau publications, by the way, don't altogether demonstrate. One of my students investigated and produced a map showing how the different sections of the city had predominant nationalities—Anglo-Saxons, French Canadians, Germans, Irish, Finns, Portuguese, Negroes, Swedes, Italians, and so forth. Worcester is a melting pot that has never truly melted every element down. Of course, Worcester has lost population. Almost every large city in the Northeast has done the same. The cities are generally losing population to the suburbs, but they can't annex the neighboring towns in which the growing suburbs lie, even though those towns are part of their respective 'urbanized areas.' The neighboring towns have no desire to give up their independent status. This is one of the big problems, because it creates the most serious economic effects for the old, central city, whose costs are rising all the time. And that's why there is a demand, in New York and elsewhere, to tax the commuters, though at least New York has a sales tax to relieve the pressure, as we don't. There is also the matter of political fragmentation—people work in one place and live in another. You get many small political units in what is really one urbanized area. All those New Jersey counties and towns and boroughs close to New York are a good example. Toronto has taken a lead in that regard by setting up a metropolitan regional government—but then they may not have quite our tradition of small-town democracy to buck against."

Professor Murphy went on to say that he, too, had deserted the central city. "I live in Princeton, which is a village eighteen miles north of here," he said. "If you study and write about cities, it's important to live in the country—you know the sort of country I mean, where the woods are surrounded by stone walls. Isn't it funny that in New England you can go into the woods almost everywhere? Up around us, they aren't posted. I go fishing in all the streams. We live an eighth of a mile up a lane, and the only places within walking distance are summer houses. The rest of the year, it's all our own. Princeton hasn't got town water or town sewerage, and that limits our growth. We're high, and built on rock, and the town would go broke digging drains and ditches. Consequently, there's a fair growth of individual homes but no subdivisions."

He asked me where I was going from Worcester.

"Either Providence or Springfield," I said.

"If you're heading for Providence," he said, "you might take a look at the Blackstone Valley, with all its old mills. That was the economic geography of New England once."

I said I would.

THE Blackstone River was named after William Blackstone, who in 1634, finding the tyranny of the Pilgrim oligarchy in Massachusetts as oppressive as that of the English bishops which had driven him across the Atlantic, moved into the wilderness north of Narragansett Bay, built a house called Study Hill, read books, rode a tame bull, and grew sweet yellow apples, which he handed out, in later years, to young people who came to hear the original settler of their region preach. The Blackstone rises just northwest of Worcester and runs south-southeast for thirty-five miles, until, having crossed the Rhode Island border at Woonsocket, it joins the Sekonk River at the top of Narragansett Bay. It is a nineteenth-century industrial river—a junior Merrimack, lined with mill villages and mill towns rather than mill cities. On the Blackstone and tributary streams are Millville, Milford, Millis, Arnold's Mills, Millbury, Grant's

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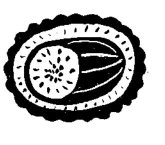
Mills, Valley Falls, and Central Falls. From Worcester to Providence, one is never in open country. There are fields and woods, but houses, fruit-and-vegetable stands, discount meat centers, and unprosperous-looking gas stations form stepping stones of habitation between the towns and villages. The Blackstone Valley is a rather scrappy model of a megalopolis.

The day had become hot and humid. I drove out of Worcester and passed through the limbo of dumps and burning garbage that one finds at the edge of cities as they fill in swampy land—making territory, perhaps, where they can no longer annex it. I left Route 146, which runs directly to Providence and bypasses most towns, in favor of 122-A and 122, which run indirectly, swinging from place to place like the river. As I drove down the valley, I was surprised to see most of the mills open for business; the Depression and other factors such as cheaper Southern labor are usually said to have devastated the New England textile industry. And, in fact, not all the mills were being devoted to their original purpose, and, for that matter, not every one of them was devoted to any one single task. Part of the Fairview Fabrics building, near Millbury, was occupied by an outfit that described itself on a sign as a wheel-pressing factory. Other mills had given up the production of textiles in order to become furniture outlets or giant discount stores. A handsome mill at Northbridge was manufacturing plastics and chemicals, while a well-maintained mill at the junction of Whitinsville Road and Route 122 was in use as the packing and storage department of the Stylon Ceramic Tile Corporation. Each of the rural mills, standing on one side of the river or the other, was faced by water meadows. In the larger towns, the mills confronted each other across the Blackstone, and sometimes—in Woonsocket and Pawtucket—even straddled it. The air changed as I travelled downstream and the smells of various industrial processes were added to it. The Blackstone itself changed color, from a dull muddy brown to the most unlikely pastel shades of red and blue.



In the nineteenth century, America was transformed from a generally rural into a generally urban nation. The Industrial Revolution brought people in from the farms, where men had steered the plow and women had baked and spun, to the towns and cities, where both men and women worked in factories. In Rhode Island, an English immigrant named Samuel Slater set up this country's first efficient spinning machinery, making it possible to turn a cottage handicraft into a factory-based industry. Cotton mills, which made raw cotton into yarn, depended on waterpower, so the mills were built by falls or in places where the river flowed fast. Because such places were often in the country, the mills went out there, and houses for the mill hands had to be built. In his excellent book "Rhode Island Architecture," Henry-Russell Hitchcock, Jr., writes:

> Houses were built in groups because they were all needed at once when a new mill was started or an old mill enlarged. They were built alike because it was obviously, even with handicraft construction, the most efficient thing to do; they were near the mills because that also was most efficient; and they were frequently built without streets before each row because walking was the only means of transportation available to the operatives. The broad spacing was natural because there was no shortage of land on open country sites; and the houses were well built and well maintained . . . because like the mills they represented a permanent capital investment and also a drawing card in obtaining labor when labor was relatively scarce.

The houses were a special attraction in a time when manufacturing didn't have a snow-white reputation. The stone cottages at Fiskeville or the white frame cottages with trim mansard roofs at Hope demonstrated the difference between conditions in Rhode Island and those in the textile regions of Great Britain. There was no inside plumbing and no running water, but the rent generally came to no more than ten per cent of the wages of the head of the family. This was a strong inducement for farming people in places like Canterbury, fed up with the stony New England countryside, or for the large Irish and French-Canadian families the millowners wanted especially—there were many jobs in a mill that a child could do. And for many of these families their total wages bought—admittedly with long hours, six days a week, and few holidays—luxuries they'd never had before. The mill villages were a little like feudal hamlets clustered around the protecting castle of the lord of the manor, who in this case also owned the company store. The pattern was one of large families in small communities, and identical houses were grouped in what are now called "superblocks," with cul-de-sacs and pedestrian paths instead of through streets. Behind their white picket fences and under the shade of leafy trees, the houses gave the appearance of forming a utopian community. Of course, the houses were all within hearing distance of the bell in the mill tower.

Millworkers were too busy to keep memoirs; the second generation had to write it down. In the early nineteen-forties, a lawyer named A. Archambault wrote a lightly fictionalized account of his own family's life in a Rhode Island mill village. "Mill Village" is the title, and the bell rings throughout:

> The night watchman was always on his job. He rang seven bells to tell mothers it was time to put all children to bed. At eight o'clock, he tolled the most weary to slumber; at nine, he summoned all Christians to bed; at ten, he scolded the villagers for staying up so late; at eleven, he reminded the sinful that eternity would call them to account for their derelictions; at twelve, he intoned a tune of peace and quiet over the sleeping village. His single stroke at one o'clock was sounded on deaf ears. At two, he played his double stroke to the glory of mothers warming milk for their infants. Three bells were heard by the one or two villagers who suffered from insomnia. At four, his bell began to assume the tone of authority; it woke up the boss farmer and his two assistants. His five o'clock clanging of bells was distinctly authoritative. Get up, all of you, whether rested or tired, mothers, fathers, children. All of you who have legs you can stand on, get up and slip your clothes on, and push the kettle to the front of the stove; warm your soup and brew your tea.

At five-fifty-five, the mill whistle blew, and when the bell chimed six the village was at work.

Samuel Slater's two mills in Pawtucket were giant, barnlike frame structures. After 1810, mills generally had walls of stone, as a partial protection against fire, but with timber beams to support the floors and the machinery. After mid-century, brick was favored, but in the twentieth century concrete-skeleton construction produced more light and less beauty. In Woonsocket, the whole series can be seen, though there, as in Pawtucket, the soft red of the brick mills has gone black with grime, and, to be fully appreciated, the style and texture of the brick mills have to be seen in less built-up places. Not a few look like the main building, in Providence, of Brown University, which, in turn, was modelled on Princeton's Nassau Hall. Many have fine Georgian windows set between solid-brick piers. Some have castellated towers or Greek Revival belfries.

After the Civil War, the three-decker frame boarding house with a porch on every floor made its appearance in Woonsocket, and the utopian years were over. Workers wanted the

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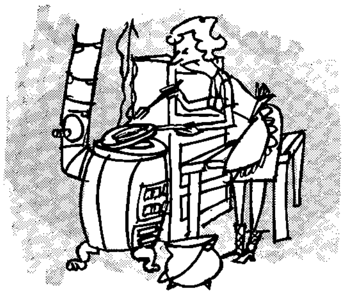

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benefits of the larger town rather than the amenities of the village. They wanted education, electric light, and, in the course of time, cars and movies and big stores. There were other pressures. In the beginning, real estate in the mill villages was untaxed, but when roads, schools, and police forces had to be paid for the old tax on spindles in the mills was insufficient. Houses and land were taxed, and the millowners had to meet those costs together with higher wages and fewer hours. Increasing the rent on the houses merely drove the villagers faster into the towns. In the period between the two world wars, when the economy of the whole country was in trouble and New England industry was moving South in search of cheap labor, the mill village lost its hold on life. Although it had been, as Archambault wrote, "as necessary to the production of cotton cloth as barracks in a military camp are necessary to the maintenance of an army," it became a decided liability for its owner. If the villages were fortunately close to urban centers where speculative money still existed, or if they contained houses still inhabited by people who were attached to their homes and could afford to buy them, the millowners managed to sell their villages piecemeal, at auction. Today there are semi-deserted villages in many parts of the state.

FOR a stranger, the central fact about Providence until quite recently was the ease with which he got lost driving through it. This fact was the reason so many car travellers in the Northeast Corridor would commit themselves to the remark "Providence is a mess," although they had seen very little that could be identified as a city when they drove through crumbling blocks and huge tracts of redevelopment, following, say, Route 1 on a tortuous combination of temporary roads and bumpy detours marked insufficiently by small red "1" signs tacked to fences and telephone poles, which—if one had the usual Providence luck—would suddenly start to sprout yellow signs marking Route 6. Where, oh where, did one go from there? But now all this has undergone a change because of the construction of Interstate Route 95.

The topic of new roads occupied me for most of the day I spent in Providence. The morning after my arrival, I left the Sheraton-Biltmore Hotel, in central Providence, in plenty of time to walk around Kennedy Plaza (which used to be Exchange Place) and appear at the offices of the Rhode Island Statewide Planning Program by 8:30 A.M., when I had an appointment with Richard Bouchard, the program director. Mr. Bouchard, a big man in his early thirties, was in his shirtsleeves. "I'll tell you as simply as I can what we're up to," he said. "We've been in business just a year. Rhode Island is a vital link in the Boston-Washington Corridor of population, trade, and finance, and it's got a good chance to prosper. And right now the tempo is fast. We're really rushed, because the advance is simultaneous on so many fronts: more people, more jobs, more houses, more roads, more recreation, more utilities. All these big changes make demands on natural and financial resources. There are many conflicts, and there are going to be many more. To avoid those conflicts and make the most of our resources requires careful statewide planning. That's what we're doing here. Of course, we're a city-state—the Providence metropolitan area contains three-quarters of the state's population—and to get federal funds these days you have to plan on a metropolitan basis as well. In our case, that means planning for Attleboro, which is in Massachusetts. One of the first things I did in this job was bring the Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island highway departments together. Now they meet once a month to time improvements that affect each other, and I keep track of what they're doing."

This fraternal attitude on the part of a Rhode Island city planner toward his colleagues to the north and west might have surprised Anthony Trollope, the nineteenth-century English novelist, who, adjusting easily to the large American scale on a visit here in 1862, found Rhode Island's tininess eccentric, and wrote, "I should think it would be well for all parties if the whole State could be swallowed up by Massachusetts or by Connecticut, either of which lie conveniently near for the feat." Now Rhode Island is not only the smallest but the most densely populated of the states. In an age of urbanization, it is the most urban state in the Union.

Mr. Bouchard went on to say that it was, as I might not know, National Highway Week, and that, assuming I was interested in highways and their effect on a city like Providence, he had put my name down to join him on an official bus trip that was leaving the capitol in half an hour to tour the sections of Interstate Route 95 then being built through the city. Aboard our bus

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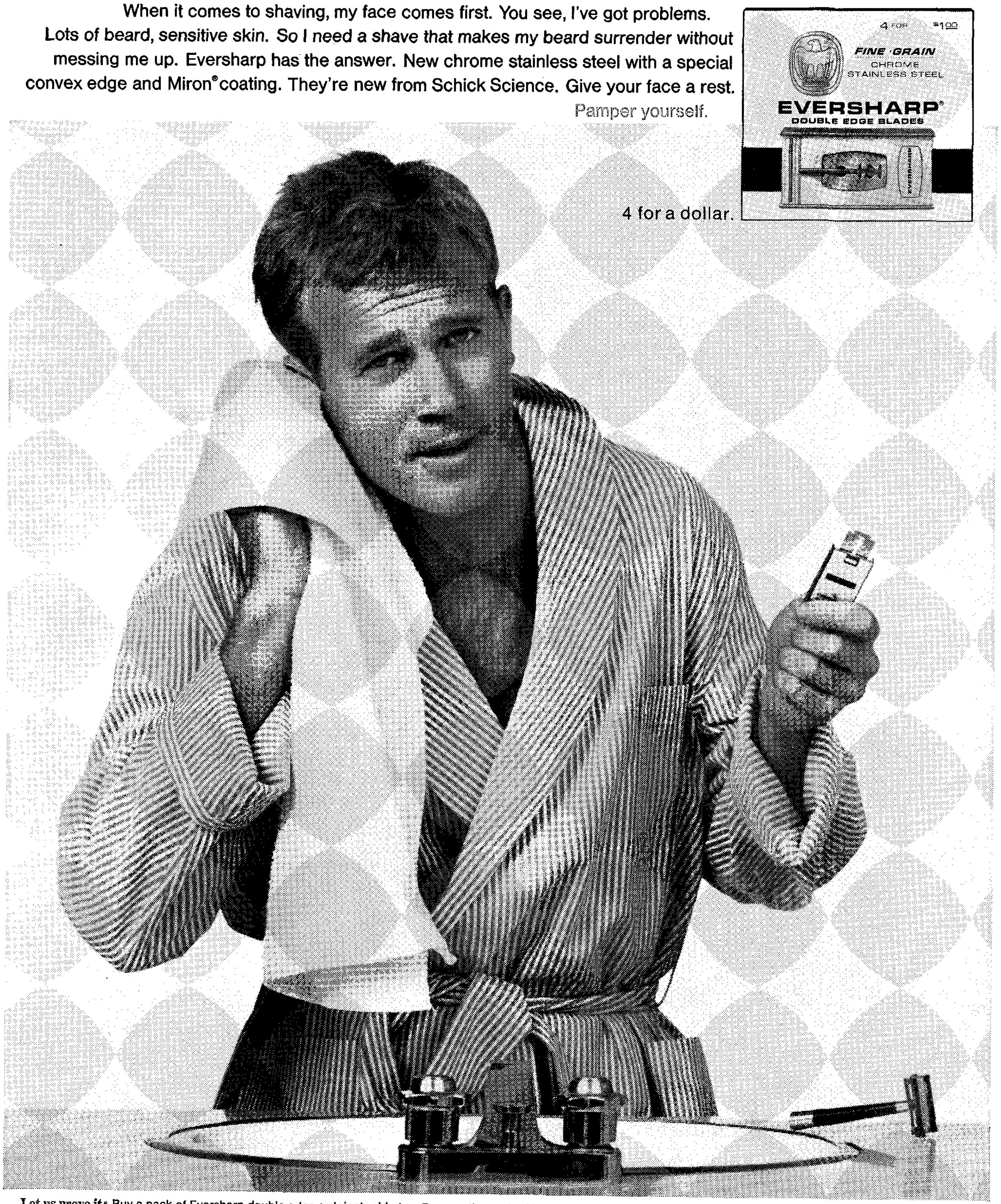
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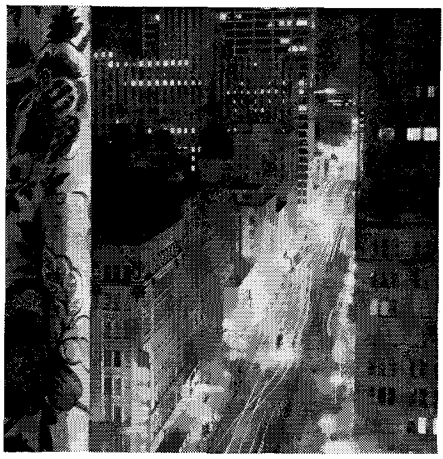

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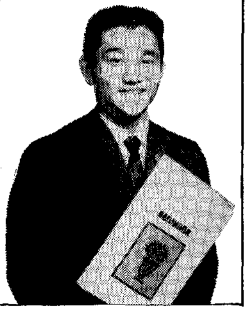

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were members of the local press; a representative of Keep America Beautiful, Inc.; Chamber of Commerce officials from Providence, Pawtucket, and the Blackstone Valley; and a number of state officials. Our tour conductor was Angelo Marcello, Rhode Island's Director of Public Works. A smartly dressed, energetic man, Mr. Marcello won the sympathy of the passengers soon after the tour started by announcing, as he looked out a window to tell us what was going on in a particular area of road building, "Wait a moment. Right now I'm lost."

One thing Interstate 95 will do is make it impossible for the through traveller who stays on it ever again to get lost in Providence. It runs in a broad, sinuous river of concrete from one end of the city to the other. That day, some sections were open, some were about to be opened, some were still only roughly graded earth, and in one place, on the south edge of the city, there were still fields, visible from a country road, where the expressway would soon plow its course. We travelled through parts of the old city where factories were going to be moved out of the way of the new road. We passed the railroad yards that divide the city, and were shown a New Haven roundhouse that had yet to be moved out of the way. The New Haven—the interstate expressway of yesteryear—had been slow to give the planning people facts and figures on the structure's relocation, Mr. Marcello said, so in the meantime a maze of detours wound around it, marked with the notorious Providence route signs and arrows. We saw a place where the highway was depressed, somewhat improving, perhaps, the view from the houses up above at street level, and we were told that the earth excavated from the depression had been used in another section, where earth was needed to fill in swampy ground. We visited a place where an interchange was going to be constructed, and Sears, Roebuck—quick off the mark to gain so valuable a site—had already begun to build a shopping center. Mr. Marcello pointed out to us two particular problem areas. One was a cemetery, where more than four thousand bodies had been shifted only after the next of kin of those interred there had been sought out and had given permission for the move. (When Captain Frederick Marryat, the author of "Mr. Midshipman Easy," visited Providence in 1837, he was upset because the railroad passed over an old cemetery, and exclaimed, "Here do they grind down the bones of their ancestors for the sake of gain!") The other place that had given the road builders trouble was a suburb called Friendly Community, in which there had been extremely vociferous opposition to the construction of an interchange. At hostile protest meetings, people had asked, "How can they do this to a middle-income neighborhood?"

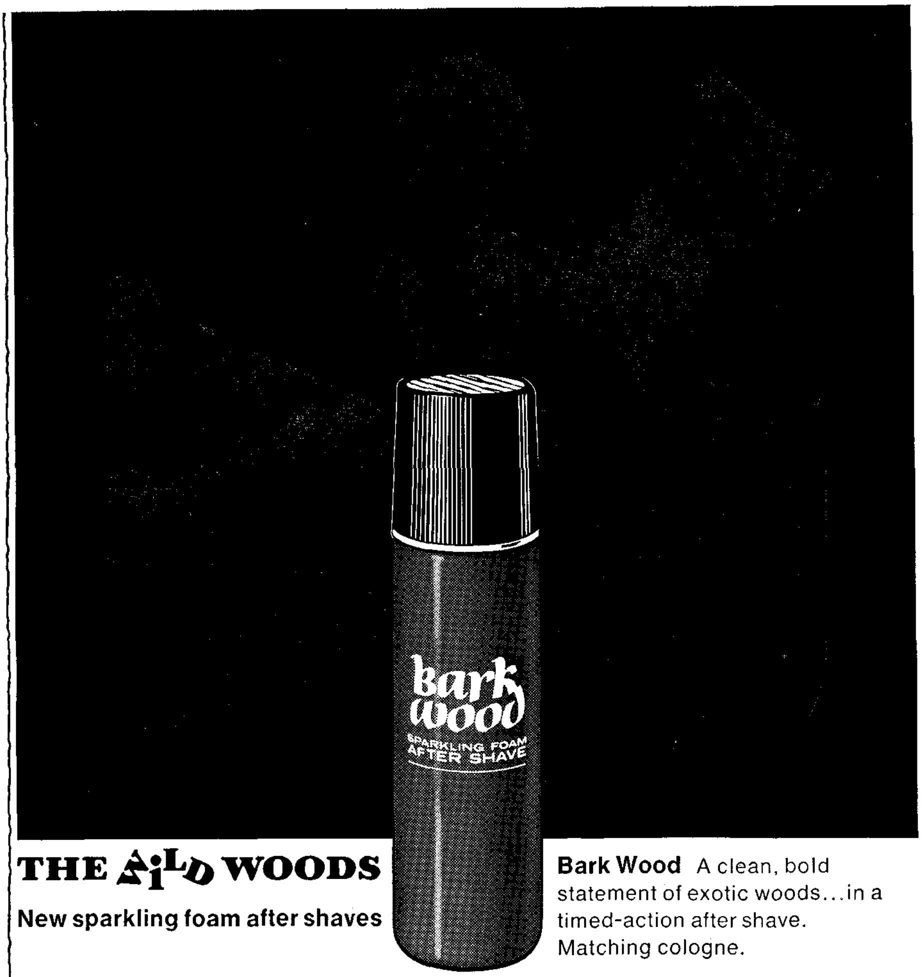
Rhode Island got a late start in the Federal Interstate Highway program, which began in 1956 and to which much urban planning throughout the country has been a direct short-term reaction. In Rhode Island, there had been little desire for new roads at first, and hence little federal money. But in 1960 Mr. Marcello got things moving, and kept things moving so rapidly that the state was now ahead of the rest of the country in finishing its share of the Interstate program. We stopped at one place on the tour where the immense forces that Mr. Marcello had aroused could be seen and felt in their most primitive form. The stop was for a coffee break, and the coffee and doughnuts were served at a spot, neatly chosen, where construction work was in progress. Graders and bulldozers rumbled past, and clouds of dust rose in the bright sun. Big yellow Mack trucks carrying dry-batch concrete dumped it into the hoppers of two huge mixing machines, and water wagons rolled up to fill the mixers, which proceeded to release the manufactured concrete in front of a machine known as a Rex slip-form paver. This juggernaut, which could just about be called a road-making machine, was twenty-two feet long and twenty-five feet wide, weighed thirty-two thousand pounds, and looked like a careless assemblage of parts from a giant sled, a bulldozer, a tractor, a concrete mixer, a plow, and several dozen lawnmowers. The Rex company, whose operating pamphlet I later had a chance to study, says proudly:

> Leading wing wall plates keep the concrete within the paving lines.... The tracks of the slip-form paver travel in the same trenches as the sub-grade planer. Uniform consistency of the batch is important, since variation in moisture content will result in differential settlement and shrinkage of the concrete. The adjustable strike-off screed controlled by hydraulic cylinders advances and retracts. The screed is set about one inch above the height of the finished surface and spreads the concrete for the full width of the pavement. By levelling the concrete to the compacting equipment a low head is maintained at the final strike-off.... Be-

hind the strike-off, two pan vibrators and two tamping bars consolidate and puddle the mix to push the coarse aggregates slightly below the surface. This operation leaves the concrete ready for the finishing operation.... Squeeze! ... As the paver moves forward the concrete is pressed down and squeezed out behind the plate under the load of the 32,000-pound machine.... Slip-forms added to the full 22-ft. length of the machine trail in individual sections 16 ft. long behind the machine.... These forms hold the concrete for 8 to 12 minutes, depending on the forward speed.... A burlap drag attached to the end of the last section of forms gives the final finish.

I watched the slip-form paver inching forward and the smooth concrete roadway being pressed out behind. One man was operating the machine from a position on a sort of bridge deck. A number of other workmen, standing in awe along the roadside, looked as if they might have been put out of work by it. Indeed, the Rex company claims that its machine eliminates not only four thousand to ten thousand feet of steel forms, one form-handling truck, and one pin-driving rig but also two form setters, nine to eleven form-setter helpers and tampers, one compressor operator on the form-setting gang, one truck driver and one helper on the same gang, one jackhammer operator, one spreader operator, one transverse finisher operator, one longitudinal float-finisher operator, and two belting and burlap-drag equipment handlers. In paving costs, the company claims, the machine saves five thousand to eight thousand dollars per lane per mile. This particular section of Interstate 95 was one and three-tenths miles long and six lanes wide, and was to cost six and a half million dollars. Behind the slip-form paver came a curing machine to keep the concrete from drying out too fast. After that, once the concrete had set, workmen with circular saws would cut joints several inches deep to prevent the concrete from cracking by giving it room to expand. Then a final three-inch wearing course of bituminous concrete would be laid on top, although the concrete itself was smooth enough to drive on.

At the airport, where we had lunch, Mr. Bouchard introduced me to Ernest Friday, chief of the Planning Division of the Rhode Island Development Council, which Mr. Bouchard's outfit is part of, and on the way back into town, after a helicopter ride to see Interstate 95 from above, Mr. Friday said, "What our present problem boils down to is this: We have a fixed amount of land and an increasing number of people. We also have the car and high-



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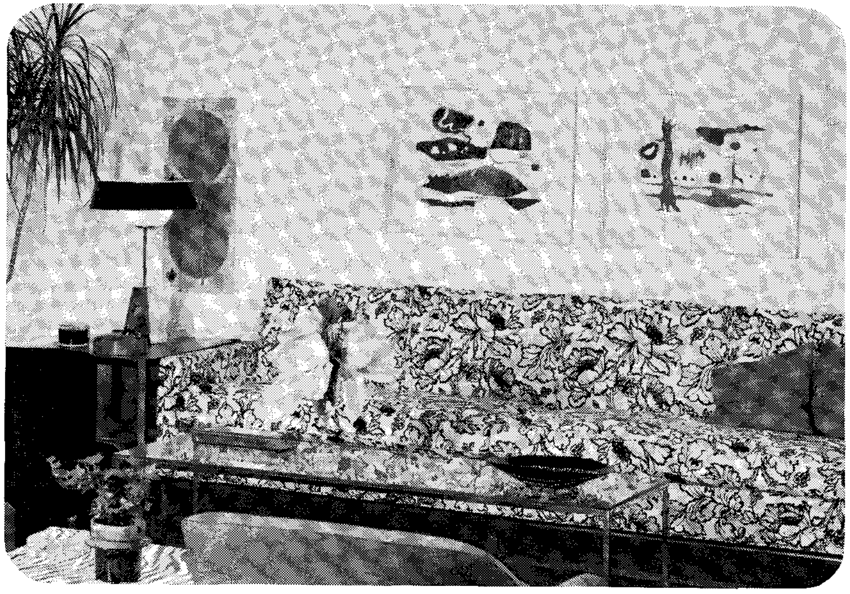

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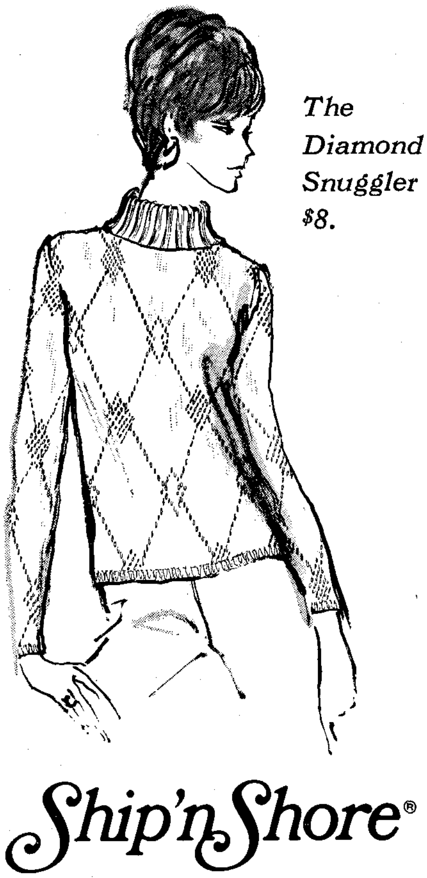

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ways, which open up hitherto distant places—large areas of cheap land all around the city suddenly become ripe for industrial or residential development. People move out, particularly the young people and the wealthy people, leaving behind the poor and the elderly and the unproductive. Hartford lost seven and a half per cent of her center-city population in the 1950-60 period, Worcester lost eight point three per cent, and Providence lost sixteen point six per cent—which is a whopping figure. So you get suburban sprawl and an increasingly dilapidated city. In regard to the land that's opened up by roads like Interstate 95, we have a study under way now to see what the state can do to buy or control land alongside new highways, so that it can prevent ribbon development or block the wrong use of land at valuable interchanges. Because highways like this alter time relationships, we're pushing our park system desperately—planning boat-launching areas, camping sites, and hiking trails while we have the chance. Of course, the new roads are part of a centralizing process, too. In Rhode Island, we've brought all our public-health services into one spot. Furthermore, we're closer than ever to Connecticut and Massachusetts. We are beginning to talk in terms of regional instead of state education. And there's one thing people often forget. These new highways not only make it easier to get through or out of Providence—they also make it easier to get into it."

What will people do when they get there? I went for a stroll around the city before dinner and found in the pleasures of that excursion a partial answer: They will walk. Walking in a city can be as great a pleasure as walking in the country; it is walking in the suburbs, along empty sidewalks, with people staring suspiciously from houses and cars, that is impossible. Providence had one of the earliest nineteenth-century shopping arcades, which facilitated moving under cover from shop to shop, and now, in the same shopping area, the city has followed the example of Fresno, Toledo, Pomona, Ottawa, and Kalamazoo in sponsoring a twentieth-century version of the arcade—a pedestrian mall. Five blocks of Westminster Street have been permanently closed to automobile traffic, the street has been paved over from building wall to building wall with yellow-topped concrete, and birch trees, shrubs, lampposts, and benches have been set here and there along it. Several side streets have joined the movement and become extensions of the mall. Where a crosstown-bus route shoots across the main pedestrian way, warning lights flash, as at a railroad crossing, and buses pause before going through. At the south end of the mall, several parking garages sit ready to scoop in the cars that can go no further. When I visited the mall, quite a few people were walking about in it, sitting on the benches to chat, or window-shopping. The shops in the mall, it seemed to me, were dignified by their new ambiance, with its lack of noise, exhaust fumes, and traffic, even when, as in many cases, they possessed the same sleazy glass-and-chromium façades as the shops along unmade-over streets. A number of the buildings were architecturally interesting, especially in their upper levels, above the shopfronts, and it was possible to stand (or sit) and stare at them in the mall without feeling that one was blocking a flow of pedestrian traffic or was in danger of being knocked into the path of a car. I went into a bookstore, and a young clerk told me that the mall seemed to be good for business. (A few months later, some merchants announced that their business had gone up at least twenty per cent.) The fact that all the shops in the mall were rented and doing business (which wasn't the case in surrounding streets) seemed to reflect the mall's attractions, which surely had the effect of making a customer of one shop tend to go on and visit a few more in the area. Walking was what the mall restored to the city person or the city visitor, and walking in such an environment gives renewed meaning to the word "promenade." On the way back to the Sheraton, I passed two young women who were discussing which way they should take to their bus stop. It was a dispute settled quickly when one said, "Let's go through the mall," and her friend agreed.

At the Sheraton, after my walk, I had dinner—an overpriced, overcooked, but nicely served meal. I sent back the Brussels sprouts and asked for a salad instead. People who condemn the British for their cooking of vegetables on the basis of restaurant meals should order Brussels sprouts in half a dozen American public dining rooms. I know, of course, that it is supposedly either great poverty or great wealth that encourages great cooking, and the Sheraton was intended to accommodate neither.

Having called the hotel operator and

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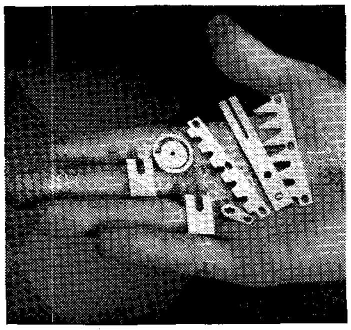

If, for respite from abstractions, you take a certain interest in the world of tangible *things*, you may care to know something about photofabrication.

It's a new way of working metal. Or glass, ceramics, plastics. For generations in all "advanced" countries the punch press, the drill press, and the milling and grinding machines have symbolized progress through industry. Now photography, of all things, offers engineers a more facile way to manufacture some of the more precise and complex mechanical parts required by the miraculous devices of civilization.

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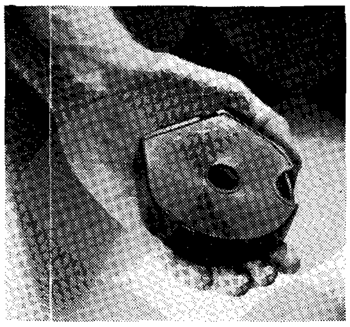
> "And what does your son the advertising man advertise, Mrs. Jones?"
>
> "Photofabrication."
>
> "Oh."

*Those who want to acquire a broader understanding of marketing through experience might get in touch with Business and Technical Personnel Department, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. 14650.**

Single concept



This, in some educators' jargon, is a single-concept film. The movie in the cartridge might run no more than 8 feet long, or it might run as long as 50 feet—whatever is required to explain what needs to be explained and no more. In a science subject, for example, the student consults it as he would a page in a lab manual. If he consulted it before performing an assigned lab exercise, just watching the film a few times could take the place of the part of the exercise that answers the questions already answered long ago by the founding fathers of the science. He could then use the precious actual lab time to answer some questions involving suspense and excitement.

The new and higher-quality super 8 films that schools will buy or teachers can make can be kept in the cartridge for instant use on special study-type projectors, even by young children who have only recently learned to handle books. The vast numbers of super 8 projectors already waiting in private homes also accept these films.

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That is why Tom Fudge performs a useful service by going about insisting on the importance of the trademark TECMANGAM *in soil improvement. His address is Eastman Chemical Products, Inc., Kingsport, Tenn. 37662 (Subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company).*

Kodak

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*These who already have the right job and think that it requires them to understand a few more technical facts about photofabrication should communicate instead with our Department 926 and ask for Pamphlet H3-8.

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asked to be awakened at six the next morning, I turned in and read part of Sarah Kemble Knight's "Journal." Madam Knight journeyed between Boston and New York during the fall and winter of 1704 and 1705, and her trip, made to look after some family business matters in New Haven, took her over unmapped roads and through untouched forests, with many rivers to be forded and few places where she could be sure of a comfortable night's rest along the way. She set off in early October. Guides had to be hired here and there on her route. She, a woman travelling alone on horseback, was much marvelled at, and deservedly so, for she put up with fatigue, swamps, rides in canoes across dark and rushing rivers, and drunken locals at some of her stops for the night. At one place in this Narragansett country, Madam Knight was kept awake, as I was in Worcester, and composed her resentments thus:

> I ask thy aid, O potent Rum!
> To charm these wrangling topers
>   dumb.
> Thou hast their giddy brains
>   possest—
> The man confounded with the
>   beast—
> And I, poor I, can get no rest.
> Intoxicate them with thy fumes:
> O still their tongues till morning
>   comes!

Madam Knight made me feel that I had been pretty lucky in my own easily surmounted misfortunes to date. At the stage post just before reaching Providence, she called for something to eat. There were no Brussels sprouts to exchange for a salad. "The woman," Madam Knight wrote, "brought in a twisted thing like a cable, but something whiter; and, laying it on the board, tugged for life to bring it into a capacity to spread; which having with great pains accomplished, she served in a dish of pork and cabbage. . . . I, being hungry, got a little down; but my stomach was soon cloyed, and what cabbage I swallowed served me for a cud the whole day after."

BEING someone who since childhood has continued to associate happiness with mud and water, I rose with alacrity at an early hour the morning after my day in Providence and drove southward down the western shore of Narragansett Bay to Saunderstown, in order to meet Dr. Nelson Marshall, professor of oceanography at the University of Rhode Island, who was conducting a survey of the state's coastal marshes as part of an effort to save them from the forces that threaten them. Dr. Marshall, a burly man, with tanned face and a sailor's wrinkles around his eyes, was wearing a plaid shirt and an old tweed sports jacket. He sat behind a desk crowded with papers, books, and a microscope in the low, modern Oceanography Building set (several miles from the main campus in Kingston) on the slope of a hill facing Narragansett Bay. "A marsh takes a good thousand years to be created," he said. "It can be destroyed in a day. It takes, I should say, a hundred years to make just one foot of salt-marsh peat, which can't be restored the way a forest can. For the last two hundred years, we've been filling in marshes without thought of the consequences, and for the last twenty years we've been doing it fast. In Rhode Island, we've just woken up to the fact that if we want to save what we've got left—which is about four thousand acres of coastal wetland—we've got to act now."

The marsh-destroying forces that have been and still are at work are agricultural drainage, dumping, pollution by industrial and human effluents, and the construction of roads, houses, factories, and marinas. Many of these have gone unchecked simply because people tend to think of marshes as murky bogs infested by ghouls and mosquitoes or, at best, as places of birds and seashells, which can be defended only for their aesthetic value. In fact, as Dr. Marshall pointed out, marshes have great economic value. A salt marsh is a food factory that produces organic matter equivalent to an Iowa cornfield of equal size. A study of a tidal estuary in Connecticut has demonstrated that one acre of salt marsh can produce three hundred pounds of edible scallops every year, which is more than the beef yield from an acre of good grassland. Such commercial fish as winter flounder and bluefish find food and shelter in marsh areas during their first year of life. Striped bass, menhaden, shad, and alewives spend part of their time feeding in marsh-lined estuaries and rivers. Furthermore, marshes act as spongy bulwarks against flood and coastal erosion in a way that man-made defenses can never equal.

New Jersey began a coastal-land-acquisition program in 1932, and now has nearly a hundred thousand acres of protected land, much of it marshes, but other states have been slower to act. Following various unsuccessful court battles to protect Rhode Island marshes, Dr. Marshall and ten colleagues got together in 1965 to ask the state government for a two-year moratorium on marsh development and destruction. They didn't get it. But, with Governor John Chafee's help, they made another attack, and this one succeeded. The state government acquired the power to purchase marshland with funds from the Department of the Interior and a Rhode Island Green Acres program, and legislation passed by the state assembly provided for salt marshes to be protected by new zoning regulations. Under this bill, the director of the state's Department of Natural Resources was empowered to issue a written order, to be filed in each town hall, designating the dimensions of "coastal wetlands or parts thereof, the ecology of which shall not be disturbed and the use of which shall be restricted to those uses compatible with the public policy of this state." It therefore became necessary to find out what the ecology of the marshes then consisted of. This was a job that would have taken many years if done by traditional scientific methods. Dr. Marshall and his associates decided that a marsh inventory must be made as quickly as possible in order to give the legislation substance, and so they recruited a corps of volunteers, twenty-six strong, that included underwater engineers, zoology students, housewives, doctors, oceanographers, botanists, biologists, and the manager of the Block Island Light & Power Co. Dr. Marshall then conducted a one-day workshop session at a marsh in Galilee, near Point Judith, to teach his volunteers what to look for, and everyone waded around and got nicely wet and dirty. The state was carved up into working areas, and teams were appointed to survey specific marshes or—since a marsh could cover anything from one acre to several hundred acres—parts of marshes.

"How do you feel about a walk?" Dr. Marshall asked me.

I replied that I had brought with me both boots and sneakers.

"Two of our graduate students were supposed to go out and make a marsh inventory yesterday, but they're going this morning instead. They'd be glad to have you along."

Dr. Marshall introduced me, in the next office, to Johnes Moore and John Tietjen, of the Graduate School of Oceanography. Moore was six feet one and was wearing boots. Tietjen was six feet four and was wearing sneakers. We got into Tietjen's Volkswagen (I sat sidewise in the back seat), drove up the hill, and then made our way south for several miles on what the road signs call Scenic 1-A. Moore, a native of Washington, D.C., told me that after

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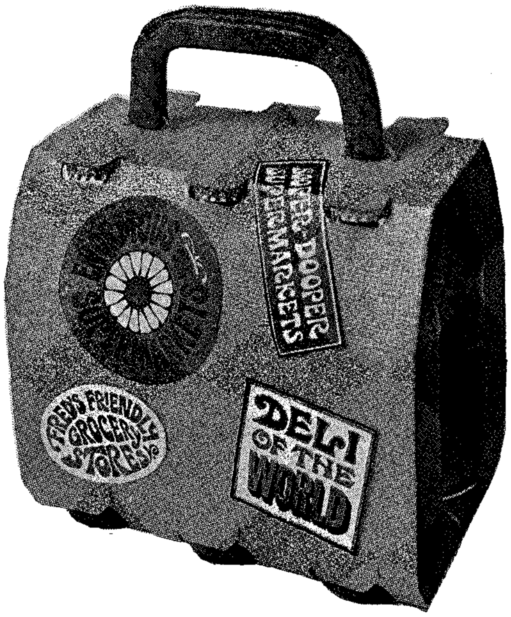

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leaving Bowdoin College, where he studied biology, and spending a couple of years in the service, he had gone to work for an advertising agency in Manhattan. He got fed up with the sundry metropolitan pressures after five years and decided to go into marine biology. He was now investigating the scallops of Niantic Bay. The day before, he had suffered a minor calamity as a result of having left an electric pump running the previous night, when there was a new moon; there was an abnormally low tide, and the pump went dry and burned out. He didn't look particularly unhappy about the sort of pressures that his new career subjected him to. Tietjen, whose parents were born in Germany, was studying for a doctorate, with a thesis on the ecology of small invertebrates inhabiting the marine sediments of the area.

"Here we are," Tietjen said a few minutes after we had left the main road and driven across a small river, by whose bank we stopped. "This is Middlebridge. The river is the Pettaquamscutt, also known as the Narrow River."

The scenery had improved away from Scenic 1-A. The river, a hundred feet wide (or narrow) at this point, flowed southward through margins of gray-green and brown-green marsh, bordered on each side by a low, slightly wooded ridge, with houses set here and there amid the trees. A hundred yards downstream, a man stood in a dilapidated dark-gray skiff raking for quahogs. Two more skiffs were moored to stakes set in the mud beneath the bridge we had driven over. From the stains on the abutments, I gathered that it was low tide; I donned my sneakers rather than my boots, and followed Tietjen and Moore onto the marsh.

The ground was firm yet receptive underfoot, and the smell of marsh was strong. It was the smell of decay, of a million microscopic things living and dying and piling up on one another to make peat, building up land until larger plants, and even trees, could take root in it. It is a process that would in the course of time turn all salt ponds into marsh and then into salt-free land if it weren't for the fact that the sea has been rising some three or four inches every century as the glaciers melt; in New England the rise of the sea has more than kept up with the building of marshland. At any rate, the smell of the marsh by no means diminished the taste of the air on that clear and sunny morning. We walked along a small track of bare mud that led onto a plateau of marsh grass stretching between the river and one of the wooded ridges.

"If you look closely," Tietjen said, "you can see that this marsh ground slopes slightly upward as it goes toward the trees on solid ground. You can see how the zones change—how there are different kinds of marsh vegetation as it climbs upward and gets farther from salt water. A difference of a few inches in altitude is enough to change the type of cover. The salt in the soil is the controlling factor."

I asked him to identify some of the vegetation for me. I suffer from the common desire to know the names of growing things and the common failure to remember just about any of them.

"Most of this light-green zone closest to the water is *Spartina alterniflora*, also known as salt-marsh cord grass," Tietjen said. "There is a certain amount of *Spartina patens*, or salt-meadow cord grass, mixed in with it; *Spartina patens* is slightly finer than the *alterniflora*. The sharp stuff here and there is *Distichlis spicata*, and the *Juncus gerandi*, or black rush, makes the brownish zone that begins about two-thirds of the way to the trees. The purple plant in bloom is sea lavender—*Limonium carolinianum*. And then there's the seaside goldenrod—*Solidago sempervirens*—which roughly marks the limit of the salt marsh. You can see cattails growing wherever the fresh water begins to seep in. The small trees behind, which are oak, locust, and crab apple, wouldn't grow if there were any salt in the soil."

As Tietjen talked, he made note of these zones of vegetation on an inventory sheet, which he held on a clipboard. He numbered them from the lowest elevation, by the river, to the highest, by the trees. He estimated the percentage of marsh that each zone made up and the density of the zone. The inventory form gave him a choice of four densities—rare, sparse, common, and abundant. Other sections of the form to be filled out were for details on the substratum; on the birds, mammals, and major marine fauna; on conditions affecting the salinity of bordering tidal waters; on indications of man-made abuse of natural marsh features; and on indications that existing or projected modifications to the marsh or surrounding areas were altering or would alter the marsh. A final "general subjective evaluation" had to be made of the importance of conserving the tract under study as a natural-resource area, and the volunteer was asked to include pertinent comments on the urgency of the particular situation.

We ambled along, sometimes following the river edge of the marsh, sometimes tracking across it toward the salt-free land. Moore had appointed himself the wildlife observer—he carried binoculars, and a copy of Peterson's "Field Guide to Birds" stuck out of his windbreaker pocket—and the first creature he brought to our attention, with a shouted "Look!," was a great blue heron. Despite the name, it is a rather gray bird, with yellowy-green legs and whitish head and neck; it is certainly "great" enough, though, having the wingspan of an eagle and a height of four feet when standing. This heron flew slowly and silently down-river. Moore, quoting Peterson, said its call was *frahnk*, *frahnk*, *frawnk*.

On the river edge of the marsh, we came to what Tietjen described as "an extensive mat"—a slimy coating of blue-green algae rimmed by a foot-high cliff of bare mud. The river itself was clear; one could see scallop shells and eelgrass on the bottom. At spring tides, this edge of the marsh would be covered, and would swarm with tiny fish. Farther in toward the ridge, small islands of salt-free soil had formed in places where the peat substratum had buckled upward and risen sufficiently above the tide line to allow terrestrial vegetation to take hold. Poking his foot at the blue-green eelgrass, Moore said, "Some of the people at the lab think this stuff—it's called *Zostera marina*—may be useful. They're looking for an antibiotic, and this may fill the bill. Of course, it's also useful in the marsh cycle—the food chain of light, water, bacteria, plants, fish, and animals. Trophic dynamics is the name of the process."

For some time past, I had been discreetly smacking my hands, neck, and face in an effort to knock off a few of the mosquitoes that were strolling around on me seeking likely spots for exploitation. Between two marsh hammocks, a large brown area turned out, at a close look, to be a pond covered with sludge. The sludge was mosquito larvae—millions of minute wriggling things. Tietjen explained that although other parts of the marsh had been ditched to drain ponds like these for mosquito-control programs, this part had not. Ditching was to be preferred to the use of pesticides that anni-

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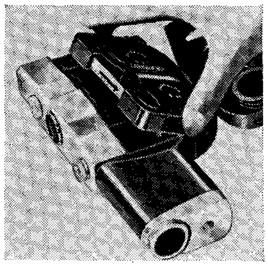

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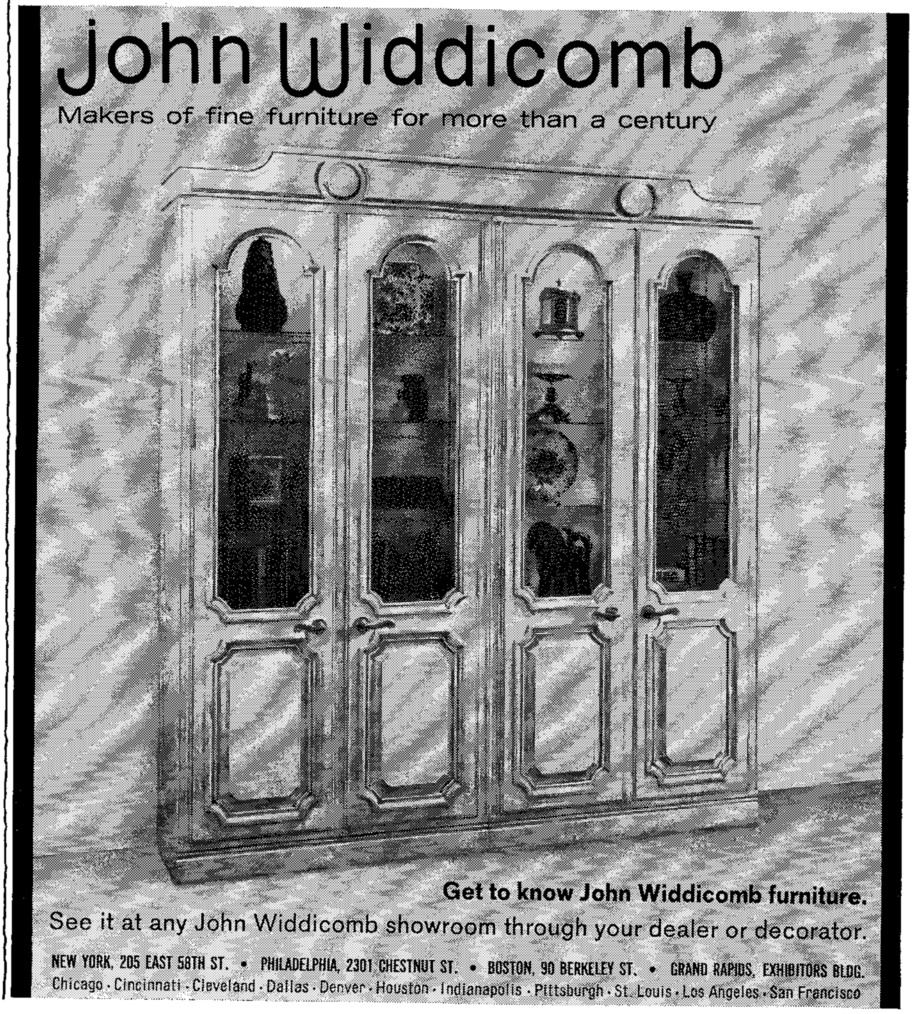

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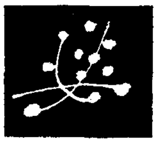
hilated other forms of marsh life. The Oceanographic School had studied ditching, which had to be done correctly to be effective, and had drawn up specifications for proper ditches. They should be no more than forty inches wide and fifteen inches deep. They should lead toward the seaway and allow the tide to move freely in and out. They should be redug not more than once every five years. The invasion of marsh plants into the ditches was a good thing, because it provided protection for young fish, and by introducing seawater the ditches discouraged land plants from growing in the marsh. All in all, the ditches encouraged the exchange of substances that produced marsh life. The water in one ditch I examined was covered with what I was told were patches of white bacteria, and mud snails were feeding on *Zostera* along its banks. Under the bacteria, squadrons of minnows slipped through eelgrass.

Moore had his binoculars up again and was panning the stretch of marsh across the river. "Herons," he said. "Four, five, six . . . eight, nine . . . Good grief, a lot of them! Black duck, too. Half a dozen."

In the course of the walk, we also saw a kingfisher, tree swallows, bank swallows, gulls, loons, sandpipers, two crows, a green heron (a small bird, with a chestnut-colored neck, that would soon be flying down to Florida), and, cruising upstream, a pair of swans. Where the Narrow River, joined by a branch stream coming from Wakefield, dipped under Scenic 1-A and out through a gap in the dunes to the sea, there was a stretch of hard marsh mud denuded of vegetation. Presumably, the tide and current were fiercest here. The only items of interest were a dead gull, some driftwood, a shell of a horseshoe crab, and such human debris as a light bulb, two beer cans, and several expended shotgun shells. Beyond the bare patch was an area that in contrast looked like expensive carpet.



"*Spartina patens*," said Tietjen.

I asked why it looked unlike the *Spartina patens* we had seen before.

"It's very thin—it can't support its own weight by itself—and therefore it's lying down."

Moore wriggled his boots in it. "Terrific stuff," he said.

We came to the remnants of a fence. Old posts with rusty eyebolts meant for long-vanished wire stood, at various angles of heel, in a row that led toward trees on the ridge. A house was just visible beyond the ridge. Tietjen said, "This is someone's property—which is another of the factors we're up against. Most marsh in Rhode Island is privately owned. In Colonial times, the marshes were the most valued assets of a coastal town—people prized the right to own part of a marsh and harvest the hay. Even today, although their title deeds are generally pretty foggy by now, some people will say you're trespassing by walking through their marsh."

Moore said, "We're supposed to write it in the inventory if we're run off any place."

"A couple of years ago," Tietjen went on, "conservation interests here fought several court cases to try to prove that all land below the mean high-water mark was state land, and therefore that it couldn't be dredged out or dumped on by individuals. However, these proceedings only confused the matter. It was a real tangle—it was hard, for instance, to get anyone to agree where the high-water mark was. That was the point at which Dr. Marshall and some others went to the governor and got things started. Now the state has the responsibility of preserving the marshes, but the state is still under a lot of pressure. Take this river as it winds north of here. There's a lot of development of new riverfront subdivisions, and consequently more boating, and talk about building a marina, and all that. The Mettatuxet Betterment Association, which is mainly summer people, wants the river dredged. There's no doubt it's silting up, but no one has yet looked to see where the silt is coming from—maybe it's coming from those cleared areas where there are now houses and yards instead of trees. The problem is to stop them from dredging before they've investigated what the side effects may be. Dredging to one depth might be good for the marsh, especially if there's pollution coming downstream. Dredging to another depth might be terrible."

I HAD lunch in the seaside town of Narragansett Pier—a nineteenth-century watering place now in an advanced stage of decay. The pier itself went in the great 1938 hurricane, a natural phenomenon people still talk about along the northeast coast. (Most people are rarely aware of nature until it kicks them, hard.) The pierhead buildings, designed by McKim, Mead & White rather late in their heyday, were partly burned down several years ago. I had a pork cutlet, mashed potatoes, and peas in one of the few eating places still open nearly a month after the end of the season, and then took a brief walk around the town. Narragansett Pier seemed to be the sort of place that only prosperity enables to present a decent face, powdered and painted; in bad times the commonness and grime are bound to show through. Although there are some big, well-kept houses along this shore, the Pier, as it is called, sets a tone that is matched by hundreds of summer shacks, built of tarpaper, asbestos shingles, and concrete blocks. Architects who—praising Saarinen's T.W.A. Building and Maillart's bridges—call this the age of concrete may be right. But what is aesthetic freedom among the mighty, allowing buildings to escape some of the strictness of steel and stone, may be rather a sloppy freedom among the lowly. Or so it seemed to me later that day, as I drove along Scenic 1-A around Point Judith Pond and cast a gloomy eye on the concrete blocks that everywhere seemed to support old cars and mobile homes, and were serving as the foundations of unfinished ranch houses and quarter-acre estates. Scenic 1-A joins Route 1 and heads west along the coast behind Matunuck, Charlestown, Quonochontaug, Weekapaug, and Misquamicut: dunes and summer houses on the beach and then ribbon development, still well strung out, along the road, which was ill-paved. A new Route 1 was under construction, and trucks were lumbering along it with loads of gravel.

At Haversham, the road turns inland slightly to negotiate the river that divides Connecticut and Rhode Island—the Westerly River, as the inhabitants of Pawcatuck, Connecticut, on its west bank, seem to favor calling it, or the Pawcatuck River, as it is known in Westerly. Madam Knight had tribulations at this spot, first seeing the river in flood at high tide. But, having forded it, she was very glad to reach Stonington, where, after all her hardships, she was "very well accommodated both as to victuals and lodging." And so was I.

—Anthony Bailey

(*This is the first of a series of three articles on the Northeast Corridor.*)

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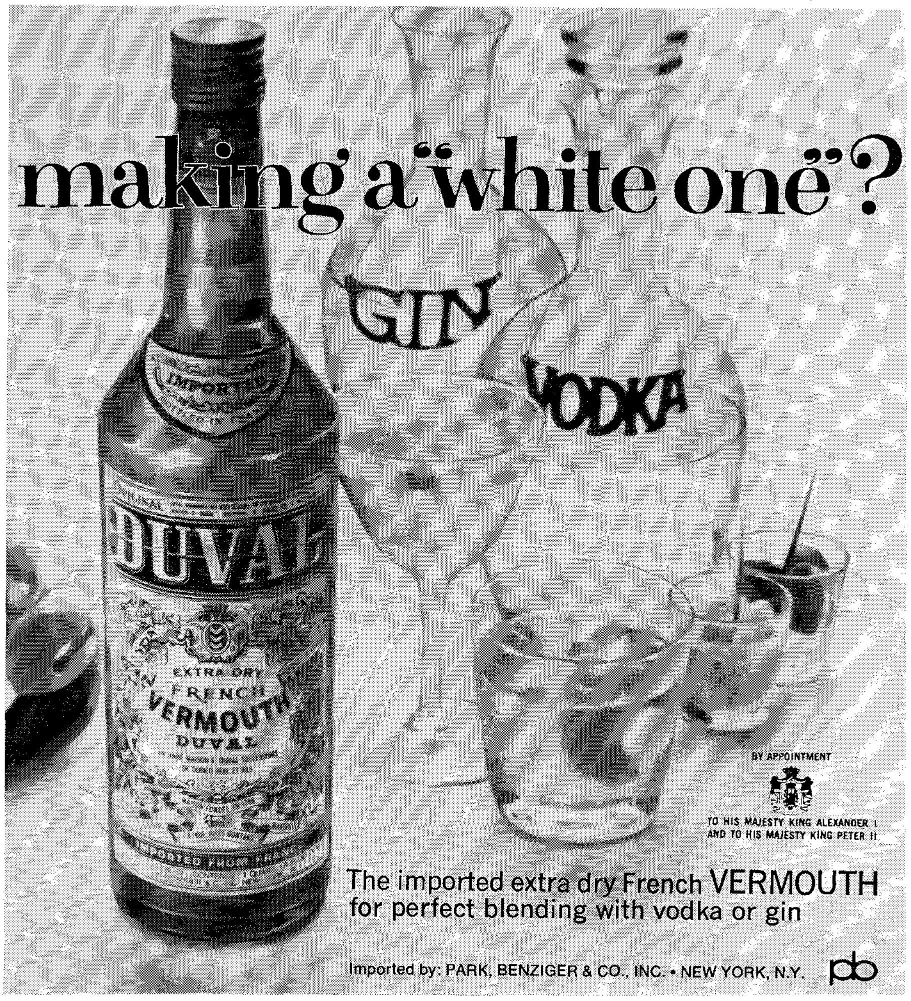

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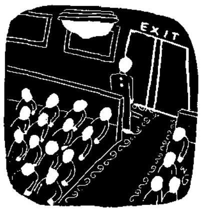
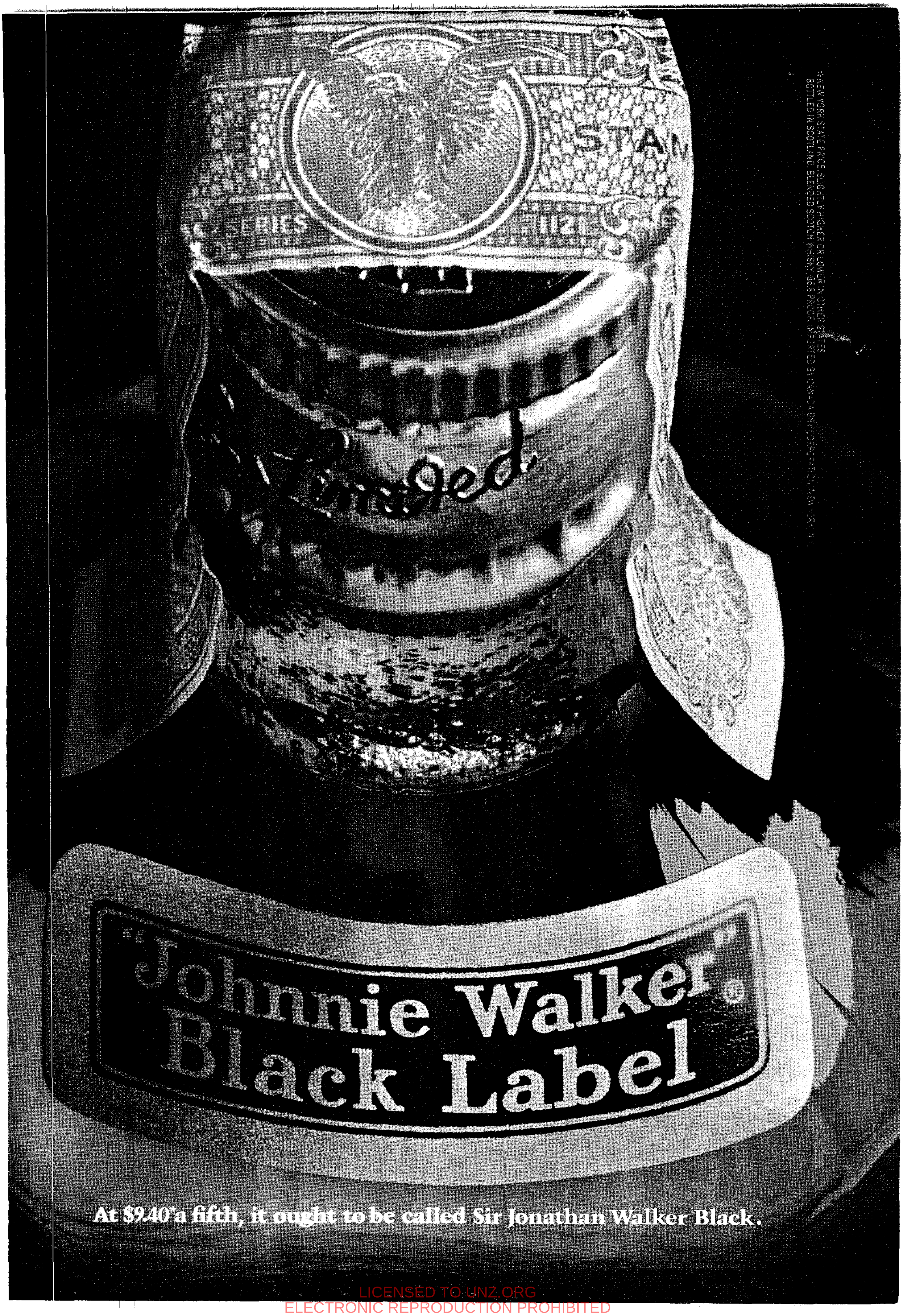
IN Hollywood, where perfectly intelligent men who simply don't listen to themselves talking will speak of grosses in the tone that people elsewhere use for Vietnam, they say "The Dirty Dozen" is going to be one of the year's biggest. If so, preserve us. The film has been running in New York for quite a time already. I have avoided its nasty eye for weeks, and in London I would probably have chickened out of enduring it for more than a reel, but the daily sight of constant small queues outside Loew's Capitol started to make me feel I was being negligent.



As I got out of a cab in front of the cinema, the driver threw my twenty-five-cent tip at the back of my neck and started to drive away fast in an earnest endeavor to break my leg against the open door of the cab. When I had got to the head of the box-office queue and was trying to make my English accent intelligible through the tea strainer that ticket-sellers grow so mountainously cross behind, three men in the line at the back of me began bawling oaths at me because I was wasting their time—though they probably had more spare hours than they knew how to kill, since it was a weekday afternoon and they seemed not to be employed. Once inside the profane sanctuary of the cinema (up the escalator, past the cardboard fruit drinks, God is dead), I began to stop shaking, until a comfortless usherette with her face frozen in a rictus of tantrum started yelling at a man for going down the wrong aisle. The face-pulping in "The Dirty Dozen" has found a social context, all right, when you watch it at Broadway and Fifty-first Street. The moronic muggings of the title characters were hailed by colleague thugs in the audience with gales of comradely laughter.

"The Dirty Dozen" is the sort of war film that is often piously called an anti-war film. Why? It is about as anti-war as, say, disgusting food is anti-pig swill. We have grown stupid about movies on themes of violence, and let ourselves be conned into supposing that any repulsively brutal or nationalist picture is itself repelled by brutality or nationalism. This simply isn't so. "The Dirty Dozen" is made with more grim skill than most of its kind—directed by Robert Aldrich from a screenplay by Lukas Heller and Nunnally Johnson, and produced by the gifted Kenneth Hyman as a huge M-G-M operation in England that merely gave Hollywood an outlying home—but the material of the original novel, by E. M. Nathanson, is transmuted in all its stagnant obtuseness. The film is neither anti-war nor pro-war but merely a replica of war. Sometimes the screenwriters nearly manage to impart a sardonicism to the story, which is about the swift conversion into military heroes of twelve psychotic criminals who are due for life sentences or hanging, but the tone is too faint to master the material, which debases it into a tic of derision that is no more genuinely sardonic than swear-words in the mouth of a top sergeant. Like nearly all American commercial war movies now—"The Sand Pebbles" was another—"The Dirty Dozen" is too thick and cautious to have anything as obdurate as an attitude toward what it shows. It has neither the repose nor the critical spirit to inspect anything about itself. It is simply caught up in its own welter of sadism and gorillas' pleasures, rushing on to the final cop-out without a notion of what it is saying. In civilian life, the sickening twelve are recognizably criminal. In war, trained in their Neanderthal instincts by Lee Marvin as an officer who is a guru in such things, they are well fitted to carry out a mission of mindless derring-do behind the enemy lines, and their success in buoyant slaughter supposedly makes them heroic. The training of the dozen men is hideous to watch. Some of them are mentally afflicted, and all of them are sunk at the bottom of human possibility. It is like seeing a class of spastic children encouraged to lay about them with clubs and to feel a sense of achievement in breaking skulls. Society is playing a trick on the men, for as soon as they are out of uniform they will be seen as more criminal than ever, but the film thinks that twelve condemned souls have been redeemed from the garbage heap. The sentiments of the final scene, when the survivors and the more conveniently dead are regarded as saved for having indulged exactly the impulses for which they were originally sentenced, are as tacky with uplift as Mr. Nathan-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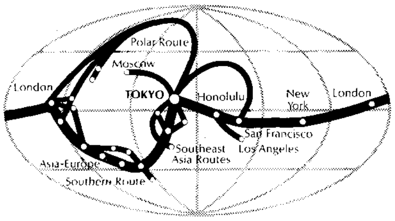
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son's ending in the book. He credited his inspiration in wooziness to this awful bit of Browning, which I expect the movie loves, too:

> Partake my confidence! No creature's made so mean
> But that, some way, it boasts, could we investigate,
> Its supreme worth: fulfills, by ordinance of fate,
> Its momentary task, gets glory all its own,
> Tastes triumph in the world, pre-eminent, alone.

Glory? This is why people in America, apart from Hollywood, talk with such anguished obsession about Vietnam.

Los Angeles has less insight into itself than any other city I have ever been to. It supposes that it is an enviable place to live, though it is one of the ugliest places in the world. It thinks that its climate is sporting and sunny, when the reality is torpid and generally toxic with smog. The films that it produces are often in the grip of the same peculiar deludedness. I am quite sure, for instance, that the makers of "The Dirty Dozen" believed they were sounding a protest *against* bestiality. I am equally sure that the makers of "Divorce American Style" believed that they were being satirical about—oh, something. Alimony. Electric razors. Wardrobes with sliding doors. Those wardrobes come in for some biting criticism in the early scenes. In the so-called grown-up quarters of a Los Angeles house, one of the costly slices of limbo known locally as lovely homes, a mama and a papa, played by Debbie Reynolds and Dick Van Dyke, have gaggy mechanical fights on gaggy mechanical topics and appear to have been made so infantile by marriage as to be pre-moral. Meanwhile, in the children's bedroom, two horrible sons award points for logic and grammar in the overheard rows. The parents part and go through a long California gavotte for two separated couples, in which each husband, demolished by alimony, tries to unload his null and grasping spouse onto the next conventional nitwit. And then the original pair naturally come together again, to the sound of an instant row about some luxury, and to the mawkish joy of the little ones upstairs, who are Shirley Temples in Lone Ranger outfits.

"Divorce American Style" is one of the new school of Hollywood comedies that have discovered how to be joky without being actually funny. It made me want to go and lie down in a tomb position and stay very quiet. The film itself obviously thinks it is a scream, and rather sophisticated, but then it comes from Los Angeles and so isn't to be trusted to know anything about itself. It even believes that the fret about Things of a spoiled couple in the California glass house has something to do with being married. The acting is quite efficient, but even the most purblind Hollywood inhabitants would have had to ditch it if it had been anything else, since the whole film is a gadget and efficiency is a gadget's only nature. "The Dirty Dozen" and this movie add up to an unpleasantly accurate index of what we are going to leave behind of the sixties in the cushy West. Berlin and Fascism in their heyday left an artistic heritage of battle cries and sentimental drinking songs; Los Angeles and capitalism in their heyday bequeath yells for blood and self-congratulatory comedies about the property problems of a white upper middle class that has been fictionalized and flattered for so long that the reality has started to ape the fib.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

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Mr. Kennedy of Massachusetts. I yield.

Mr. Kennedy of New York. Mr. President, H.R. 2508, which we consider today—

Mr. Kennedy of Massachusetts. Does the Senator ask me to yield to him for a question or comment?

Mr. Kennedy of New York. For a statement.

Mr. Kennedy of Massachusetts. I yield for that purpose.

Mr. Kennedy of New York. I thought the Senator from Massachusetts understood that.

The Acting President pro tempore. Does the Senator from Massachusetts yield to the Senator from New York for a statement?

Mr. Kennedy of Massachusetts. Yes.

Mr. Kennedy of New York. Mr. President, H.R. 2508, which we consider today—

Mr. Kennedy of Massachusetts. How much time does the Senator from New York want?

Mr. Kennedy of New York. How much time does the Senator from Massachusetts want to yield to me?

Mr. Kennedy of Massachusetts. Twelve minutes.

Mr. Kennedy of New York. I thank the Senator.

The Acting President pro tempore. The Senator from New York is recognized for 12 minutes.

Mr. Kennedy of New York. I thank the Senator for his courtesy.

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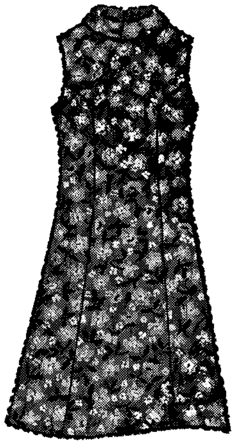

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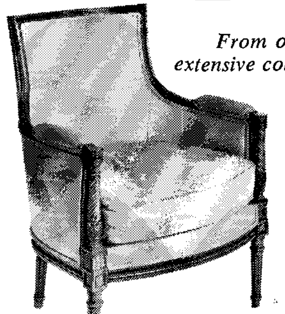

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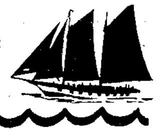

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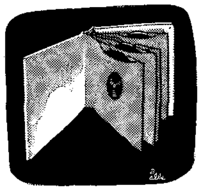
MUSICAL EVENTS

Newport Notes

FRIDAY. Tonight, which was promisingly cool and clear, was touted as a history of jazz and the "Schlitz Salute to Jazz in 1967" (the beer people plunked down a manly twenty-five-thousand-dollar subsidy for the evening), but it turned out to be an astonishing parade of pianists made up of Willie the Lion Smith, Earl Hines, Count Basie, Thelonious Monk, and John Lewis. (The concert also turned out to be in the classic horn-of-plenty Newport Jazz Festival tradition; there were no fewer than ten groups, and the concert lasted over five hours. The departing crowd, bent and shuffling, resembled a mass of Stepin Fetchits and Groucho Marxes.) Hines was the guidon. After a good solo rendition of "You Can Depend on Me," he was joined by Ruby Braff for a couple of surprisingly successful duets. The two men, both fearless, self-preoccupied ornamentalists, had never played together before, but they got off a graceful "These Foolish Things" and a fast, intent "Rosetta." Hines' solos were full of his arhythmic whirlpools and upper-register, single-note jubilations, and Braff managed to move in apposite parallels. Willie the Lion, got up in his summer uniform (straw skimmer, white jacket, and cigar), played a vigorous if brief "Carolina Shout" and then teamed up for three numbers with Don Ewell, a hardy disciple of Jelly Roll Morton and Fats Waller. Smith, who gives the deceptive impression when he plays that he is stretched out on a chaise longue casually dictating his memoirs, is almost always unpredictable, and tonight was no exception. He produced booming, irregular chord patterns and rifle-shot single notes, while Ewell, a correct but swinging pianist, was an admirable foil. Basie backed Buddy Tate and Buck Clayton in two sensuous numbers (Tate and Clayton are not only the two best-looking men in the world but the most luxurious-sounding) and then headed up his own cartel, but he was, lamentably, visible only in short solos and behind soloists. (When will someone march Basie into a recording studio with a first-rate rhythm section and let him loose—an event that hasn't taken place for over twenty years?) An impossible all-star reunion of former bebop kings—Dizzy Gillespie, James Moody, Milt Jackson, Thelonious Monk, Percy Heath, and Max Roach—was indeed impossible, save for Monk. Gillespie seemed inhibited, Moody was uncertain, Jackson was mechanical, and Roach, as is his custom, was on Cloud 9. But Monk, stewing enjoyably in his own inexhaustible juices, was imperturbable, particularly in "How High the Moon," in which he took an excellent solo and supplied Gillespie with a stream of sudden, jarring chords that suggested a sheriff shooting up the ground around a sluggish outlaw. John Lewis brought up the rear with the Modern Jazz Quartet, demonstrating again that there are few pianists—tonight's diamonds included—who put as much grace and thought and intensity into each chorus. In his quiet, deliberate way, he took the blue ribbon.



The evening had other pleasures. The Newport Jazz Festival All Stars (Ruby Braff, Pee Wee Russell, Bud Freeman, George Wein, Jack Lesberg, and Don Lamond) offered, among other numbers, a slow "Sugar," in which Russell, more sotto-voce than usual, fashioned—or perhaps was fashioned by—a four-bar phrase made up of incredibly juggled notes, and a slow "Summertime," in which Budd Johnson, sitting in on soprano saxophone, wailed and pirouetted à la Sidney Bechet. The concert was closed by the Albert Ayler Quintet, a "new-thing" group that includes Ayler (a saxophonist), his brother (a trumpeter), and the drummer Milford Graves. Most of their efforts were expended on an occasionally funny parody of what sounded like a Salvation Army hymn and of fragments of "There's No Place Like Home" and "Eeny-Meeny-Miney-Mo." After a small sampling, the audience began packing up and leaving, causing my companion to observe that "Ayler is really breaking it up."

SATURDAY. The weather is getting restless. It is still cool, but fog has been doing the mazurka up and down Narragansett Bay all afternoon, and tonight it circled once about the town and fell asleep. So did much of tonight's concert. The John Handy Quintet (vibraphone, guitar, bass, drums, and the leader's alto saxophone) punched and plodded through two endless numbers, one a musical attempt at "what it took to get James Meredith into the University of Mississippi" and the other a Spanish-tinged new-thing number called "Señor Nan-

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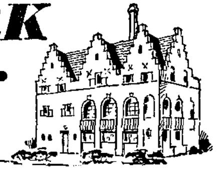

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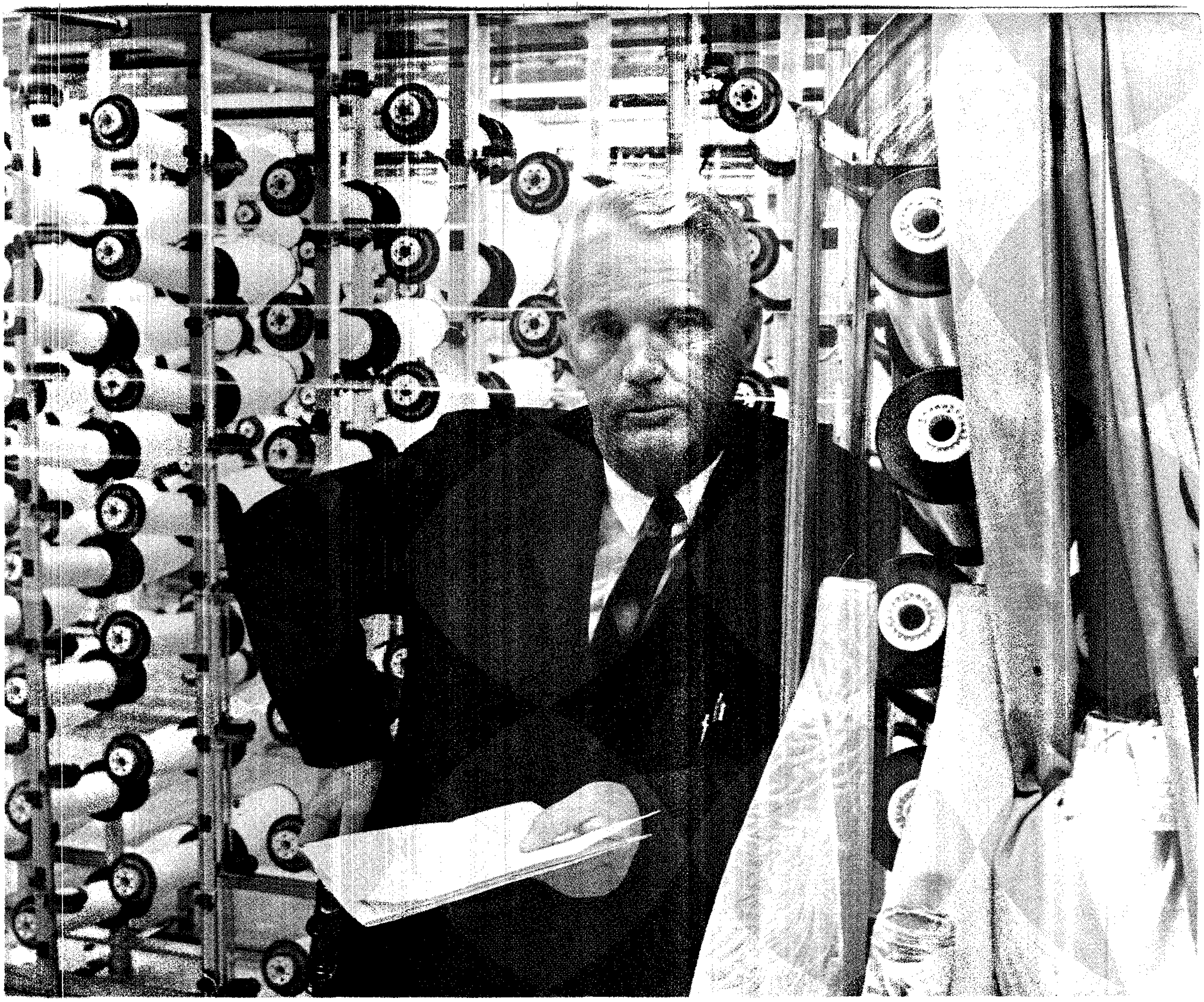
cy." Nina Simone, a Juilliard-trained pianist and singer who relishes a mean country blues, got hung up in a couple of interminable laments about loose men and fast women, and Dizzy Gillespie, appearing with his quintet, did four by-rote numbers. But the oddest disappointment was the new and revolutionary Gary Burton Quartet, which has Larry Coryell on guitar, Steve Swallow on bass, Stu Martin on drums, and the leader on vibraphone. Burton's group, like that of Jeremy Steig, is working toward a distillate compounded of rock and roll and jazz, but these important explorations were only fitfully apparent. Coryell and Burton played an intricate duet, using a variety of rhythms, and in a slow blues Coryell, who is the first great hope on his instrument since Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt, hit on one of those seemingly stumbling but perfectly executed phrases—several barely audible behind-the-beat single notes followed by silence and a leaping, brilliant run—that Charlie Parker coined. Earl Hines, accompanied by Bill Pemberton (bass), Oliver Jackson (drums), and Budd Johnson, just about matched his Friday-night performance, and in a slow ballad he indulged in a bit of cheerful vaudeville; he played an introduction and then gave way to Johnson, who, though nowhere in sight, could be heard thunderously from the loudspeakers. It was the Lord calling from backstage. At twelve o'clock, Buddy Rich appeared with his big band, and the pumpkin turned into a golden coach. Rich started with a medium blues, soared through Bill Holman's ingenious arrangement of the McCartney-Lennon "Norwegian Wood," and went on to his display number, the "Bugle Call Rag." His solo was a wonder. It incorporated a section in which his left hand moved at a thousand r.p.m.s on his snare while his right hand floated casually back and forth between his tomtoms, a long, diminuendo roll that sank to barely audible knitting-needle clicking on his snare rims, and a zowie Big Bertha climax. No sooner was the number over than Rich, bowing and sweating, launched into what appeared to be an introductory twelve-bar solo in medium tempo, reared back, and said, "What'll we play?" It was a throwaway gag, but it was also an incredible little solo, a perfect solo. Gillespie then ambled onstage and blew a dozen choruses of blues with the band, and for the final number, an eleven-minute version of "West Side Story," he climbed into the trumpet section, whispered to the other trumpeters, yawned, peered elaborately at the sheet music, and ogled and shouted at Rich, who, his hands two windmills in a high wind, never batted an eye.

The afternoon concert was a genteel bust. Labelled "The Five Faces of Jazz," it was devoted to Middle Eastern music, pseudo-ragas, Afro-Cuban funk, the bossa nova, and "Norwegian Wood." The participants included Herbie Mann, the Hungarian guitarist Gabor Szabo, Luis Enrique of Brazil, and such ringers as Gillespie and the German trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff. It all sounded like a ho-hum day at the U.N.

SUNDAY. More fog, accompanied by snappy winds and low, pressing clouds. The afternoon concert began with half a dozen not at all surprising selections by Nobuo Hara and his Sharps and Flats, an eighteen-piece Japanese band. Swathed in smiles, the group was a formidable cross between late Jimmie Lunceford and early Stan Kenton (it used a shuffle rhythm at one point that had the audience bobbing like a rooster), and its soloists suggested J. J. Johnson, Art Farmer, and Clifford Brown, plus Gene Krupa laced with Louis Bellson. In three numbers, the band accompanied Housan Yamamoto, who played a large wooden flute called the shakuhachi. He gets a husky, pleasing tone on his instrument and a direct, lyrical quality not unlike that of Joe Marsala. He should stay behind when the Sharps and Flats go home. The main event was a vibraphone workshop—Bobby Hutcherson, Gary Burton, Red Norvo, Milt Jackson, and Lionel Hampton. The vibraphone has never struck me as being a true instrument. It suggests a bedspring swinging in the wind, the sound of neon. But there were moments. Burton sent up a ghostly unaccompanied ballad that was all willows and Debussy and moonshafts; Norvo produced a creditable "I Love You" (Cole Porter's) and then went into his old anthem, "I Surrender, Dear." He switched to the xylophone after the first chorus, achieving a delicate, piping flow, mostly in the high register, and, returning to the vibraphone, made it clear that he is the only vibraphonist who miraculously transmits emotion through his non-instrument. He ended with a funny "Ida," for which he turned off his resonator and, using heavy mallets, clumped around the keyboard like a slow-motion tap-dancer. At odd intervals, he shot out his right elbow—



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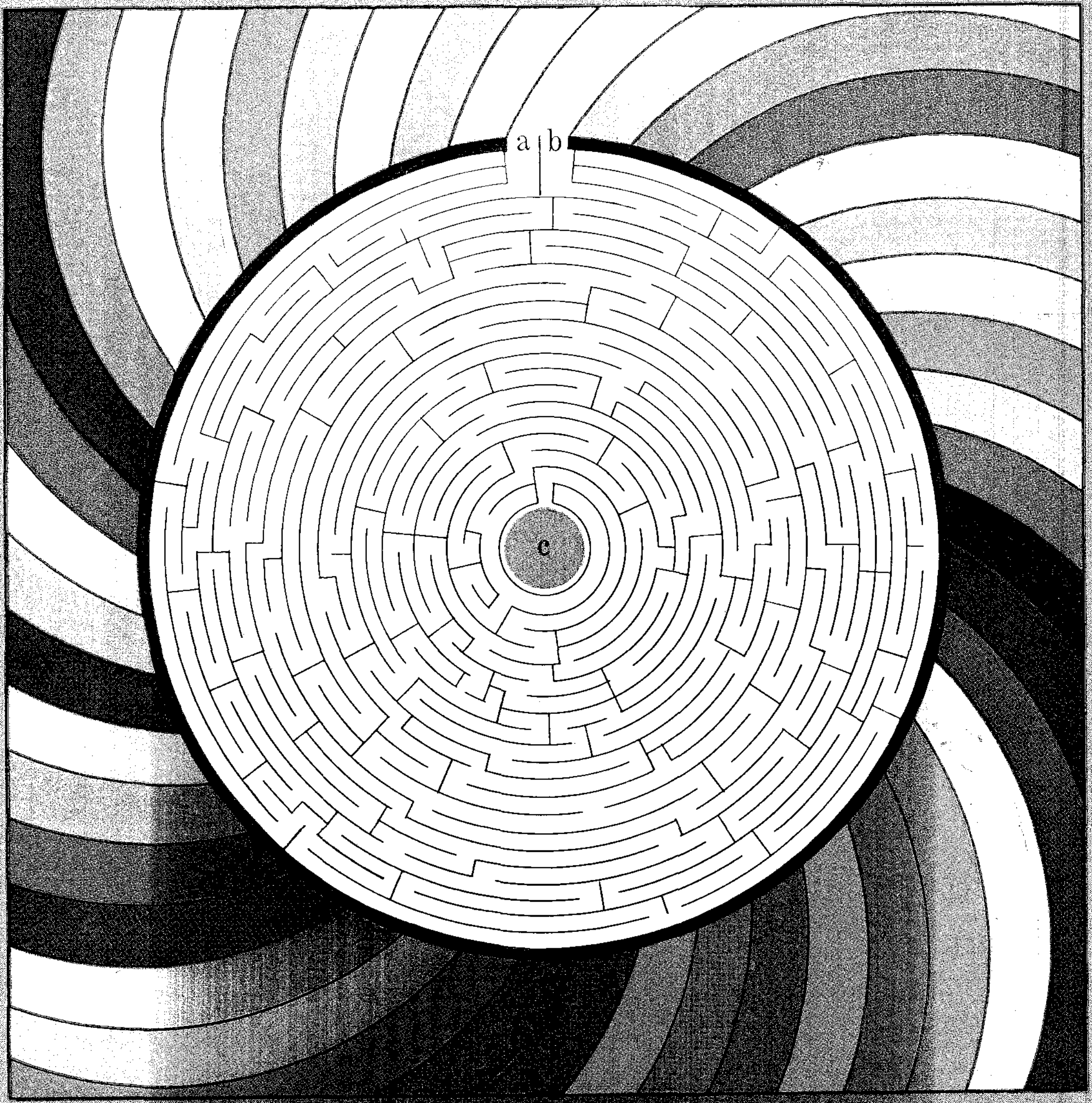

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clearly a prearranged signal for Roy Haynes, his drummer, to play a rimshot. Haynes misfired as often as not, and it was good hamming. The rest was predictable. Hampton unloaded his customary two-by-fours, Hutcherson jammed a hundred notes into each measure, and Jackson kept his lyric cool. All five vibraphonists got together for a closing blues; then the rain, floating around the rafters for the past twenty-four hours, came, blending its sound perfectly with the heavy work onstage.

The rain was still needling in low and hard and cold at eight, when the evening began. Festival Field was tented with umbrellas and preventive do-me-good was plentiful. As it turned out, we could have all gone home and curled up before the telly. Marilyn Maye, a modern nasal Hildegarde, sag and sag and sag; Bill Evans, along with Eddie Gomez (bass) and Philly Joe Jones, swam steadily toward the surface but never reached it; Max Roach and his quintet struck off hard-bop clichés; Woody Herman's big band dipped into the gospel bag, the blues bag, and the flag-waver bag; Miles Davis, wearing a dinner jacket and an untied bow tie, spent more time offstage than on. The Blues Project, a heavily amplified five-piece group that has been moving from rock and roll toward jazz, opened the evening but was allowed just two numbers before being unplugged to make way for Miss Maye. Its amplifiers were barely warm.

The various m.c.s, however, have been warming up all weekend. We have had Billy Taylor, Father Norman O'Connor, Del Shields, and George Wein, and when they have not been babbling about the music they have been engaging in mutual admiration ("And now I would like to introduce one of the nicest . . ."). A printed program (there is one) and a curtain (there is none) dropped at the end of each act would effortlessly put them out of business.

MONDAY. With a couple of exceptions, tonight was a continuation of last night. (The rain, coming in tropical explosions, continued all morning and then subsided into fog.) The Dave Brubeck Quartet showed more candlepower than has been its wont in recent years, and Sarah Vaughan wandered through eight follow-me-if-you-can numbers. The evening and the festival were closed by Lionel Hampton and a big band made up largely of Hampton alumni, among them Milt Buckner, Joe Newman, Frank Foster, Benny Powell, Jerome Richardson, and Snooky Young. The alumni, however, spent most of the dozen numbers sitting on their instruments while Hampton labored at the vibraphone, the drums, and the piano. In "Flying Home," though, Illinois Jacquet, who had played well earlier in the evening, went through his celebrated calisthenics, and it was like hearing Francis Scott Key sing "The Star-Spangled Banner." The other successful numbers in the concert were done by Red Norvo, Ruby Braff, and the Wein-Lesberg-Lamond rhythm section. Norvo floated earnestly over his vibraphone, playing excellent tag in his exchanges with Braff and Lamond, and looked—with his bearded, benign, expectant way of continually lifting his head from his instrument and searching the audience—like God watching out for the Devil.

The afternoon was given over almost wholly to big bands. Don Ellis's nineteen-piece group, outfitted with an eight-man rhythm section (three bassists, four drummers, and a pianist) and a mass of electronic equipment, played five completely absorbing numbers. There were fugues and passacaglias, raga-like passages, time signatures of five/four, three-and-a-half/four, and seven/four, a sterling parody of "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?," and electronic effects that sounded like enormous, windy caves. For all these doodads, the band swings steadily and plays with remarkable precision. The concert ended with an extravaganza called the Milford (Massachusetts) Youth Band. It is, as far as I know, the largest jazz band in history, for it boasts sixteen saxophones, eleven clarinets, five trombones, twelve trumpets, a bass, four woodwinds, a French horn, drums, and three percussion. The band ranges in age from eleven to eighteen and includes nine girls. It played a recent Basie number, Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw, a blues, a Kentonish avant-garde number, a ballad, and a Near Eastern number, and played them almost as well as any current big band. The soloists were nearly as good. Best of all were the passages in which the brass section, eighteen strong, opened up. It was glory materialized.

—Whitney Balliett

•

Goddard called for . . . an exhausting educational campaign to bring the elderly up to date.—*St. Petersburg Times.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Busy Weekend

AFTER the dramatic victory of Damascus in the Dwyer Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday, some of the spectators thought maybe he had taken a leaf from Buckpasser's book—winning his races with a spectacular rush in the last eighth of a mile. If you pressed me for an opinion, however, I'd say it took him a great deal longer than that in the Dwyer, and it seemed to me that at the end he was doing his utmost in order to beat Favorable Turn, to whom he gave sixteen pounds, by three-quarters of a length. Blasting Charge, who was eighth among the nine starters two furlongs from home, was third. It was said earlier in the afternoon that Damascus, who was stabled on the grounds, was as nervous and was sweating as much as he was before the Kentucky Derby, in which he finished third. However, when he eventually appeared in the paddock he was as cool and calm as you'd want a 1–2 shot to be. I must say, though, that Bold Hour looked a close second to him in condition, and I had never seen that one so unruffled. But in the race Bold Hour couldn't get going smoothly, and wound up sixth. Beau Apple led for six furlongs or so, followed by Favorable Turn, who passed him a bit farther on. Then the picture changed. Damascus, who doesn't get going as quickly as he used to—he was last for more than half a mile—began moving up fast on the outside and joined Favorable Turn as they swung into the homestretch. From there, they went stride for stride, their riders whipping like sixty. It was the seventh victory in ten starts this season for Mrs. Edith Woodward Bancroft's colt, who now tops the three-year-olds with total winnings of $402,919.

SO much for Damascus; now for Dr. Fager. About the same time Saturday afternoon, up at Lou Smith's Rockingham Park, he was winning the Rockingham Special, which is the warmup for the New Hampshire Sweepstakes Classic on September 2nd—the race that decides the payoff of the New Hampshire state lottery. Though Dr. Fager appeared to observers never to be out of a good gallop, he set a new track record of 1:48⅕ for the mile and a furlong. Four lengths away, six other three-year-olds ran for second money, and Reason to Hail got it by nearly five lengths from Jack of All Trades. Dr. Fager's next start will be for the Travers Stakes at Saratoga on August 19th, in which it is expected that he'll meet Damascus.

ALSO last weekend, at Monmouth Park, in Jersey, Handsome Boy, who lives up to his name in looks and who was one of the pacemakers in Buckpasser's Suburban, won the first running of the Amory L. Haskell Handicap. Leading from beginning to end of the mile and a quarter, he turned back the challenge of Amberoid, the favorite, after a lively set-to in the stretch. Good Knight was third, seven lengths behind. Poker, winner of the Bowling Green Handicap at the Big A last month, and nothing since, was fourth. Handsome Boy picked up a handsome $73,060 for Jack Dreyfus, Jr., who owns him.

THEN, there was Justakiss, a commuter from Chicago, who won the New Castle Stakes at Delaware Park, the first of that track's series of events for fillies and mares, the others being the Delaware Oaks and the Delaware Handicap. Well handled by Earlie Fires, who was riding at the course for the first time, she beat Miss Spin, Politely, and six others. . . . Not many weekends go by without Eddie Neloy's saddling a stakes winner. The Wheatley Stable's Stupendous did the trick for him in the Arlington Handicap at Arlington Park, beating Bold Tactics, R. Thomas, and six others. . . . And, offhand, I'd say that the most popular victory of the week was Native Diver's in the Hollywood Gold Cup. The eight-year-old gelding, who is something of an idol to Californians, won the event for the third time in succession, beating Pretense, the odds-on favorite, who, unfortunately, was impeded by a riderless horse through most of the race.

TO get back to Aqueduct—earlier in the week Queen of the Stage romped home by six lengths in the Astoria Stakes, further confirming the opinion that she is the best two-year-old filly out this season. Indeed, she'll beat all the colts her age I've seen. Heigh-ho! Buckpasser will be out for the Brooklyn Handicap this weekend. Here's wishing him a safe and speedy journey.

—AUDAX MINOR

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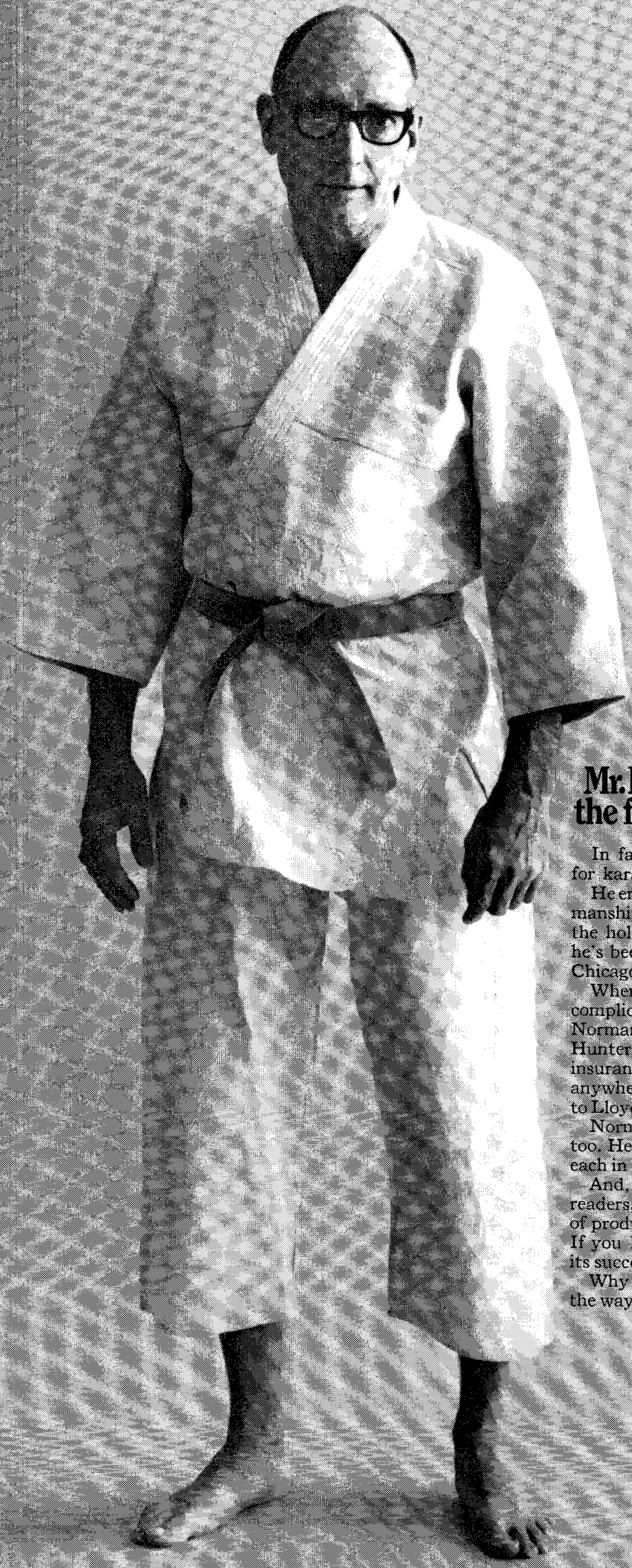

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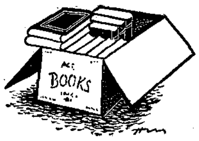
BOOKS

The Great Traven Mystery



"B. Traven is an eminent storyteller of our times, but his stories and novels are neglected in the United States." This statement is made in the opening sentence of Charles H. Miller's introduction to "The Night Visitor and Other Stories" (Hill & Wang), an essay largely given over to the business of dispelling the myths about this writer that marginally literate inhabitants of the vast empty spaces in the Southwest seem to spend much of their time in concocting. One of these would have it that Traven, who is alive and in Mexico, is the product of a youthful amour of the Kaiser, who ended up in exile in Holland, and another insists that he was something big in some kind of pre-Communist international revolutionary underground. But while it is true that Mr. Traven—or Herr Traven, or Señor Traven, or whatever he is—has some claim to fame, at any rate among the more intense of the late Humphrey Bogart's devotees, as the author of the book that became the moderately memorable movie called "Treasure of the Sierra Madre," it is hard to take his work seriously, let alone to be bothered, as Mr. Miller invites us to be, with the effort to solve the mystery of his identity. In the present collection, for instance, a story called "The Cattle Drive," which is set in Mexico, tells of a superman who, without any previous experience whatever in this line of work, signs a contract to move a thousand head of range-bred cattle through three hundred and fifty miles of mountain country, infested by bandits, jaguars, and mountain lions, to the port where the cattle buyers are waiting for them, and carries it out with complete success. Typically, for a Traven hero, his opening move toward completing his task is to buy an unbroken horse and to break it in for use on the trip by a method of his own devising, which is described with mock modesty:

> Whether in the long history of mankind a colt had ever been trained for riding in a similar way before, I don't know. Anyhow the way I had done it produced lasting results so my training system cannot have been so very wrong after all.

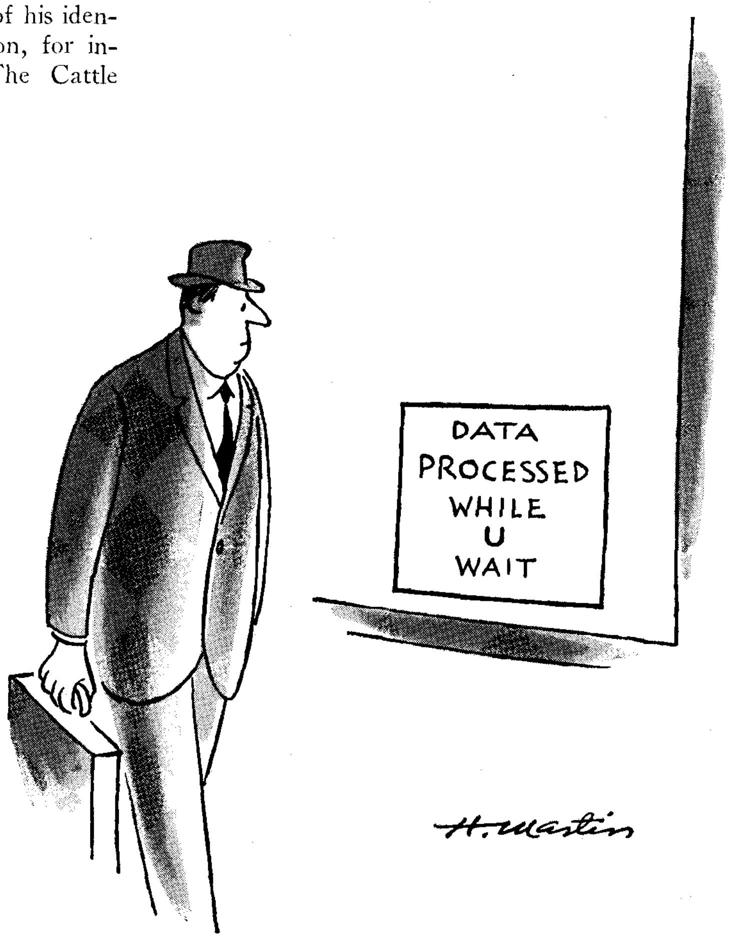
Traven's hero then moves on into the field of bovine psychology, once again on the basis of a total lack of experience with his subjects. "Never in my life," he says, "had I driven even as few as fifty cattle from one pasture to the next." All the same, he has ideas that have never entered the heads of cattlemen before:

> My idea (if it was good or wrong, this I did not know) was to form a little group of the animals, sort of a family center of the whole transport around which smaller groups might gather and thus keep together more naturally—since cattle belong to the species of animals who for many good reasons prefer to live in groups or herds, as do dogs, horses, wolves, elephants, antelope, zebras, also fish.

Once the herd is on the trail, mother love also comes into the picture. Mr. Traven's amateur drover is kind to some calves that are dropped en route, and this pays off when his family-oriented but water-shy herd reaches a river full of alligators. The suckling calves are ferried over to the farther shore, from which their plaintive lowings draw their mothers to follow them. This inspires the rest of the herd, bulls and all, to swim for it. The subject of animal behavior leads Mr. Traven to philosophize:

> Ingratitude is so much a part of human character that it is best to take it for granted and not feel hurt by it. Nature on the other hand is grateful for the smallest services we render her. No animal or plant ever forgets the drink of water it receives at our hands, or the handful of fodder that we may give it. And so did the little calves and their mothers present their gratitude, although unknowingly, to us for the charity we had shown them.

The Traven mystery, insofar as there is one, resides in the question of how Mr. Traven has been able to make himself a reputation with writing of this order, even if only in the wide and windy open spaces of Texas and the Southwest, where he has become the subject of a cult in university English departments. A possible answer is suggested by the history of Mr. Traven's success. In the twenties, when this writer, a native of Chicago, was settling himself into his newly adopted Mexican habitat, his work, unpublished in the United States, was being lapped up in Germany. An immense vogue for adventure stories in general, and for Westerns in particular, swept over Germany in the postwar decade. Dreamstuff about a free zone beyond the advancing frontiers of civilization, a place outside the urbanized world of rules and restraints where there was elbowroom and where action was all-important, had an enormous appeal for disillusioned and frustrated people in Europe. Mr. Traven's stories are about men who leave their law- and custom-bound selves behind and prove their virility with guns and knives while regaining contact, through the Indians, with an ancient wisdom of the instincts whose secrets Europeans have forgotten in the process of becoming civilized. This particular brand of baloney could not be sold in a Southwest whose distances were only just beginning to surrender to the Model T Ford and which was still unirrigated by the billions of fed-



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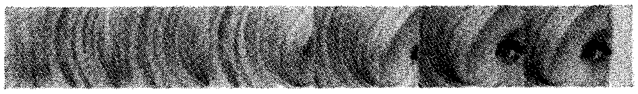

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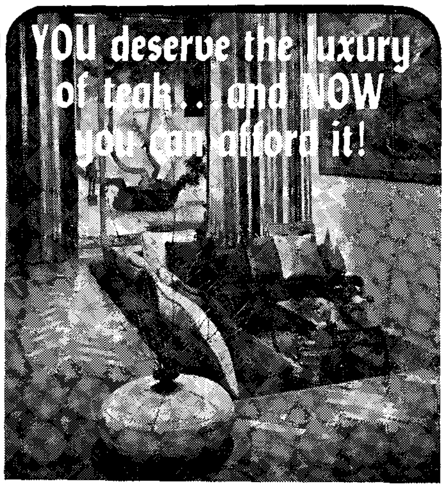
eral money that have been poured into it since the days of the New Deal. Mr. Traven's mystique was simply not viable among those who knew, or could still remember, the reality of the cowboy and of the frontier, as opposed to the creations of the pulp magazines. The particular literary tradition of the frontier of which the Traven cult is part could come into being in the Southwest only after the death of a generation whose members could recall the boredom of life lived at the pace of the walking horse, in a region where cows, at four or five to the square mile, outnumbered the people, and where the quality that really distinguished a good cowboy from a bad one was not quickness on the draw but efficiency in castrating bull calves. Mr. Traven's myth of a man's country where wisdom comes of being, and not of thinking, is functional in the new Southwest—the great open spaces crisscrossed with divided highways and power lines, in which the dismal, sprawling bungalow towns, eviscerated by neon-lit strips of gas stations, motels, supermarkets, gigantic bowling alleys, billboards, go-go girlie bars, and used-car lots, look like litter created by an overturning of gigantic trash cans. The great louts of boys who can be seen in these sad places, sitting astride their enormous motorcycles, with six-guns in open holsters suspended from the cartridge belts slung round their waists, licking ice-cream cones or Popsicles outside the Dairy Queens and the Tastee Freezes, may indeed be dreaming the Traven dream about that elsewhere where there are no factories, no marriages, no children, and no down payments, and it is so easy—bang, bang—to prove one's virility and worth. Mr. Traven's West is a region of the mind, wholly unrelated to the West of reality—an un-place that might best be described as its creator's anti-Chicago, Chicago being what he wanted out of when he was growing up there at the turn of the century as Berick Torsvan, the discontented son, or so he would now have us believe, of Norwegian-Swedish immigrant parents. One of the things Mr. Miller tells us about this boy in his introduction sheds further light on the nature of the Traven cult. Young Berick didn't like going to school, and became a dropout at an early age. This piece of information helps one to understand why Mr. Traven's heroes are what they are—men who know more medicine than most doctors, more Indian lore than any anthropologist, and more of the true wisdom than is to be found in any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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

IN PIOUS MEMORY, by Margery Sharp (Little, Brown). Mrs. Prelude, a sweet-natured and retiring English wife, suddenly finds herself a bewildered and timid English widow when her husband of some decades is killed in a plane crash, from which she emerges with only a little shaking-up. The crash occurs in Switzerland, where Mr. Prelude, a banker of world renown, had been attending a conference, and after identifying his body the widow goes home; her three children, all grown, rally around her; and a magnificent funeral is held. It is not until the will has been read and the four Preludes all realize how rich they are that the widow, who is becoming more fey with each moment that passes, begins to have doubts. Was that really Mr. Prelude's body she saw? Perhaps she made a mistake and her husband is still alive, stumbling about Switzerland in a state of amnesia. William and Elizabeth, the older children, who are both engaged to be married, are too busy making plans with their betrotheds to do more than dismiss their mother's doubts, but Lydia, the youngest, a romantic girl who wants to be an actress, decides to go to Switzerland and have a look around. With this, the story begins to move very quickly in darts and flights of fancy, but the atmosphere is more feverish than amusing, and it all ends as something complicated and clever that does not quite come off.

THÉRÈSE AND ISABELLE, by Violette Leduc (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). This account of a love affair between two very young French schoolgirls shows that sexual activity between people who are emotionally, mentally, and spiritually blank is not interesting to read about. It also shows that when all hope of communication depends on sexual activity, there is no hope of communication. This is a sadly embarrassing book for a writer of Miss Leduc's talent.

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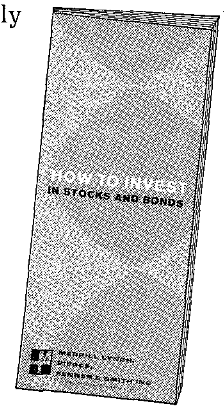
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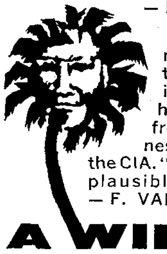

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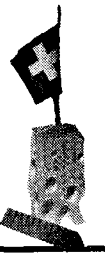

THE SWISS COOKBOOK
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Joel Carmichael (Macmillan). Before Islam, Mr. Carmichael says, an "Arab" meant a Bedouin from Arabia. Afterward, it came to mean any speaker of Arabic, a group whose ancestry is at least as diverse as that of Americans. Islam itself, Mr. Carmichael thinks, first drew on Judaism, but its later evolution owes more to Christianity. (Neither Jews nor Christians, he feels, sufficiently appreciate this kinship, which Islam, the most tolerant of the three faiths, has—in past ages, at any rate—been ready to acknowledge.) Modern Arab nationalism, Mr. Carmichael tells us, was first thought of by nineteenth-century Syrian Christians who were influenced by American Presbyterian missionaries. Today, Arab nationalism may refer to religion, language, or loyalty to a country; its main intellectual content has been hostility to Israel. Mr. Carmichael gallops through miles of history, from Muhammad to the present. He is crisp, he is entertaining, and he treads on the toes of everybody with any emotional involvement in the Middle East.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE: CHAOS OR COMMUNITY?, by Martin Luther King, Jr. (Harper & Row). A survey of the present situation in race relations. The Reverend Dr. King explains why Negroes now need to be more prominent than whites as leaders of the civil-rights movement, and adjures both Negroes and whites to consider the slogan "Black Power" as expressing a will to achieve rather than as a call to violence or self-segregation. Not all the author's prescriptions (the United States should negotiate with the Vietcong; the federal government should pay the poor a guaranteed annual income) command national assent, and he is aware that some other Negro leaders do not agree with his priorities. Still, his book maintains the earnest, magnanimous approach—steady, not shrill—that won him a Nobel Peace Prize.

THE LIFE OF JESUS, by Marcello Craveri, translated from the Italian by Charles Lam Markmann (Grove). This biography of Jesus assumes that he was not the Son of God but a Jewish prophet impelled on his mission by the distresses of the Roman occupation of Palestine and by Jewish religious developments. Mr. Craveri, whose primary field of scholarship has been ancient languages, subjects sacred texts—Jewish, Christian, and heretical—to linguistic scrutiny. He tells his extremely depressing gospel with poise, though his tone of sympathy for a crucified preacher is occasionally marred by his fits of irritation at some Roman Catholic usages.

THE DIFFICULTY OF BEING, by Jean Cocteau, translated from the French by Elizabeth Sprigge, and with an introduction by Ned Rorem (Coward-McCann). A collection of brief autobiographical reflections—bits and pieces of the author's memories of himself and of some of his distinguished friends, thoughts about art (his own and that of other artists), and meditations about his own personality. For years, there has been no critical consensus about Cocteau's importance or value, and Mr. Rorem, who is sure that Cocteau ranks high, says in his preface that the confusion is largely the fault of Cocteau himself, who "combined the sublimely right with the unutterably trashy." Nobody, in any case, has ever doubted Cocteau's stylishness, and this book is indubitably chic prose in a good translation.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

GIDEON'S WRATH, by J. J. Marric (Harper & Row). Commander George Gideon, of Scotland Yard, never fails us. This time, he is very much involved in investigating sinister vandalism in London churches and cathedrals, even Westminster, and at the same time he is hot on the track of a ghastly photographer who likes his models very young and very female, and who generally arranges for them to vanish when they are of no further use to him. There is no rest for the wicked in London—Gideon sees to that.

GOD SAVE THE MARK, by Donald E. Westlake (Random House). Another of Mr. Westlake's funny thrillers, and a very funny one indeed. It has to do with a congenital dupe (the mark of the title)—a compulsive contributor to nonexistent charities and buyer of Verrazano Bridges—who inherits about half a million dollars from a long-lost crooked uncle, and with the efforts of the latter's cronies to relieve the almost imbecilic beneficiary of his new wealth. The scene is New York, and the tempo is neo-slapstick.

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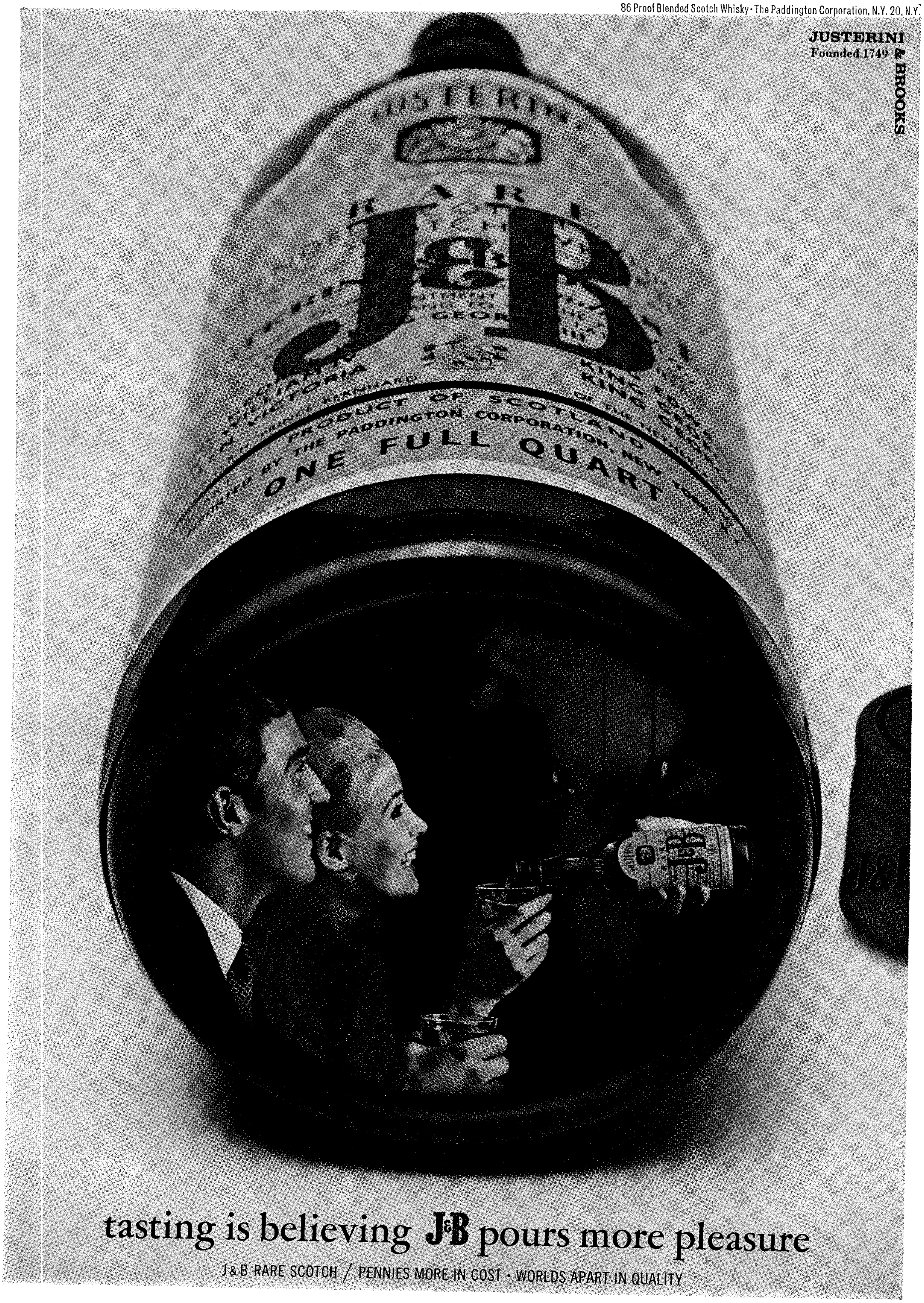
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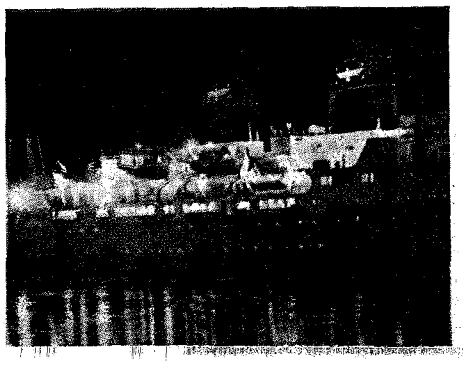

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